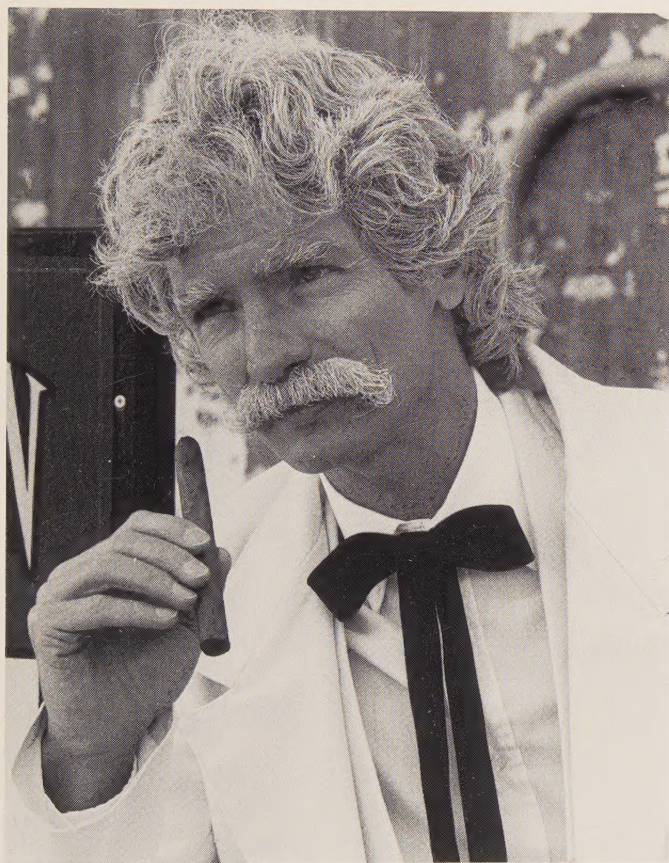


Impressionist McAvoy Layne
Presents



HOOKED ON TWAIN



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Impressionist McAvoy Layne
Presents

HOOKED ON TWAIN

TOPPERLAW

INNER CIRCLE, 1993

hook — TWAIN
(1994)

*To my wife Ginny, for putting
up with Sam and Me*

**MUCH OF THE TWAIN MATERIAL
HEREIN HAS BEEN EDITED FOR
PUBLIC PREFORMANCE BY
MCAVOY LAYNE**

**THE WILD HUMORIST OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE
BOHEMIAN OF THE SAGEBRUSH
MORALIST OF THE MAIN
LINCOLN OF OUR LITERATURE
SAMUEL LANGHORN CLEMENS**

1835-In with Haley's Comet

5'8"-145 lbs

Nom de Guerre: Rambler-Thomas Jefferson

Snodgrass-Josh-Mark Twain

Mongrel mix of naivete & chutzpah

Religious preference: Presbyterian

Political preference: Mugwump

Printer

Riverboatman

Pilot

Silver miner

Newspaper reporter

Gold prospector

Humorist

Instructional torch-bearer on the lecture platform

Scribbler of books

Publisher

Husband, Father

Immovable fixture among the other rocks of New England

Lineal descendant of Balaam's ass

1910-Out with Haley's Comet

**THIS IS NOT A FANCY
SKETCH I AM TELLING YOU,
BUT THE PETRIFIED TRUTH.**

1835-IN WITH THE COMET

The human being's first duty is to think about himself until he has exhausted the subject, and is then in a condition to take up minor interests, like other people.

Good breeding consists in concealing how much we think of ourselves and how little we think of the other person.

Our family tree had but one limb. It stuck out at a right angle and bore fruit summer and winter.

Sufficient unto the day is one baby. Twins amounts to a permanent riot, and there ain't no real difference between triplets and an insurrection.

Neither of them having an overplus of property, my parents removed to Missouri from Virginia in the early '30's, I do not remember just when, for I was not born then and cared nothing for such things. The village contained a hundred people and I increased the population by one percent. It may not be modest in me to refer to this, but it is true.

...Their first crop of children was born in Tennessee. I was postponed to Missouri. Missouri was an unknown new state and needed attractions.

I was born Samuel Langhorn Clemens in the almost invisible village of Florida, Missouri...without teeth.

Father purchased land in Tennessee-100,000 acres for \$400. "Cling to the land and wait; let nothing beguile it away from you." He would say.

It is good to begin life poor; it is good to begin life rich-these are wholesome; but to begin it poor and *prospectively* rich! The man who has not experienced it cannot imagine the curse of it.

Although my father left us a sumptuous legacy of pride in his fine Virginian stock and its national distinction, I presently found that I could not live on that alone without occasional bread to wash it down.

Back of the Virginia Clemenses is a dim procession of ancestors stretching to Elizabeth's time. One of the procession was ambassador to Spain in the time of James the First, or Charles the First, and married there and sent down a strain of Spanish blood to warm us up.

Jere Clemens had a wide reputation for a good pistol shot back in Virginia, and once it enabled him to get on the friendly side of some drummers when they wouldn't have paid any attention to mere smooth words and arguments. He was out stumping the state at the time. The drummers were grouped in front of the stand and had been hired by the opposition to drum while he made his speech. When he was ready to begin he got out his revolver and laid it before him and said, in his soft, silky way: "I do not wish to hurt anybody and shall try not to but I have got just a bullet apiece for those six drums and if you should want to play on them don't stand behind them."

My mother had a good deal of trouble with me but I think she enjoyed it. She had none at all with my brother Henry, who was two years younger than I, and I think that the unbroken monotony of his goodness and truthfulness and obedience would have been a burden to her but for the relief and variety which I furnished in the other direction. I was a tonic. I was valuable to her. I never thought of it before but now I see it. I never knew Henry to do a vicious thing toward me or toward anyone else-but he frequently did righteous ones that cost me as heavily. It was his duty to report me, when I needed reporting and neglected to do it myself, and he was very faithful in discharging that duty. He is Sid in Tom Sawyer, but Sid was not Henry. Henry was a very much finer and better boy than ever Sid was.

It was Henry who called my mother's attention to the fact that the thread with which she had sewed my collar together to keep me from going in swimming had changed color. My mother would not have discovered it but for that and she was manifestly piqued when she recognized that that prominent bit of circumstantial evidence had escaped her sharp eye. That detail probably added a detail to my punishment. It is human. We generally visit our shortcomings on somebody else when there is a possible excuse for it-but no matter. I took it out of Henry.

(She always said I was a well of truth. You just couldn't bring it all up in one bucket).

If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything.

We all like to see people in trouble if it doesn't cost us anything.

My father was a refined and kindly gentleman, very grave, rather austere, of rigid probity, a sternly just and upright man, albeit he attended no church and never spoke of religious matters, and had no part nor lot in the pious joys of his Presbyterian family, nor ever seemed to suffer from this deprivation. He laid his hand upon me in punishment only twice in his life, and then not heavily; once for telling him a lie-which surprised me, and showed me how unsuspecting he was, for that was not my maiden effort.

1843-7 YEARS OLD

My first visit to school was when I was seven. A strapping girl of fifteen, in the customary sunbonnet and calico dress, asked me if I “used tobacco”-meaning did I chew it. I said no. It roused her scorn. She reported me to all the crowd and said: “Here is a boy seven years old who can’t chew tobacco..”

By the looks and comments which this produced I realized that I was a degraded object; I was cruelly ashamed of myself. I determined to reform. But I only made myself sick; I was not able to learn to chew tobacco. I learned to smoke fairly well but that did not conciliate anybody and I remained a poor thing and characterless. I longed to be respected but I never was able to rise. Children have but little charity for one another’s defects.

At Mrs. Horr’s school in Hannibal: ...I presently broke the rule again and Mrs. Horr told me to go out and find a switch and fetch it. I was glad she appointed me, for I believed I could select a switch suitable to the occasion with more judiciousness than anybody else.

In the mud I found a cooper’s shaving...I carried it to Mrs. Horr, presented it, and stood before her in an attitude of meekness and resignation...She divided a long look of strong disapprobation equally between me and the shaving; then she called me by my entire name, Samuel Langhorn Clemens-probably the first time I ever heard it all strung together in one procession-and she said she was ashamed of me. I was to learn later that when a teacher calls a boy by his entire name it means trouble. She said she would try and appoint a boy with a better judgement than mine in the matter of switches, and it saddens me yet to remember how many faces lighted up with the hope of getting that appointment. Jim Dunlap got it, and when he returned with the switch of his choice I recognized that he was an expert.

Fewer things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example.

Recognize that there are no trivial occurrences in life if we get the right focus on them.

It was against the rules to mark on desks in any manner, the penalty being a fine of three dollars or public chastisement. Happening to violate the rule on one occasion, I was offered the choice. I told my father about it, and as he seemed to

think it would be too bad for me to be publicly punished, he gave me the three dollars. Now at that period in my existence three dollars was a large sum, while a whipping was of little consequence. And so that was how I earned my first three dollars.

It used to take me all vacation to grow a new hide in place of the one they flogged off me during the school term.

You should always obey rules when you're young, just so you'll have the strength to break them when you're older.

Out of the public schools grows the greatness of a nation.

I never let my schooling interfere with my education.

I learned at an early age that it is noble to teach oneself but still nobler to teach others, and less trouble.

In the first place God made idiots. That was for practice. Then he made school boards.

In my schoolboy days I had no aversion to slavery. I was not aware that there was anything wrong about it. No one arraigned it in my hearing; the local papers said nothing against it; the local pulpit taught us that God approved it, that it was a holy thing and that the doubter need only look in the Bible if he wished to settle his mind-and then the texts were read aloud to us to make the matter sure; if the slaves themselves had any aversion to slavery, they were wise and said nothing. In Hannibal we seldom saw a slave misused; on the farm, never.

We had a faithful and affectionate good friend, ally and advisor in "Uncle Dan'l," a middle-aged slave whose head was the best one in the negro quarter, whose sympathies were wide and warm and whose heart was honest and simple and knew no guile. It was on the farm that I got my strong liking for his race and my appreciation of certain of its fine qualities.

The frost was working out of the ground, and out of the air too, and it was getting closer and closer onto barefoot time every day; and next it would be marble time, and next mumblety-peg, and next tops and hoops, and next kites, and then

right away it would be summer and going in a-swimming. It just makes a boy homesick to look ahead like that and see how far off summer is. Yes, and it sets him to sighing and saddening around, and there's something the matter with him, he don't know what. But anyway, he gets out by himself and mopes and thinks; and mostly he hunts for a lonesome place high up on the hill in the edge of the woods, and sets there and looks away off on the big Mississippi down there a-reaching miles and miles around the points where the timber looks smoky and dim, it's so far off and still, and everything's so solemn it seems like everybody you've loved is dead and gone, and you 'most wish you was dead and gone too, and done with it all. Don't you know what that is? It's spring fever.

Of course we all went barefoot in the summertime. Arch Fuqua was about my own age-ten or eleven. In the winter we could stand him, because he wore shoes then, and his great gift was hidden from our sight and we were enabled to forget it. But in the summertime he was a bitterness to us. He was our envy, for he could double back his big toe and let it fly and you could hear it snap at thirty yards. There was not another boy in the school that could approach this feat. He had not a rival as regards to physical distinction-except in Theodore Eddy, who could work his ears like a horse. But he was no rival, because you couldn't *hear* him work his ears; so all the advantage lay with Arch Fuqua.

Within reach of my upstairs bedroom window was a lightning rod, a thing to climb up and down when there were duties on hand of a sort to make privacy desirable.

I remember the 'coon and 'possum hunts, nights, with the negroes, and the long marches through the black gloom of the woods, and the excitement which fired everybody when the distant bay of an experienced dog announced that the game was treed; then the wild scramblings and stumblings through briars and bushes and over roots to get to the spot; then the lighting of a fire and the felling of the tree, the joyful frenzy of the dogs and the negroes, and the weird picture it all made in the red glare-I remember it all well and the delight that everyone got out of it, except the 'coon.

1845-9 YEARS OLD

On eggs: I stir in alot of salt and then keep dusting and stirring in black pepper until the eggs look dirty-then they're booming with fire and energy and you can taste them all the way down and even after they're there.

On first smoking the Oriental Narghili: I took one blast at it, and it was sufficient the smoke went in a great volume down into my stomach, my lungs, even into the uttermost parts of my frame. I exploded one mighty cough, and it was as if Vesuvius had let go.

On seeing a dead man: I went away from there. I do not say that I went away in any sort of hurry but I simply went-that is sufficient. I went out at the window, and I carried the sash along with me. I did not need the sash, but it was handier to take it than it was to leave it, and so I took it. I was not scared, but I was considerably agitated.

1847-11 YEARS OLD

At age eleven, Sam's father dies and Sam enters the work force as a printer's devil, which did not keep him from remarking some years later: When I was fourteen my father was so ignorant, I could hardly stand to have the old man around, but when I turned 21, I was astonished at how much he had learned in seven years.

About Wales McCormack, 17 years of age, a fellow apprentice at Joseph Ament's "Courier" in 1850: "He had no principles...and was delightful company."

About 1849 or 1850 my brother Orion severed his connection with the printing house in St. Louis and came up to Hannibal and bought a weekly paper called the *Hannibal Journal*, together with its plant and its good-will, for the sum of five hundred dollars cash. He borrowed the cash from an old farmer named Johnson who lived five miles out of town. Then he reduced the subscription price of the paper from two dollars to one dollar. He reduced the rates for advertising in about the same proportion, and thus he created one absolute and unassailable certainty-to wit: that the business would never pay him a single cent of profit.

He took me out of the *Courier* office and engaged my services in his own at three dollars and a half a week, which was an extravagant wage, but Orion was always generous, always liberal with everybody except himself. It cost him nothing in my case, for he never was able to pay me a single penny as long as I was with him. By the end of the first year he found he must make some economies. The office rent was cheap, but it was not cheap enough. He could not afford to pay rent of any kind, so he moved the whole plant into the house we lived in, and it cramped the dwelling place cruelly. He kept that paper alive during four years, but I have at this time no idea how he accomplished it. Toward the end of each year he had to turn out and scrape and scratch for the fifty dollars interest due Mr. Johnson, and that fifty dollars was about the only cash he ever received or paid out, I suppose, while he was proprietor of that newspaper. The paper was a dead failure. My literature attracted the town's attention but not its admiration. (My brother's testimony).

1853-17 YEARS OLD

When I was a boy, there was but one permanent ambition among my comrades in our village on the west bank of the Mississippi, that was...to be a steamboatman. I didn't think I had brains enough to be a pilot; and if I had, I wouldn't have enough strength to carry them around, unless I went on crutches.

...a steamboat pilot in those days was the only unfettered and entirely independent human being that lived in the earth...In truth, every man and woman and child has a master, and worries and frets in servitude; but, in the day I write of, the Mississippi pilot had none...His movements were entirely free; he consulted to no one, he received commands from nobody, he promptly resented even the merest suggestions...I think pilots were about the only people I ever knew who failed to show, in some degree, embarrassment in the presence of traveling foreign princes. But then, people in one's own grade of life are not usually embarrassing objects.

Sam continued working as a printer for the St. Louis Evening News and papers in New York City, Philadelphia, Washington D.C., and finally Keokuk, Iowa, where again working for his brother Orion, he appeared in print as, "Thomas Jefferson Snodgrass." This was not his first nom de guerre. Once before he had appeared as "Rambler." Nor was it to be his last.

1856-20 YEARS OLD

The first time I ever saw St. Louis I could have bought it for six million dollars and it was the mistake of my life that I did not do so.

One day in midwinter of 1856 or 1857-I think it was 1856-I was coming along the main street of Keokuk in the middle of the forenoon. It was bitter weather-so bitter that the street was deserted, almost. A light dry snow was blowing here and there on the ground and on the pavement, swirling this way and that way and making all sorts of beautiful figures, but very chilly to look at. The wind blew a piece of paper past me and it lodged against the wall of a house. Something about the look of it attracted my attention and I gathered it in. It was a fifty dollar bill, the only one I had ever seen, and the largest assemblage of money I had ever seen in one spot. I advertised it in the papers and suffered more than a thousand dollars worth of solicitude and fear and distress during the next few days lest the owner should see the advertisement and come and take my fortune away. As many as four days went by without an applicant then I could endure this kind of misery no longer. I felt sure that another four could not go by in this safe and secure way. I felt that I must take that money out of danger. So I bought a ticket for Cincinnati and went to that city. I worked there several months in the printing office of Wrightson & Company. I had been reading Lieutenant Hemdon's account of his explorations of the Amazon and had been mightily attracted by what he said of coca. I made up my mind that I would go to the head-waters of the Amazon and collect coca and trade in it and make a fortune. I left for New Orleans in the steamer *Paul Jones* with this great idea filling my mind. One of the pilots of that boat was Horace Bixby. Little by little I got acquainted with him, and pretty soon I was doing a lot of steering for him in his daylight watches. When I got to New Orleans I inquired about ships leaving for Para and discovered that there weren't any, and learned that there probably wouldn't be any during that century. It had not occurred to me to inquire about these particulars before leaving Cincinnati, so there I was. I couldn't get to the Amazon. I had no friends in New Orleans and no money to speak of. I went to Horace Bixby and asked him to make a pilot out of me. He said he would do it for five hundred dollars, one hundred dollars cash in advance. So I steered for him up to St. Louis, borrowed the money from my brother-in-law, and closed the bargain.

On Horace Bixby... “by the shadow of death, but he’s one lightning pilot.”

Horace Bixby once accused Sam of, “...not knowing enough to pilot a cow down a lane.”

All you need in this life is ignorance and confidence, and then success is sure.

De Soto first saw it in 1542-Michaelangelo’s paint was not yet dry on *The Last Supper*, and another 130 years elapsed before another white man saw the Mississippi. For a century and a half the Mississippi remained out of the market and undisturbed, as nobody needed it, nobody was curious about it. In 1861 La Salle claimed her for Louie XIV.

The face of the water, in time became a wonderful book-a book that was a dead language to the uneducated passenger, but which told its mind to me without reserve, delivering its most cherished secrets as clearly as if it uttered them with a voice. And it was not a book to be read once and thrown aside, for it had a new story to tell every day.

Once, when trying to distinguish a wind reef from a bluff reef my heart flew into my mouth so suddenly that if I hadn’t clapped my teeth together I should have lost it.

Experience is a wonderful thing. The man who picks a cat up by the tail is getting 60-70 times more information than the man who has never picked a cat up by the tail.

I’ve seen this river so wide that it had only one bank.

That is a poor joke, but it is within pathetic harmony with the circumstances, since we were so poor ourselves.

A man that drunk Mississippi water could grow corn in his stomach if he wanted to. (A Cincinnati corpse don’t richen a soil any).

When Horace Bixby was called away, Sam found himself working under the difficult William Brown, “...a middle aged, long, slim, bony, smooth-shaven,

horse faced, malicious, snarling, fault-finding, mote-magnifying tyrant.” *And as Brown would not allow his cubs the luxury of reading, he was more than disappointed to discover Sam concealing a copy of Scott’s, The Fortunes of Nigel:* “I’ve seen it over and over again;..if ye’re going to be a pilot on this river yer needn’t ever think of reading, for it just spiles all.”

Sam would be provoked to strike Mr. Brown, while on duty, and when summoned to the privacy of Captain Klinefelter’s parlor, was asked:

“Did you do anything further?”

“Yes, sir.”

“What did you do?”

“Pounded him, sir.”

“Did you pound him much..that is, severely?”

“One might call it that, sir, maybe.”

“I’m deuced glad of it! Hark ye, never mention that I said that. You have been guilty of a great crime; and don’t ever be guilty of it again on this boat. But-lay for him ashore!” When Brown reported to the Captain he proclaimed, “That cub or me...one of us has got to go ashore.”

“Then let it be you.” said the captain.

It is easy to find fault if one has that disposition. There once was a man who not being able to find any other fault with his coal, complained that there were too many prehistoric toads in it.

It takes me a long time to lose my temper, but once lost, I could not find it with a dog.

If the desire to kill and the opportunity to kill always came together, who would escape hanging?

On this trip up the Mississippi I saw a little towhead (infant island) half a mile long, which had been formed during the past nineteen years. Since there was so much time to spare that nineteen years of it could be devoted to the construction of a mere towhead, where was the use, originally, in rushing this whole globe through in six days? It is likely that if more time had been taken, in the first place, the world would have been made right, and this ceaseless improving and repairing would not be necessary now. But if you hurry a world or a house, you are nearly sure to find out by and by that you have left out a towhead, or a broom closet, or

some other little convenience, here and there, which has got to be supplied, no matter how much expense or vexation it may cost.

I think that the most enjoyable of all races is a steamboat race...two red-hot steamboats racing along, neck and neck, straining every nerve-that is to say, every rivet in the boilers-quaking and shaking and groaning from stem to stern, spouting white steam from the pipes, pouring black smoke from the chimneys, raining down sparks, parting the river into long breaks of hissing foam-that is sport that makes a body's very liver curl with enjoyment.

While in Mississippi, Sam learned that four of the boilers aboard the Pennsylvania had blown, taking fifty lives. Henry had survived and Sam went to his badly burned brother's side. Apparently Henry had survived the initial blast, then had gone back to help the passengers, and been trapped beneath some burning debris.

Dr. Peyton told Sam that should Henry be restless during the night, to ask the physician on duty to administer an eighth of a gram of morphine. In the early morning hours the cries of the other wounded in the room caused Henry to toss fitfully, so Sam asked the young doctor on duty to administer the morphine. The doctor had no way to gauge the amount, and refused to risk a guess. But at Sam's persistence, administered what Sam would remember as a "vast quantity" of morphine. Henry slipped into a coma from which he would never awaken.

Dear Sister Mollie:

Long before this reaches you, my poor Henry-my darling, my pride, my glory, my all, will have finished his blameless career, and the light of my life will have gone out in utter darkness, O, God! this is hard to bear. Hardened, hopeless,-aye, lost-lost-lost and ruined sinner as I am-I, even I, have humbled myself to the ground and prayed as never a man prayed before, that the great God might let this cup pass from me-that he would strike me to the earth, but spare my brother-that he would pour out the fullness of his just wrath upon my wicked head, but have mercy, mercy, mercy upon that unoffending boy. The horrors of three days have swept over me-they have blasted my youth and have left me an old man before my time...For forty-eight hours I labored at the bedside of my poor burned and bruised, but uncomplaining brother, and then the star of my hope went out and left me in the gloom of despair. Then poor wretched me, that was once so proud, was humbled to the very dust, lower than dust-for the vilest beggar in the streets of St.

Louis could never conceive of a humiliation like mine. Men take my hand and congratulate me, and call me 'lucky' because I was not on the Pennsylvania when she blew up! May God forgive them, for they know not what they say.

Sam carried the responsibility for Henry's death to his grave.

Don't mourn over fancied grievances, bide your time and real sorrow will come.

A steamboat is as beautiful as a wedding cake, but without the complications.

They used to measure the depth of the water from the stern-wheelers with a lead line that had a large knot at the safe water mark, twelve feet, or two fathoms. The cub would cast the line off the bow and shout up to the pilot house, "Mark Four!" Then when the waters began to grow shallow, "Mark Three!" And when the depths showed the knot at twelve feet the cub would become concerned, and shout up to that pilot house, "Mark Twain!" Well, that would fetch 'em. People took an interest when they heard, "Mark Twain," because they knew if the pilot didn't get that rig straightened out they might break up on a reef and all go swimming down the river together. Yes, everybody paid attention when they heard, "Mark Twain," and Sam never forgot that.

1861-25 YEARS OLD

A man may plan as much as he wants to, but nothing of consequence is likely to come of it until the magician, circumstance, steps in and takes it off his hands.

The elastic heart of youth cannot be compressed into one constrained shape for long at a time.

In due course I got my license. I was piloting now, full-fledged. I dropped into casual employment; no misfortunes resulting, intermittent work gave way to steady and protracted engagements. Time drifted smoothly and prosperously on, and I supposed-and hoped-that I was going to follow the river the rest of my days and die at the wheel when the mission was ended, but by the summer of '61, the first wash of the wave of war broke upon the shores of Missouri. Our state was invaded by the Union forces. They took possession of St. Louis, Jefferson Barracks, and some other points. The governor, Claib Jackson, issued his proclamation calling out fifty thousand militia to repel the invader.

I was visiting the small town where my boyhood had been spent-Hannibal, Marion County. Several of us got together in a secret place by night and formed ourselves into a military company. One Tom Lyman, a young fellow of a good deal of spirit but no military experience, was made Captain, I made a second lieutenant. We had no first lieutenant; I do not know why. There were fifteen of us. By the advice of an innocent connected with the organization we called ourselves the Marion Rangers.

Well, this herd of cattle started for war. We were equal to the occasion.

My first order was to Sergeant Bowers to feed my mule; but he said that if I reckoned he went to war to be a dry-nurse to a mule, it wouldn't take me very long to find out my mistake. I believed that this was insubordination, but I was full of uncertainties about everything military, and so I let the thing pass, and went and ordered Smith, the blacksmith's apprentice, to feed the mule; but he merely gave me a large, cold, sarcastic grin, such as an ostensibly seven-year old horse gives you when you lift his lip and find he is fourteen, and he turned his back on me. For a time life was idly delicious, it was perfect; there was nothing to mar it. Then came some farmers with an alarm one day.

They said it was rumored that the enemy was advancing in our direction from over Hyde's prairie. The result was a sharp and general consternation. It was a

rude awakening from our pleasant trance. So in the confusion, we did not know which way to retreat.

Lyman explained in a few calm words, however, that, inasmuch as the enemy was approaching from over Hyde's prairie, our course was simple; all we had to do was not to retreat "towards" him; any other direction would answer our needs perfectly. Lyman got a great many compliments, and we fell back on Mason's farm, but before we could remember the counter sign, several dogs came bounding over the fence with great riot and noise, and each of them took a soldier by the slack of his trouser and began to back away with him. We could not shoot the dogs without endangering the persons they were attached to; so we had to look on, helpless. The old man and his sons came and undid the dogs without difficulty, all but Bower's dog; but they couldn't undo his dog. They didn't know the combination; he was of the bull kind, and seemed to be set with a Yale time-lock. Capt. Lyman gave orders that our camp should be guarded against surprise by the posting of pickets. I told Sgt. Bowers to go out to the forks of the road at Hyde's prairie and post a picket, and stay until midnight, and he said he wouldn't do it. I tried to get others to go, but all refused. Some excused themselves on account of the weather; but the rest were frank enough to say they wouldn't go in any kind of weather.

It is quite within the probabilities that this same thing was happening all over the south.

I could have become a soldier if I had waited, but it looked as if there was going to be a disturbance, so we concluded to go home and disbanded. In that little time, we had learned more about retreating, than the man who invented retreating. And we didn't retreat according to the rules of war either, but had to resort to our native genius. In that two weeks, the desire to kill people to whom I had not been introduced had passed away.

I was killed, wounded and missing in action, and, being a businesslike fellow, and to make sure of being the last of the three, I did it first of all--did it well too, before a shot was fired.

Sam and his brother Orion boarded the Overland Stage out of St. Joe and headed out across the great basin to the silverland, where Orion had been offered a job as secretary to Nevada territorial governor Nye.

The first thing we did on that glad evening that landed us at St. Joseph was to hunt up the stage-office, and pay a hundred and fifty dollars apiece for tickets

per overland coach to Carson City, Nevada.

The next morning, bright and early, we took a hasty breakfast, and hurried to the starting-place. Then an inconvenience presented itself which we had not properly appreciated before, namely, that one cannot make a heavy traveling trunk stand for twenty-five pounds of baggage-because it weighs a good deal more. But that was all we could take-twenty-five pounds each. So we had to snatch our trunks open, and make a selection in a good deal of a hurry. We put our lawful twenty-five pounds apiece all in one valise, and shipped the trunks back to St. Louis again. It was a sad parting, for now we had no swallow-tail coats and white kid gloves to wear at Pawnee receptions in the Rocky Mountains, and no stovepipe hats nor patent-leather boots, nor anything else necessary to make life calm and peaceful. We were reduced to a war footing. Each of us put on a rough heavy suit of clothing, woolen army shirt and "stogy" boots included; and into the valise we crowded a few white shirts, some under-clothing and such things. My brother, the Secretary, took along about four pounds of United States statutes and six pounds of Unabridged Dictionary; for we did not know-poor innocents-that such things could be bought in San Francisco on one day and received in Carson City the next. I was armed to the teeth with a pitiful little Smith & Wesson's seven-shooter, which carried a ball like a homeopathic pill, and it took the whole seven to make a dose for an adult. But I thought it was grand. It appeared to me to be a dangerous weapon. It had only one fault-you could not hit anything with it. One of our "conductors" practiced awhile on a cow with it, and as long as she stood still and behaved herself she was safe; but as soon as she went to moving about, and he got to shooting at other things, she came to grief. The Secretary had a small-sized Colt's revolver strapped around him for protection against the Indians, and to guard against accidents he carried it uncapped. Mr. George Bemis was dismally formidable. George Bemis was our fellow traveler. We had never seen him before. He wore in his belt an old original "Allen" revolver, such as irreverent people called a "pepperbox." Simply drawing the trigger back, cocked and fired the pistol. As the trigger came back, the hammer would begin to rise and the barrel to turn over, and presently down would drop the hammer, and away would speed the ball. To aim along the turning barrel and hit a thing aimed at was a feat which was probably never done with an "Allen" in the world. But George's was a reliable weapon, nevertheless, because, as one of the stage-drivers afterward said, "If she didn't get what she went after, she would fetch something else." And so she did. She went after a deuce of spades nailed against a tree, once, and fetched a mule standing about thirty yards to the left of it. Bemis did not want the mule; but the owner came out with a double-barreled shotgun and persuaded him to buy it,

anyhow. It was a cheerful weapon-the "Allen." Sometimes all its six barrels would go off at once, and then there was no safe place in all the region round about, but behind it.

The stage whirled along at a spanking gate...the spinning ground and the waltzing trees appeared to give us a mute hurrah as we went by, and then slack up and look after us with interest, or envy...

We soon arrived at the home of the Latter-Day Saints, the stronghold of the prophets, the capital of the only absolute monarchy in America, great Salt Lake City. This was a fairy-land to us for all intents and purposes-a land of enchantment and goblins and awful mystery. We felt a curiosity to ask every child how many mothers it had, and if it could tell them apart. And we experienced a thrill every time a dwelling door opened, disclosing a glimpse of human heads.

We enjoyed the pleasant strangeness of a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants with no loafers perceptible in it, and no visible drunkards or noisy people. It was a representation of a golden beehive, with all the bees at work.

Salt Lake City was healthy-an extremely healthy city. They declared there was only one physician in the place and he was arrested every week regularly and held to answer under the vagrant act for having no visible means of support. (They always give you a substantial article of truth in Salt Lake. Very often, if you wished to weigh one of their airiest little commonplace statements, you would want the hay scales).

Our stay in Salt Lake amounted to only two days, and therefore we had no time to make the customary inquisition into the workings of polygamy, get up the usual statistics and deductions preparatory to calling the attention of the nation to the matter. Oh, I had the will to do it, I was feverish to plunge in headlong and achieve a great reform here-until I saw the Mormon women...no, the man who marries one of them has done an act of Christian charity-but the man who marries sixty of them has done a deed of such generosity that all nations should worship him in silence. Brigham Young had 110 children in the house, and when a visitor gave one of the children a whistle, he had to hurry out and purchase 109 more, and then the adults were forced to talk on the fingers entirely until the children got tired of the whistles.

And the bedroom, imagine all 72 of those wives snoring at once. The roar was deafening; and the danger of it, for if they were all to draw in their breath at once you could actually see the walls of the building suck-in.

Ten or eleven wives is all a man needs-never go over it.

The second day, we made the acquaintance of Mr. Street (since deceased) and put on white shirts and went and paid a state visit to the king. He seemed a quiet and kindly easy-mannered, dignified, self-possessed old gentleman of fifty-five or sixty, and had a gentle craft in his eye that probably belonged there. He was very simply dressed and was just taking off a straw hat as we entered. He talked about Utah, and the Indians, and Nevada, and general American matters and questions, with our secretary and certain government officials who came with us. But he never paid any attention to me, notwithstanding I made several attempts to "draw him out" on federal politics, and his high handed attitude toward Congress. I thought some of the things I said were rather fine. But he merely looked around at me, at distant intervals, somewhat as I have seen a benignant old cat look around to see which kitten was meddling with her tail. By and by I subsided into an indignant silence, and so sat until the end, hot and flushed, and execrating him in my heart for an ignorant savage. But he was calm. His conversation with those gentlemen flowed on as sweetly and peacefully and musically as any summer brook. When the audience was ended and we were retiring from the presence, he put his hand on my head, beamed down on me in an admiring way, and said to my brother: "Ah-your child, I presume? Boy, or girl?"

In the east, in those days the smallest moneyed denomination was a penny, and it represented the smallest purchasable quantity of any commodity. West of Cincinnati the smallest coin in use was the silver five-cent piece and no smaller quantity of an article could be bought than "five cents worth." In Overland City the lowest coin appeared to be the ten-cent piece; but in Salt Lake there did not seem to be any money in circulation smaller than a quarter, or any smaller quantity purchasable of any commodity that twenty-five cents worth.

How sunburned with blushes I used to get in gaudy Nevada, every time I thought of my financial experience in Salt Lake. A young half-breed with a complexion like a yellow-jacket asked me if I would have my boots blacked. It was at the Salt Lake House the morning after we arrived. I said yes, and he blacked them. Then I handed him a silver five-cent piece, with the benevolent air of a person who is conferring wealth and blessedness upon poverty and suffering. The yellow-jacket took it with what I judged to be suppressed emotion, and laid it reverently down in the middle of his broad hand. Then he began to contemplate it, much as a philosopher contemplates a gnat's ear in the ample field of his microscope. Several mountaineers, teamsters, stage-drivers, etc., drew near and dropped into the tableau and fell to surveying the money with that attractive

indifference to formality which is noticeable in the hardy pioneer. Presently the yellowjacket handed the half dime back to me and told me I ought to keep my money in my pocket-book instead of in my soul, and then I wouldn't get it cramped and shriveled up so!

In a little while all interest was taken up in stretching our necks and watching for the "pony-rider"-the fleet messenger who sped across the continent from St. Joe to Sacramento, carrying letters nineteen hundred miles in eight days!

The stage-coach traveled about a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five miles a day (twenty-four hours), the pony-rider about two hundred and fifty. There were about eighty pony-riders in the saddle all the time, night and day, stretching in a long, scattered procession from Missouri to California, forty flying eastward, and forty toward the west, and among them making four hundred gallant horses earn a stirring livelihood and see a deal of scenery every single day of the year.

"Here he comes!"

Every neck is stretched further, and every eye strained wider. A way across the endless dead level of the prairie a black speck appears against the sky, and it is plain that it moves. Well, I should think so! In a second or two it becomes a horse and rider, rising and falling, rising and falling-sweeping toward us nearer and nearer, and the flutter of the hooves comes faintly to the ear-another instant a whoop and a hurrah from our upper deck, a wave of the rider's hand, but no reply, and man and horse burst past our excited faces, and go winging away like a belated fragment of a storm!

So sudden is it all, and so like a flash of unreal fancy, but for the flake of white foam left quivering and perishing on a mail sack after the vision had flashed by and disappeared, we might have doubted whether we had seen any actual horse and man at all, maybe.

On the Continental Divide, the driver pointed out the stream that was starting its journey westward to the Pacific Ocean and the other that flowed eastward and eventually made its way into the Missouri River and then the Mississippi. In that one, Sam dropped a leaf freighted with a mental message for a girl in St. Louis. There was a "vague possibility that she might take it out of the water as it drifted by the old city, and by the unerring instinct of love, know the tender freight it bore."

Another night of alternate tranquility and turmoil. But morning came, by and by. It was another glad awakening to fresh breezes, vast expanses of level

greensward, bright sunlight, an impressive solitude utterly without visible human beings or human habitations, and an atmosphere of such amazing magnifying properties that trees that seemed close at hand were more than three miles away.

We resumed undress uniform, climbed atop the flying coach dangled our legs over the side, shouted occasionally at our frantic mules, merely to see them lay their ears back and scamper faster, tied our hats on to keep our hair from blowing away, and leveled an outlook over the world-wide carpet about us for things new and strange to gaze at. Even at this day it thrills me through and through to think of the life, the gladness, and the wild sense of freedom that used to make the blood dance in my veins on those fine overland mornings!

Along about an hour after breakfast we saw the first prairie-dog villages, the first antelope, and the first wolf. If I remember it rightly, this latter was the regular coyote (pronounced ky-o-te) of the farther deserts. And if it was, he was not a pretty creature or respectable either, for I got well acquainted with his race afterward, and can speak with confidence. The coyote is a long, slim, sick and sorry-looking skeleton, with a gray wolfskin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail that forever sags down with a despairing expression of forsakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face, with slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth. He has a general slinking expression all over. The coyote is a living, breathing allegory of Want. He is always hungry. He is always poor, out of luck, and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him for a bicycle. He is so spiritless and cowardly that even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it. And he is so homely!-so scrawny, and ribby, and coarse-haired, and pitiful. When he sees you he lifts his lip and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursuing, depresses his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sage-brush, glancing over his shoulder at you, from time to time, till he is about out of easy pistol range, and then he stops and takes a deliberate survey of you; he will trot fifty yards and stop again-another fifty and stop again; and finally the gray of his gliding body blends with the gray of the sage-brush, and he disappears. All this is when you make no demonstration against him; but if you do, he develops a livelier interest in his journey, and instantly electrifies his heels and puts such a deal of real estate between himself and your weapon, that by the time you have raised the hammer you see that you need a minie rifle, and by the time you have got him in line you need a rifled cannon, and by the time you have "drawn a bead" on him you see well enough that nothing but an unusually long-winded streak of lightning could reach him where he is now. But if you start a swift-footed dog after him, you will enjoy it ever so much-

especially if it is a dog that has a good opinion of himself, and has been brought up to think he knows something about speed. The cayote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudulent smile over his shoulder that will fill that dog entirely full of encouragement and worldly ambition, and make him lay his head still lower to the ground, and stretch his neck further to the front, and pant more fiercely, and stick his tail out straighter behind, and move his furious legs with a yet wilder frenzy, and leave a broader and broader, and higher and denser cloud of desert sand smoking behind, and marking his long wake across the level plain! And all this time the dog is only a short twenty feet behind the cayote, and to save the soul of him he cannot understand why it is that he cannot get perceptibly closer; and he begins to get aggravated, and it makes him madder and madder to see how gently the cayote glides along and never pants or sweats or ceases to smile; and he grows still more and more incensed to see how shamefully he has been taken in by an entire stranger, and what an ignoble swindle that long, calm soft-footed trot is; and next he notices that he is getting fagged, and that the cayote actually has to slacken speed a little to keep from running away from him-and then that town-dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain and weep and swear, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the cayote with concentrated and desperate energy. This "spurt" finds him six feet behind the gliding enemy, and two miles from his friends. And then, in the instant that a wild new hope is lighting up his face, the cayote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say: "Well, I shall have to tear myself away from you, bub-business is business, and it will not do for me to be fooling along this way all day"-and forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere, and behold that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude!

It makes his head swim. He stops, and looks all around; climbs the nearest sand mound, and gazes into the distance; shakes his head reflectively, and then, without a word, he turns and jogs along back to his train, and takes up a humble position under the hindmost wagon, and feels unspeakably mean, and looks ashamed, and hangs his tail at half-mast for a week. And for as much as a year after that, whenever there is a great hue and cry after a cayote, that dog will merely glance in that direction without emotion, and apparently observe to himself, "I believe I do not wish any of the pie."

At the end of twenty days they arrived in Carson City and disembarked in front of the Ormsby House.

When we reached the station on the farther verge of the desert, we were glad, for the first time, that the dictionary was along, because we never could have found language to tell how glad we were, in any sort of dictionary but an unabridged one with pictures in it.

(From a letter in September or October of '61):

My Dear Mother,

I hope you will come out here someday. But I shan't consent to invite you until we can receive you in style. But I guess we shall be able to do that one of these days. I intend that Pamela shall live on Lake Bigler (Tahoe) until she can knock a bull down with her fist-say, about three months.

"Tell everything as it is-no better, and no worse." Well, "Gold Hill" sells at \$5,000 per foot, cash down. "Wild Cat" isn't worth ten cents. The country is fabulously rich in gold, silver, copper, lead, coal, iron, quicksilver marble granite, chalk plaster of Paris, (gypsum), thieves, murderers, desperados, ladies, children, lawyers, Christians, Indians, Chinamen, Spaniards, gamblers, sharpers, coyotes, (pronounced Ki-yo-ties), poets, preachers and jackass rabbits. I overheard a gentleman say the other day that it was "the damndest country under the sun." And that comprehensive conception I fully subscribe to.

It never rains here, and the dew never falls. No flowers grow here, and no green thing gladdens the eye. The birds that fly over the land carry their provisions with them. Only the crow and the raven tarry with us. Our city lies in the midst of a desert of the purest, most unadulterated and compromising sand, in which infernal soil nothing but that fag-end of vegetable creation, "sage-brush," ventures to grow. If you will take a lilliputian cedar tree for a model and build a dozen imitations of it with the stiffest article of telegraph wire, set them one foot apart and then try to walk through them, you'll understand (provided the floor is covered with 12 inches of sand) what it is to wander through a sage-brush desert.

When crushed, sage brush emits an odor which isn't exactly magnolia and equally isn't exactly polecat, but is a sort of compromise between the two. It looks a good deal like grease-wood and is the ugliest plant that was ever conceived of. It is gray in color. On the plains, sage-brush and grease-wood grow about twice as large as the common geranium, and in my opinion they are a very good substitute for that useless vegetable.

As to the other fruits and flowers of the country, there ain't any except "Pulu" or "Tuler," or whatever they call it, a species of unpoetical willow that grows on the banks of the Carson, a river, 20 yards wide, knee deep, and so villainously

rapid and crooked that it looks like it had wandered into the country without intending it and had to run about in a bewildered way and got lost in its hurry to get out again before some thirsty man came along and drank it up.

I said we are situated in a flat, sandy desert. True. And surrounded on all sides by such prodigious mountains that when you gaze at them awhile and begin to conceive of their grandeur and next to feel their vastness expanding your soul, and ultimately find yourself growing and swelling and spreading into a giant-I say when this point is reached, you look disdainfully down upon the insignificant village of Carson, and in that instant you are seized with a burning desire to stretch forth your hand, put the city in your pocket and walk off with it.

I could see that I was going to need some transportation while in Carson City, so I attended an auction and bought a genuine Mexican plug, on the advice of a man, I later found out, was the auctioneer's brother. Well I climbed onto that steed, and he put his feet together...in a bunch, lowered his back, and fired me five feet into the air. Well I came back down on the saddle, but he shot me back up again, and this time, I came down on the high pommel...which was too much variety for me...so I decided to get off, but I was in the air again, and when I came down that genuine Mexican plug was gone. So I dug myself out of the ground and made up my mind, that if that auctioneer's brother's funeral was held while I was in Carson City, I would cancel all other recreations...and attend it.

After leaving the sink we traveled along the Humboldt River a little way. People accustomed to the monster mile-wide Mississippi grow accustomed to associating the term "river" with a high degree of watery grandeur. Consequently, such people feel rather disappointed when they stand on the shores of the Humboldt or the Carson and find that a "river" in Nevada is a sickly rivulet which is just the counterpart of the Erie canal in all respects save that the canal is twice as long and four times as deep. One of the pleasantest and most invigorating exercises one can contrive is to run and jump across the Humboldt River 'till he is over-heated, and then drink it dry.

We had heard a world of talk about the marvelous beauty of Lake Tahoe. We called it "Lake Bigler" back then, after the governor of California. We thought Tahoe too weak a name for so powerful a body of water. The Paiutes named it Tahoe. It means, "grasshopper soup."

Three or four members of the Brigade had been there and located some timberlands on its shores and stored up a quantity of provisions in their camp. We

strapped a couple of blankets on our shoulders and took an ax apiece and started-for we intended to take up a wood ranch or so ourselves and become wealthy. We were told that the distance was eleven miles. We tramped a long time on level ground, and then toiled laboriously up a mountain about a thousand miles high and looked over. No lake there. We descended on the other side, crossed the valley and toiled up another mountain three or four thousand miles high, apparently, and looked over again. No lake yet. We sat down tired and perspiring and hired a couple of Chinamen to curse those people who had beguiled us. Thus refreshed, we presently resumed the march with renewed vigor and determination. We plodded on, two or three hours longer, and at last the lake burst upon us-a noble sheet of blue water lifted six thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and walled in by a rim of snow-clad mountain peaks that towered aloft a full three thousand feet higher still! I thought it surely must be the fairest picture the whole earth affords. We found the small skiff belonging to the Brigade boys, and without loss of time set out across a deep bend of the lake toward the landmarks that signified the locality of the camp. I got Johnny to row-not because I mind exertion myself, but because it makes me sick to ride backward when I am at work. A three mile pull brought us to the camp just as the night fell, and we stepped ashore very tired and wolfishly hungry. In a "cache" among the rocks we found the provisions and the cooking utensils, and then, all fatigued as I was, I sat down on a boulder and superintended while Johnny gathered wood and cooked supper. Many a man who had gone through what I had, would have wanted to rest.

It was a delicious supper-hot bread, fried bacon, and black coffee. It was a delicious solitude we were in, too. Three miles away was a saw mill and some workmen, but there were not fifteen other human beings throughout the wide circumference of the lake. As the darkness closed down and the stars came out and spangled the great mirror with jewels, we smoked meditatively in the solemn hush and forgot our troubles and our pains.

...drag your thoughts away from your troubles-by the ears, by the heels, or any other way, so as you manage it; it's the healthiest thing a body can do.

What a robust people, what a nation of thinkers we might be, if we could only lay ourselves on the shelf occasionally and renew our edges.

In due time we spread our blankets in the warm sand between two large boulders and soon fell asleep, careless of the procession of ants that passed in through rents in our clothing and explored our persons. Nothing could disturb the

sleep that fettered us for it had been fairly earned, and if our consciences had any sins on them they had to adjourn court for the night, anyway.

It is always very cold on that lake-shore in the night, but we had plenty of blankets and were warm enough. We never moved a muscle all night, but waked at early dawn in the original positions, and got up at once, thoroughly refreshed, free from soreness and brim full of friskiness. There is no end of wholesome medicine in such an experience. That morning we could have whipped ten such people as we were the day before-sick ones at any rate. But the world is slow, and people will go to "water cures" and "movement cures" and to foreign lands for health. Three months of camp life on Lake Tahoe would restore an Egyptian mummy to his pristine vigor, and give him an appetite like an alligator. I do not mean the oldest and driest of mummies, of course, but the fresher ones.

The air up there in the clouds is very pure and fine, bracing and delicious. And why shouldn't it be?-it is the same the angels breathe. I think that hardly any amount of fatigue can be gathered together that a man cannot sleep off in one night in the sand by its side. Not under a roof, but under the sky; it seldom or never rains there in the summer-time. I know a man who went there to die, but made a failure of it. He was a skeleton when he came, and could barely stand. He had no appetite and did nothing but read tracts and reflect on the future. Three months later he was sleeping out of doors regularly, eating all he could hold, and chasing game over mountains three thousand feet high for recreation.

If you tell the truth you don't have to remember anything.

I superintended again, and as soon as we had eaten breakfast we got in the boat and skirted along the lake-shore about three miles and disembarked. We liked the appearance of the place, and so we claimed some three hundred acres of it and stuck our "notices" on a tree. It was yellow-pine timberland-a dense forest of trees a hundred feet high and from one to five feet through at the butt. It was necessary to fence our property or we could not hold it. That is to say, it was necessary to cut down trees here and there and make them fall in such a way as to form a sort of enclosure (with pretty wide gaps in it). We cut down three trees apiece, and found it such heartbreaking work that we decided to "rest our case" on those; if they held the property, well and good; if they didn't, let our property spill out through the gaps and go; it was no use to work ourselves to death merely to save a few acres of land.

I love work. Why when I have a piece of work to perform, I go away by

myself, sit down in the shade, and muse over the coming enjoyment. Sometimes I muse too long.

Next day we came back to build a house—for a house was also necessary, in order to hold the property. We decided to build a substantial log house and excite the envy of the Brigade boys; but by the time we had cut and trimmed the first log it seemed unnecessary to be so elaborate, and so we concluded to build it of saplings. However, two saplings, duly cut and trimmed, compelled recognition of the fact that a still modester architecture would satisfy the law, and so we concluded to build a “brush” house. We devoted the next day to this work, but we did so much sitting around and discussing, that by the middle of the afternoon we had achieved only a half-way sort of affair which one of us had to watch while the other cut brush, lest if both turned our back we might not be able to find it again, it had such a strong family resemblance to the surrounding vegetation. If there is any life that can be happier than the life we led on our timber ranch for the next two or three weeks, it must be a sort of life which I have not read of in books or experienced in person. We did not see a human being but ourselves during the time, or hear any sounds but those that were made by the wind and the waves, the sighing of the pines, and now and then the far off thunder of an avalanche. The forest about us was dense and cool, the sky above was cloudless and brilliant with sunshine, the broad lake before us was glassy and clear, or rippled and breezy, or black and storm-tossed, according to Nature’s mood; and its circling border of mountain domes, clothed with forests, scarred with landslides, cloven by canyons and valleys, and helmeted with glittering snow, fitly framed and finished the noble picture. The view was always fascinating, bewitching, entrancing. The eye was never tired of gazing, night or day, in calm or storm; it suffered but one grief, and that was that it could not look always, but must close sometimes in sleep.

We slept in the sand close to the water’s edge, between two protecting boulders, which took care of the stormy night winds for us. We never took any paregoric to make us sleep. At the first break of dawn we were always up and running foot-races to tone down excess of physical vigor and exuberance of spirits. That is, Johnny was—but I held his hat. While smoking the pipe of peace after breakfast we watched the sentinel peaks put on the glory of the sun, and followed the conquering light as it swept down among the shadows, and set the captive crags and forests free. We watched the tinted pictures grow and brighten upon the water till every little detail of forest, precipice, and pinnacle was wrought in and finished, and the miracle of the enchanter complete. Then to “business.”

That is, drifting around in the boat. We were on the north shore. There, the

rocks on the bottom are sometimes gray, sometimes white. This gives a marvelous transparency of the water a fuller advantage than it has elsewhere on the lake. We usually pushed out a hundred yards or so from the shore, and then lay down on the thwarts in the sun, and let the boat drift by the hour whither it would. We seldom talked. It interrupted the Sabbath stillness, and marred the dreams the luxurious rest and indolence brought. The shore all along was indented with deep, curved bays and coves, bordered by narrow sand beaches; and where the sand ended, the steep mountainsides rose right up aloft into space—rose up like a vast wall a little out of the perpendicular, and thickly wooded with tall pines.

So singularly clear was the water, that where it was only twenty or thirty feet deep the bottom was so perfectly distinct that the boat seemed floating in the air! Down through the transparency of these great depths, the water was not merely transparent, but dazzlingly, brilliantly so. All objects seen through it had a bright strong vividness, not only of outline, but of every minute detail, which they would not have had when seen simply through the same depth of atmosphere. So empty and airy did all spaces seem below us, and so strong was the sense of floating high aloft in mid-nothingness, that we called these boat excursions “balloon voyages.”

We never slept in our house. We did not wish to strain it.

I accepted a job in Esmeralda shoveling tillings in a quartz mill. I made the toss and landed the mess just on the edge of the shaft and it all came back on my head and down the back of my neck. I never said a word, but climbed out and walked home. I inwardly resolved that I would starve before I would make a target of myself and shoot rubbish at it with a long handled shovel. So I retired from that industry not only with my own approval but with the approval of the people who paid the wages.

Mono Lake is two hundred feet deep, and its sluggish waters are so strong with alkali that if you only dip the most hopelessly soiled garment into them once or twice, and wring it out, it will be found as clean as if it had been through the ablest of washer-woman's hands...If we threw the water on our heads and gave them a rub or so, the white lather would pile up three inches high.

This water was not good for bruised places and abrasions of the skin. We had a valuable dog. He had raw places on him. He had more raw places on him than sound ones. He was the rawest dog I almost ever saw. He jumped overboard one day to set away from the flies. But it was bad judgement. In his condition, it would have been just as comfortable to jump into the fire. The alkali water nipped him

in all the raw places simultaneously, and he struck out for the shore with considerable interest. He yelped and barked and howled as he went-and by the time he got to the shore there was no bark to him-for he had barked all the bark out of his inside, and the alkali water had cleaned the bark all off his outside, and he probably wished he had never embarked in any such enterprise. He ran around and around in a circle, and pawed the earth and clawed the air, and threw double somersaults, sometimes backward, sometimes forward, in the most extraordinary manner. He was not a demonstrative dog, as a general thing, but rather of a grave and serious turn of mind, and I never saw him take so much interest in anything before. He finally struck out over the mountains, at a gait which we estimated at about two hundred and fifty miles an hour, and he is going yet.

As the sun was going down, we saw the first specimen of an animal known familiarly over two thousand miles of mountain and desert-from Kansas clear to the Pacific Ocean-as the "jackass rabbit." He is well named. He is just like any other rabbit, except that he is from one third to twice as large, has longer legs in proportion to his size, and has the most preposterous ears that ever were mounted on any creature but a jackass. When he is sitting quiet, thinking about his sins, or is absent-minded or unapprehensive of danger, his majestic ears project above him conspicuously; but the breaking of a twig will scare him nearly to death, and then he tilts his ears back gently and starts for home. All you can see, then, for the next minute, is his long gray form stretched out straight and "streaking it" through the low sage-brush, head erect, eyes right, and ears just canted a little to the rear, but showing you where the animal is, all the time, the same as if he carried a jib. Now and then he makes a marvelous spring with his long legs, high over the stunted sage-brush, and scores a leap that would make a horse envious. Presently he comes down to a long, graceful "lope," and shortly he mysteriously disappears. He has crouched behind a sage-brush, and will sit there and listen and tremble until you get within six feet of him, when he will get underway again. But one must shoot at this creature once if he wishes to see him throw his heart into his heels, and do the best he knows how. He is frightened clear through, now, and he lays his long ears down on his back, straightens himself out like a yard-stick every spring he makes, and scatters miles behind him with an easy indifference that is enchanting.

Our party made this specimen "hump himself," as the conductor said. The secretary started him with a shot from the Colt; I commenced spitting at him with my weapon; and all in the same instant the old "Allen's" whole broadside let go with a rattling crash, and it is not putting it too strong to say that the rabbit was

frantic! He dropped his ears, set up his tail, and left for San Francisco at a speed which can only be described as a flash and a vanish! Long after he was out of sight we could hear him whiz.

All agreed that a campfire was what would come nearest to saving us, now, and so we set about building it. We could find no matches, and so we tried to make shift with the pistols. Not a man in the party had ever tried to do such a thing before, but not a man in the party doubted that it could be done, and without any trouble—because every man in the party had read about it in books many a time and had naturally come to believe it, with trusting simplicity, just as he had long ago accepted and believed that other common book-fraud about Indians and lost hunters making a fire by rubbing two dry sticks together.

We huddled together on our knees in the deep snow, and the horses put their noses together and bowed their patient heads over us; and while the feathery flakes eddied down and turned us into a group of white statuary, we proceeded with the momentous experiment. We broke twigs from the sage-brush and piled them on a little cleared place in the shelter of our bodies. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes all was ready, and then, while conversation ceased and our pulses beat low with anxious suspense, Ollendorff applied his revolver, pulled the trigger and blew the pile clear out of the country! It was the flattest failure that ever was.

It was on the strength of a letter to the editor of the Territorial Enterprise, signed, "Josh," that Sam was offered a job as a reporter at \$25 a week.

Josh painted word pictures of a Fourth of July oration of territorial Chief Justice, George Turner, "It is impossible to print his lecture in full, as the typecases have run out of capital I's". Sam nicknamed the Chief Justice, "Mr. Personal Pronoun." And Joe Goodman offered Josh a job. Sam then walked the one hundred and thirty miles from Aurora to Virginia City.

Bill Gillis wrote: One night while Joe Goodman, Rollin Dagget, my brother Steve and myself were sitting in the editorial room enjoying a spell of 'chewing the rag' a chap with a great shock of reddish-brown hair suddenly entered, and in a long-drawling voice asked: "Does either of you gentlemen happen to be Mr. Joe T. Goodman?"

"I am Joe Goodman," replied Joe, "What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Goodman, if you will look me over I think you will observe that the clothes I have on would not be suitable to wear at a fashionable tea party, also that

a haircut and a shave, together with a new hat, would greatly improve my personal appearance. A bath, too, would feel mighty good to me, and a steak or dish of ham and eggs would be very gratifying.”

“My friend,” answered Joe, with a broad smile, “If you will just look this room over, I think you will observe that this is neither a clothing store, nor a barber shop. You will find, also, that there is no cuisine connected with it. I am sorry for you, but you have come to the wrong place.” Whereupon Sam pulled out a crumpled letter from his hip-pocket, and said somewhat indignantly: “Mr. Goodman, if you will read this letter here, I think you will agree with me that my reception has not been as cordial as it might have been.”

“Well, by the great Hornspoon...boys, this is Sam Clemens, and I’ll be darned if he hasn’t put one over on us this time, all right. Why didn’t you say who you were in the first place, Sam, instead of beating around the bush in the way you did? But never mind, we’re mighty pleased you are here.

Steve Gillis, Sam here has walked all the way from Aurora and needs some repairs. You go down to the office with him and tell Charlie Bicknell to let him have the dough he needs and get the devil to pilot him around to the places he wishes to patronize.”

After Sam had provided himself with a suit of clothes, a haircut, shave and a bath, he was taken to the White House, where he stowed away a prodigious meal washed down with the appropriate liquor. All then returned to the *Enterprise* office where Sam kept us entertained until the wee hours with hilarious incidents connected with his long trek on foot from Aurora.

The very next morning Sam was put in charge of the *Enterprise’s* local column and was happy to find that his partner in this work would be William Wright, famous throughout the area under his pen name, Dan De Quille.

As he sent Sam out on his first assignment, Goodman gave him some useful advice which proved invaluable to the recipient. “Never say ‘we learn so and so,’ or ‘it is rumored,’ Sam, but go to headquarters and get the absolute facts; then speak out and say it is so and so.”

And as he filled his first morning’s pipe, Goodman added reflectively and somewhat sadly, “In the first case you are likely to be shot, and in the other you are pretty certain to be—but nevertheless you will preserve the public’s confidence, and that is all that really matters.”

Get the facts first, then you can distort them as much as you like.

At first I roamed about the country seeking silver, but at the end of ’62 or the

beginning of '63 when I came up from Aurora to begin a journalistic life on the *Virginia City Enterprise*, I was presently sent down to Carson City to report the legislative session.

The government of the new Territory of Nevada was an interesting menagerie. Governor Nye was an old and seasoned politician from New York-politician, not statesman. He had white hair. He was in fine physical condition. He had a winningly friendly face and deep lustrous brown eyes that could talk as a native language the tongue of every feeling, every passion, every emotion. His eyes could outtalk his tongue, and this is saying a good deal, for he was a very remarkable talker, both in private and on the stump. He was a shrewd man. He generally saw through surfaces and perceived what might be going on inside without being suspected of having an eye on the matter.

Orion was soon very popular with the members of the legislature, because they found that whereas they couldn't usually trust each other, nor anybody else, they could trust him. He easily held the belt for honesty in that country, but it didn't do him any good in a pecuniary way, because he had no talent for either persuading or scaring legislators. But I was differently situated. I was there every day in the legislature to distribute compliment and censure with evenly balanced justice and spread the same over half a page of the *Enterprise* every morning; consequently I was an influence. I got the legislature to pass a law requiring every corporation doing business in the territory to record its charter in full, without skipping a word, in a record to be kept by the Secretary of the Territory-my brother. All the charters were framed in exactly the same words. For this record service he was authorized to charge forty cents a folio of one hundred words for making the record; five dollars for furnishing a certificate of each record, and so on. Everybody had a toll-road franchise, but no toll road. But the franchise had to be recorded and paid for. Everybody was a mining corporation, and had to have himself recorded and pay for it. Very well, we prospered. The record service paid an average of one thousand dollars a month, in gold.

Governor Nye was often absent from the Territory. He liked to run down to San Francisco every little while and enjoy a rest from Territorial civilization. Nobody complained, for he was prodigiously popular. He had been a stage-driver in his early days in New York or New England, and had acquired the habit of remembering names and faces, and of making himself agreeable to his passengers. As a politician this had been valuable to him, and he kept his arts in condition by practice. By the time he had been governor a year he had shaken hands with every human being in the Territory of Nevada, and after that he always knew these

people instantly at sight and could call them by name. The whole population of 20,000 persons, were his personal friends, and he could do anything he chose to do and count upon their being contented with it. Whenever he was absent from the Territory-which was generally-Orion served his office in his place, as Acting Governor, a title which was soon and easily shortened to "Governor." Mrs. Governor Clemens enjoyed being a governor's wife. No one on this planet ever enjoyed a distinction more than she enjoyed that one. Her delight in being the head of society was so frank that it disarmed criticism, and even envy. Being the Governor's wife and head of society, she looked for a proper kind of house to live in-a house commensurate with these dignities-and she easily persuaded Orion to build that house. Orion could be persuaded to do anything. He built and furnished the house at a cost of twelve thousand dollars, and there was no other house in that capital that could approach this property for style and cost.

When Governor Nye's four-year term was drawing to a close, the mystery of why he had ever consented to leave the great State of New York and help inhabit that sage-brush desert was solved. He had gone out there in order to become a United States Senator. All that was now necessary was to turn the Territory into a State. He did it without any difficulty. That patch of sand and that sparse population were not well fitted for the heavy burden of a State government, but no matter, the people were willing to have a change, and so the Governor's game was made.

Orion's game was made, too, apparently, for he was as popular because of his honesty as the Governor was for more substantial reasons. But at the critical moment the inborn capriciousness of his character rose up without warning, and disaster followed.

Orion never acquired a conviction that could withstand a disapproving word from a cat. He would have been secretary of state, but he changed his religion and his politics with his shirt. He would champion the Cadets for Temperance and then change to the other side for a time. It was during just such a swing, to teetotaler, that his name would have come up for nomination, and he got not one mention. So he hung out a shingle as an attorney at law. But again, he would examine both sides of the case so diligently and conscientiously that when he got thorough with his argument, neither he nor the jury knew which side he was on.

As to the legislature, never have I seen a body of men with tongues so handy, and information so uncertain. They could talk for a week without ever getting rid of an idea. If any one of them had been on hand when the Creator was at the point of sayin', "Let there be light," we never would have got it.

Now, to show you how really hard it is to foist a moral or a truth upon an unsuspecting public through a burlesque without entirely and absurdly missing one's mark, I will here set down two experiences of my own in this thing. In the fall of 1862, in Nevada and California, the people got to running wild about extraordinary petrifications and other natural marvels. One could scarcely pick up a paper without finding in it one or two glorified discoveries of this kind. The mania was becoming a little ridiculous. I was a bran-new local editor in Virginia City, and I felt called upon to destroy this growing evil; we all have our benignant fatherly moods at one time or another, I suppose. I chose to kill the petrification mania with a delicate, a very delicate satire. But maybe it was altogether too delicate, for nobody ever perceived the satire part of it at all. I put my scheme in the shape of the discovery of a remarkable petrified man.

I had had a temporary falling out with Mr. _____, the new coroner and justice of the peace of Humboldt, and thought I might as well touch him up a little at the same time and make him ridiculous, and thus combine pleasure with business. So I told, in patient belief-compelling detail, all about the finding of a petrified man at Gravely Ford (exactly a hundred and twenty miles, over breakneck mountain trail, from where _____ lived); how all the savants of the immediate neighborhood had been to examine it (it was notorious that there was not a living creature within fifty miles of there, except a few starving Indians, some crippled grasshoppers, and four or five buzzards out of meat and too feeble to get away); how those savants all pronounced the petrified man to have been in a state of complete petrification for over ten generations and then, with a seriousness that I ought to have been ashamed to assume, I stated that as soon as Mr. _____ heard the news he summoned a jury, mounted his mule, and posted off, with noble reverence for official duty, on that awful five day's journey, through alkali, sage-brush, peril of body, and imminent starvation, to *hold an inquest* on this man that had been dead and turned to everlasting stone for more than three hundred years!

And then, my hand being "in," so to speak, I went on, with the same unflinching gravity, to state that the jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from *protracted exposere*. This only moved me to lighter flights of imagination, and I said that the jury, with that charity so characteristic of pioneers, then dug a grave, and were about to give the petrified man Christian burial, when they found that for ages a limestone sediment had been trickling down the face of the stone against which he was sitting, and this stuff had run under him and cemented fast to the "bed-rock;" that the jury (they were all silver miners) canvassed the difficulty a moment, and then got out their powder and fuse, and

proceeded to drill a hole under him, in order to blast him from his position, when Mr. _____ “with that delicacy so characteristic of him, forbade them, observing that it would be little less than sacrilege to do such a thing.”

From the beginning to end the “Petrified Man” squib was a string or roaring absurdities, albeit they were told with an unfair pretense of truth that even imposed upon me to some extent, and I was in some danger of believing in my own fraud. But I really had no desire to deceive anybody, and no expectation of doing it. I depended on the way the petrified was *sitting* to explain to the public that he was a swindle. Yet I purposely mixed that up with the other things, hoping to make it obscure-and I did.

“...every limb and feature of the stone mummy was perfect, not even excepting the left leg, which had evidently been a wooden one during the lifetime of the owner-which lifetime by the way, came to a close about a century ago, in the opinion of a savant who has examined the defunct. The body was in a sitting posture, and leaning against a huge mass of croppings the attitude was pensive, the right thumb rested against the side of the nose; the left thumb partially supported the chin, the forefinger pressing the inner corner of the eye, and drawing it partly open...”

But I was too ingenious. I mixed it up rather too much; and so all that description of the attitude, as a key to the humbuggery of the article, was entirely lost, for nobody but me ever discovered and comprehended the peculiar and suggestive position of the petrified man's hands.

As a satire on the petrification mania, or anything else, my Petrified Man was a disheartening failure; and I was stunned to see the creature I had begotten to pull down the wonder-business with, and bring derision upon it, calmly exalted to the grand chief place in the list of the genuine marvels our Nevada had produced. I was so disappointed at the curious miscarriage of my scheme, that at first I was angry, and did not like to think about it; but by and by, when the exchanges began to come in with the Petrified Man copied and guilelessly glorified, I began to feel a soothing secret satisfaction; and as my gentleman's field of travels broadened, and by the exchanges I saw that he steadily and implacably penetrated territory after territory, State after State, and land after land, till he swept the great globe and culminated in sublime and unimpeached legitimacy in the august London Lancet Medical Journal, my cup was full, and I said I was glad I had done it.

I think that for about eleven months, as nearly as I can remember, Mr. _____'s daily mail-bag continued to be swollen by the addition of half a bushel of

newspapers hailing from many climes with the Petrified Man in them, marked around with a prominent belt of ink. I sent them to him. I did it for spite, not for fun. He used to shovel them into his back yard and curse. And every day during those months the miners, his constituents (for miners never quit joking a person when they get started), would call on him and ask if he could tell them where they could get hold of a paper with the Petrified Man in it. He could have accommodated a continent with them. I hated _____ in those days, and these things pacified me and pleased me. I could not have gotten more real comfort out of him without killing him.

(Mr. _____ had ired Sam's wrath when he charged Orion and Molly an exorbitant fee for the casket in which to bury their daughter, Sam's niece. Indeed, he would rather have killed _____, but discovered satire to be a saltier fate).

Fleas can be taught nearly anything that a congressman can. It's a matter of proportion, that's what it is; and when you come to gauge a thing's speed by its size, where's your bird and your man and your railroad alongside of a flea? The fastest man can't run more than about ten miles in an hour-not much more than 10,000 times his own length. But all the books says any common ordinary third-class flea can jump a hundred and fifty times his own length; yes, and he can make five jumps a second too-seven hundred and fifty times his own length, in one little second-for he don't fool away any time stopping and starting he does them both at the same time; you'll see, if you try to put your finger on him. Now that's the common, ordinary, third-class flea's gait; but you take an Eyetalian first-class flea, that's been the pet of the nobility all his life and hasn't ever knowed what want or sickness or exposure was, and he can jump more than three hundred times his own length. Well, suppose a man could go fifteen hundred times his own length in a second-say, a mile and a half. It's ninety miles a minute; its considerable more than five thousand miles an hour. Where's your man now?-yes, and your bird, and your railroad, and your balloon? Laws, they don't amount to much 'longside a flea. A flea is just a comet, b'iled down small.

By 1863, Virginia City had grown to be the liveliest town, for its age and population that America had ever produced. The sidewalks swarmed with people to such an extent, indeed, that generally it was no easy matter to stem the human tide. The streets themselves were just as crowded with quartz wagons, freight teams and other vehicles. The procession was endless. So great was the pack, that buggies frequently had to wait half an hour for an opportunity to cross the

principle street. Joy sat on every countenance, and there was a glad, almost fierce, intensity in every eye, that told of the money-getting schemes that were seething in every brain and the high hope that held sway in every heart. Money was as plentiful as dust; every individual considered himself wealthy, and a melancholy countenance was nowhere to be seen.

There were military companies, fire companies, brass bands, hurdy gurdy houses, wide open gambling palaces, a whiskey mill every fifteen steps, a large police force, a dozen breweries, a half-dozen jails...and some talk of building a church.

I could see that this was no place for a good Presbyterian. And so I didn't remain one very long .

How beautiful and solemn is the thought that the earliest pioneer of civilization, is never the steamboat, never the railroad, never the newspaper, never the Sabbath-school, never the missionary-but always whiskey.

Sam attended a ball on Gold Hill in a "ramshackle...dismal old barn of a place, lighted from end to end by tallow candle chandeliers made of barrel hoops suspended from the ceiling...the grease dripped all over us. There were two or three hundred stalwart men present, dancing with cordial energy. Half of them represented women, each with a hankerchief wrapped around his left arm to distinguish him from the men. I was a lady myself. I wore a revolver in my belt, and so did all the other ladies."

1863-27 YEARS OLD

Nevada was discovered many years ago by the Mormons and was called Carson County. It only became Nevada by an act of Congress in 1861. There is a popular tradition that God Almighty created it; but when you come to see it, you will think differently. Do not let that discourage you though, the country looks something like a singed cat.

The trip from Virginia City to Carson by Messrs. Carpenter & Hoog's stage is a pleasant one. An outside seat is preferable though, day or night. You want to prepare for it thoroughly. You should sleep forty-eight hours in succession before starting out, so that you may not have to do anything of that kind on the box.

The driver always lent an additional charm to his conversation by mixing his horrors and his general information together in this way. "Now," said he, after urging his team at a furious speed down a grade for awhile, plunging into deep bends in the road brimming with a thick darkness almost palpable to the touch, and darting out again and again on the verge of what instinct told me was precipice, "Now, I seen this poor cuss,-ah, but you're asleep again, and you've rammed your head against my side pocket and busted a bottle of nasty-rotten medicine I'm takin' to the folks at the 35 Mile House; do you notice that flavor? Ain't it a ghastly old stench? The man who takes it down there don't live on anything else-it's vittles and drink to him-he'd suffocate 'em; his breath smells like a graveyard after an earthquake!"

I was awake by this time, holding on with both hands and bouncing up and down like I do when I ride horseback. The driver took up the thread of his discourse and proceeded to soothe me again: "As I was sayin' I seen this poor cuss tumble off here one night-he was monstrous drowsy, and went to sleep the second I took my eye off him-and he fetched up against a boulder, and in a second there wasn't nothin' left of him but a promiscus pile of hash! It was moonlight, and when I got down to look at him, he was quivering like jelly, and sorter moanin' to hiself like, and the bones of his legs was stickin' out through his pantaloons every which way, like *that!*" (And here the driver mixed his fingers up after a manner of a stack of muskets, and illuminated them with the ghostly light of his cigar). "He weren't in misery long though, in a minute and a half he was deader than a *smelt!*" In this way, the driver caused the long hours to pass sleeplessly away, and if he drew upon his imagination for his fearful histories, I shall be the

last to blame him for it, because if they had taken on a milder form, I might have yielded to the dullness that oppressed me, and got my own bones smashed out of my hide in such a way as to render me useless forever after-unless, perhaps, someone chose to turn me to account as an uncommon sort of hat-rack.

Sam stuck to the story of taking his name on the river all his life, and about this lie he would have quipped: “Carlyle said that a lie cannot live. This shows that he did not know how to tell them. If I had taken out a life policy on this one, the premiums would have bankrupted me ages ago.”

The truth might best be told in a little known piece by George Cassidy, a fellow journalist, who relates how Sam’s nom de guerre originated inside John Piper’s Corner Saloon: “We knew Clemens in the early days and know exactly how he became to be dubbed, “Mark Twain.” John Piper’s Saloon on B Street used to be the grand rendezvous for all the Virginia City Bohemians. Piper conducted a cash business and refused to keep any books. As a special favor, however, he would occasionally chalk down drinks to the boys, on the wall back of the bar. Sam Clemens, when localizing for the Enterprise, always had an account, with the balance against him on Piper’s wall. Clemens was by no means a Coal Oil Tommy-he drank for the pure and unadulterated love of the ardent. Most of his drinking was conducted in single-handed contests, but occasionally he would invite Dan De Quille, Charley Parker, Bob Lowrey, or Alf Doten never more than one of them, however, at a time, and whenever he did, his invariable parting injunction to Piper was to “Mark Twain,” meaning two chalkmarks.”

Of course, it wasn’t long before the regulars were shouting, “Mark Twain!” as Sam would walk in through the swinging doors of the Corner Saloon with one of his drinking friends.

Yet another account ran in the Virginia City Union: “Ye see Mark, Sam that is, used to take his regular drinks at Johnny Doyle’s. Mark-or Sam, that is-used to run his face, being usually short of legal tender. Mark-or Sam, that is- used to take two horns consecutively, one right after the other, and when he came in and took them on tick, Johnny used to sing out to the bartender, who carried a lump of chalk in his weskit pocket and kept score: ‘Mark Twain,’ whereupon the barkeeper would score two drinks to Sam’s account. An so it was, d’ye see, that he came to be called Mark Twain.”

Sam stood by the story of the river to protect Livy and his reputation in the East, even though by comparison, he was one of the "good guys" of Virginia City. Some say Sam took "Mark Twain" out of consideration to Orion during his assignment to the legislature.

I remember an instance of a desperado's contempt for such small game as a private citizen's life. I was taking a late supper in a restaurant one night, with two reporters and a little printer named-Brown, for instance-any name will do. Presently a stranger with a long-tailed coat on came in and not noticing Brown's hat, which was lying on a chair, sat down on it. Little Brown sprung up and became abusive in a moment. The stranger smiled smoothed out his hat, and offered it to Brown with profuse apologies couched in caustic sarcasm, and begged Brown not to destroy him. Brown threatened him, impeached his courage, and urged and even implored him to fight; and in the mean time the smiling stranger placated himself under our protection in mock distress. But presently he assumed a serious tone, and said: "Very well, gentlemen, if we must fight, we must, I suppose. But don't rush into danger and then say I gave you no warning. I am more than a match for all of you when I get started, I will give you proofs, and then if my friend here still insists, I will try to accomodate him."

The table we were sitting at was about five feet long, and unusually cumbersome and heavy. He asked us to put our hands on the dishes and hold them in their places a moment-one of them was a large oval dish with a portly roast on it. Then he sat down, tilted up one end of the table, set two of the legs on his knees, took the end of the table between his teeth, took his hands away, and pulled down with his teeth until the table came up to a level position, dishes and all! He said he could lift a keg of nails with his teeth. He picked up a common glass tumbler and bit a semicircle out of it. Then he opened his bosom and showed us a network of knife and bullet scars; showed us more on his arms and face, and said he believed he had bullets enough in his body to make a pig of lead. He was armed to the teeth. He closed with a remark that he was Mr. _____ of Cariboo-a celebrated name whereat we shook in our shoes. I would publish the name, but for the suspicion that he might come and carve me. He finally inquired if Brown still thirsted for blood. Brown turned the thing over in his mind a moment, and then-asked him to supper.

It is a mistake that there is no bath that will cure bad manners, but there are times when drownin' would help.

Soon enough Sam began to feel his worth and to take sociological and political aim with his writing.

The men who murdered Virginia City's original twenty-six cemetery-occupants were never punished. Why? Because Alfred the Great, when he invented trial by jury, was not aware that in the nineteenth century the condition of things would be so entirely changed that unless he rose from the grave and altered the jury plan to meet the emergency, it would prove the most ingenious and infallible agency for *DEFEATING* justice that the human wisdom could contrive. For how could he imagine that we simpletons would go on using his jury plan after circumstances had stripped it of its usefulness, any more than he could imagine that we would go on using his candle-clock after we had invented chronometers? In his day news could not travel fast, and hence he could easily find a jury of honest, intelligent men who had not heard the case they were called to try. I remember one of those sorrowful farces, in Virginia City, which we call a jury trial. A noted desperado killed Mr. B., a good citizen, in the most wanton and cold-blooded way. Of course the papers were full of it, and all men capable of reading, read about it. And of course all men not deaf, dumb and idiotic, talked about it. A jury list was made out, and Mr. B.L., a prominent banker and valued citizen, was questioned precisely as he would have been questioned in any court in America: "Have you heard of this homicide?"

"Yes."

"Have you held conversations on the subject?"

"Yes."

"Have you formed or expressed opinions about it?"

"Yes."

"Have you read the newspaper accounts of it?"

"Yes."

"We do not want you."

A minister, intelligent, esteemed, and greatly respected; a merchant of high character and known probity; a mining superintendent of intelligence and unblemished reputation; a quartz mill owner of excellent standing, were all questioned in the same way, and all set aside. Each said the public talk and newspaper reports had not so biased his mind but that sworn testimony would overthrow his previously formed opinions and enable him to render a verdict without prejudice and in accordance with the facts. But of course such men could not be trusted with the case. Ignoramuses alone could mete out unsullied justice.

When the peremptory challenges were all exhausted, a jury of twelve men

was impaneled - a jury who swore they had neither heard, read, talked about, nor expressed an opinion concerning a murder which the Indians in the sage-brush, the very cattle in the corrals, and the stones in the streets were cognizant of!

It was a jury composed of two desperados, two low beer-house politicians, three bar keepers, two ranchmen who could not read, and three, dull, stupid, human donkeys! It actually came out afterward, that one of these latter thought that incest and arson were the same thing.

The verdict rendered by this jury was, Not Guilty. What else could one expect? The jury system puts a ban on intelligence and honesty, and a premium on ignorance, stupidity and perjury. It is a shame that we must continue to use a worthless system because it *was* good a thousand years ago. In this age, when a gentleman of high social standing, intelligence and probity, swears that testimony given under solemn oath will outweigh street talk and newspaper reports based on mere hearsay, he is worth a hundred jurymen who will swear to their own ignorance and stupidity, and justice would be far safer in his hands than in theirs. Why could not the jury law be so altered as to give men of brains and honesty an *equal chance* with fools and miscreants? Is it right to show the present favoritism to one class of men and inflict a disability on another, in a land whose boast is that all its citizens are free and equal?

I desire to tamper with the jury law. I wish to so alter it as to put a premium on intelligence and character, and close the jury box against idiots, and people who do not read newspapers. But no doubt I shall be defeated - every effort I make to save the country "misses fire."

...Bill Stewart is always construing something-eternally distorting facts and principles. He would climb out of his coffin and construe the burial service. He is a long-legged, bull headed, whopper-jawed, constructionary monomaniac. Give him a chance to construe the sacred law, and there wouldn't be a damned soul in perdition in a month...He construed the Constitution, last night...He gave the public to understand that the clause providing for the taxation of the mines meant nothing in particular; that he wanted the privilege of construing that section to suit himself, that a mere hole in the ground was not a mine, and that it wasn't property (he slung that in because he has a costly well on his premises in Virginia); and that it would be a difficult matter to determine in our courts what does really constitute a mine. Do you see his drift? Well, I do. He will prove to the satisfaction of the courts that there are only two definite kinds of mine; that one of these is an excavation from which metallic ores or other mineral substances are "DUG"...Then of course, the miners will know enough to stop "digging" and go to blasting. Bill

Stewart will then show, easily enough, that these fellows' claims are not "mines" according to the dictionary, and consequently cannot be taxed. He will show that the only other species of "mine" is a "pronominal adjective," and that will permit the State to tax the English grammar. He will demonstrate that a mere hole in the ground is not a mine, and is not liable to taxation. The end will be that a year from now we shall all own in these holes in the ground, but no man will acknowledge that he owns in a "mine"; and about that time custom, and policy, and construction, combined will have taught us to speak of the staunch old bulwark of the State as, "The Great Gould & Curry Hole-in-the-Ground."...

When the White House was burned in Virginia City, I lost my home, my happiness, my constitution...and my trunk. I cared nothing for the loss of my happiness, because not being a poet, it could not be possible that melancholy could abide with me for long. But to lose a good constitution, and a better trunk, were serious misfortunes.

On the day of the fire my constitution succumbed to a severe cold, caused by my undue exertion in getting ready to do something. I suffered to no purpose too, because the plan I was figuring at for the extinguishing of the fire, was so elaborate, that I never got it completed, until the middle of the following week.

I started down toward the office, and on the way encountered a bosom friend, who told me, that a quart of salt water, taken warm, would come as close to curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it anyhow. The result was surprising. I believed I had thrown up my immortal soul.

Now, as I am giving my experience only for the benefit of those who are troubled with the distemper I am talking about, I feel that you will see the propriety in my cautioning you against following such proportions of it as proved inefficient with me, and acting upon this conviction, I warn you against warm salt water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it is too severe. If I had another cold in the head, and there were no course left me but to take either an earthquake or a quart of warm salt water, I would take my chances with the earthquake.

After the storm which had been raging in my stomach had subsided, and no more good Samaritans happening along, I went to borrowing hankerchiefs again and blowing them to atoms, as had been my custom in the early stages of my cold, until I came across a lady who had just arrived from the plains, and who said she had lived in a part of the country where doctors were scarce, and had from necessity acquired considerable skill in the treatment of simple "family complaints." I knew she must have had much experience, for she appeared to be a hundred and fifty years old.

She mixed a concoction composed of molasses, aquafortis, turpentine, and various other drugs, and instructed me to take a wine glass full of it every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose; that was enough; It robbed me of all moral principle, and awoke every unworthy impulse in my nature. Under its malign influence my brain conceived miracles of meanness, but my hands were too feeble to execute them; at that time, had it not been that my strength had surrendered to a succession of assaults from infallible remedies for my cold, I am satisfied that I would have tried to rob the graveyard. Like most people, I sometimes feel mean, and act accordingly; but not until I had tried that medicine, had I ever revelled in such supernatural depravity, and felt proud of it.

At the end of two days, I was ready to go to doctoring again. I took a few more unfailing remedies, and finally drove my cold from my head to my lungs.

I got to coughing incessantly, and my voice fell below zero; I conversed in a thundering base, two octaves below my natural tone; I could only compass my regular nightly repose by coughing myself down to a state of utter exhaustion, and then the moment I began to talk in my sleep, my discordant voice woke me up again.

My case grew more and more serious each day. Plain gin was recommended; I took it. Then gin and molasses; I took that also. Then gin and onions; I added the onions, and took all three. I detected no particular result, however, except that I acquired a breath like a buzzard's.

A sheet bath was recommended. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to commence then; therefore I determined to take a sheet bath, notwithstanding I had no idea what sort of arrangement it was. It was administered at midnight, and the weather was very frosty. My breast and back were bared, and a sheet, (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it), soaked in ice water, was wound around me until I resembled a swab for a Columbiad.

It is a cruel expedient. When the chilly rag touches one's flesh, it makes him start with a sudden violence, and gasp for breath just as men do in the death agony. It froze the marrow in my bones, and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come.

Never take a sheet bath. Never! Next to meeting a lady acquaintance, who, for reasons best known to herself, don't see you when she looks at you, and don't know you when she does see you, it's the most uncomfortable feeling in the world.

I finally concluded to visit San Francisco, and the first day I got there, a lady at the hotel told me to drink a quart of whiskey every twenty-four hours, and a friend up town recommended precisely the same course. Each advised me to take

enough to say, "Nice shot, Sam! Don't kill him...just shoot his nasty face off!" Well, Laird heard that and he did twice around on his pony and off he went. But Sam was not far behind, because Governor Nye issued a warrant for his arrest...for dueling, which had just been made illegal in Nevada. So Sam went off to San Francisco to be unemployed.

It was not without regret that I took a last look at the tiny flag, (it was thirty feet long and ten feet wide), fluttering like a lady's handkerchief from the topmost peak of Mt. Davidson, two thousand feet above Virginia's roofs, and felt that doubtless I was bidding a permanent farewell to a city which had afforded me the most vigorous enjoyment of life I had ever experienced.

The state of Nevada lived for over forty years with one of Sam's pranks. The strangeness of the state seal was not corrected until 1913, three years after Sam's death. One of Sam's drinking comrades during the Constitutional Convention was A.W. Nightengill, the seal's designer. (The state legislature had rejected Orion Clemen's design). So as a matter of sweet revenge, which was so common with Sam, he and Nightengill designed into the seal, some smoke from a smelter stack blowing in one direction, and some smoke from a railroad engine beside it, blowing in the other direction. Not even a Washoe Zephyr could blow smoke in opposite directions.

Impending statehood threatened Nevada's economy, "There was nothing to tax." So Sam lit out for San Francisco.

The coldest winter I ever spent, was a summer in San Francisco.

To one sympathetic to nature, each season, in its turn, seems the loveliest. Behold the same gust of wind that blows a lady's dress aside exposing her ankles, fills your eyes so full of sand that you can't see it! Marvelous are the works of nature.

Man is the only animal that blushes, and the only one that has occasion to.

San Francisco was paradise to me. I lived at the best hotel exhibited my clothes in the most conspicuous places, infested the opera, and learned to seem enraptured with music which oftener afflicted my ignorant ear than enchanted it, if I had the vulgar honesty to confess it. However, I suppose I was not greatly worse than the most of my countrymen in that.

My Dear Mother-You have portrayed me so often & earnestly the benefits of taking exercise, that I know it will please you to learn that I belong to the San F. Olympic Club, whose gymnasium is one of the largest & best appointed in the United States. I am glad now that you put me in the notion of it, Ma, because if you had not, I would never have thought of it myself. I think it is nothing but right to give you the whole credit...I feel like a new man. I sleep better, I have a healthier appetite, my intellect is clearer, and I have become so strong and hearty that I fully believe twenty years have been added to my life. I feel as if I ought to be very well satisfied with the result, when I reflect that I was never in that gymnasium but once in my life & that was over three months ago...

...I never gamble in any shape or manner, and I never drink anything stronger than claret or lager beer, which conduct is regarded as miraculously temperate in this country.

Taking the pledge will not make bad liquor good, but it will improve it.

I have had a call to literature, of a low order-i.e. humorous. It is nothing to be proud of, but it is my strongest suit.

I shall write when the spirit moves me. I am the genius of indolence..

Write without pay until someone offers pay; if nobody offers within three years, then sawing wood is what you were intended for.

By 1864 Sam's moral and political fiber were beginning to show strength. Still, he was having trouble knowing when to put the plug back in the jug, and was hauled into the Police Court one late night by a police force that had been watching Sam closely since the article in the Call criticizing the police for their standing by and watching some Irish thugs beat-up a Chinaman.

And about that incident, Albert Evans of the Alta wrote: "I object to the moving of the city's slaughterhouses to North Beach, as it would give the entire city the full benefit of a stench which is second only in horrible density to that which prevails in the Police Court when the Bohemian of the Sagebrush is in the dock for being drunk overnight."

Sam said his object in life was to make enough money to stand trial, then go and kill Evans.

We are always hearing of people who are around seeking after truth. I have never seen a permanent specimen. I think he has never lived. But I have known several entirely sincere people who thought they were permanent seekers of truth. They sought diligently, persistently, carefully, cautiously, profoundly, with perfect honesty and nicely adjusted judgement until they believed that without doubt or question they had found the *truth*. That was the end of the search. They spent the rest of their lives hunting up shingles wherewith to protect their Truth from the weather.

As early as 1865 or '66 I had this curious experience: that whereas up to that time I had considered myself a Republican I was converted to a no-party independence by the wisdom of a rabid Republican.

This was a man who was afterward a United States Senator, and upon whose character rests no blemish that I know of, except that he was the father of William R. Hearst of today, and therefore grandfather of Yellow Journalism-that clamity of clamities.

It seemed to me that this unlettered man was at least a wise one. And I have never voted a straight ticket from that day to this. I have never belonged to any party from that day to this. I have never belonged to any church from that day to this. I have remained absolutely free in those matters. And in this independence I found a spiritual peace of mind quite above price.

In this country there are perhaps eighty thousand preachers. Not more than twenty of them are politically independent-the rest cannot be politically independent. They must vote the ticket of their congregations. They do it and are justified. They themselves are mainly the reason why they have no political independence, for they do not preach political independence from their pulpits. They are the large share in the fact that the people of this nation have no political independence.

Tell me where a man gets his corn pone, and I'll tell you what his 'pinions is.

When I arrived in San Francisco I was pretty hard aground financially, so I wrote a letter to Andrew Carnegie.

Dear Mr. Carnegie, I see by the papers that you are quite prosperous. I would like to get a hymn book. They cost two dollars. God would bless you, I would bless you, and it would do a great deal of good.

Sincerely-Mark Twain

PS: Don't send the hymn book. Send the two dollars.

(I wanted to select it myself).

Like all other nations, we worship money and the possessors of it-they being our aristocracy, and we have to have one. We like to read about rich people in the papers; the papers know it, and they do their best to keep this appetite liberally fed. They even leave out a football bull-fight now and then to get room for all the particulars of how-according to the display heading-"Rich Woman Fell Down Cellar." The falling down the cellar is of no interest to us when the woman is not rich, but no rich woman can fall down the cellar and we not yearn to know all about it and wish it was us .

I did have just enough money to hire a hall and give a lecture...I have not had to do a day's work since. And I became intimately familiar with that great menace to the itinerant lecturer, known as the "local interviewer." Oh, these people have a time-worn custom of probing you with a long string of personal questions, which you try to answer as conscientiously as you can. Then they go home and improve upon you. You can run over the printed result with a divin'n rod, and not find yourself.

One of these villains came pounding on my door well before noon, announcing he was with the Call. My first impulse was to pulverize him with the chair, but he sat down in it, and began: "Mr. Twain, may I ask you some questions calculated to bring up interesting points in your public and private life?"

"I have a very poor memory."

"That's all right, just so long as you'll do the best you can. Let me begin with this, is your real name, 'Mark Twain?'"

"I don't rightly remember at the moment."

"Well, that's an extraordinary answer, because I happen to know for a fact that your real name is Samuel Langhorn Clemens."

"That might be, but you see, I had a brother, William, 'Bill,' we used to call him...and we were twins. And we got mixed up in the bath tub. And one of us drowned. Some said it was Bill. Some said it was me."

"Well what did you think?!"

"Oh, I'd give worlds to know. You see there was one peculiar thing about it. One of the children had a curious mark, it was a mole, behind the left shoulder. That child was me. And that was the child that was drowned."

That was the end of the interview.

San Francisco is the most cordial and sociable city in the Union.

A grand affair of a ball-the Pioneers'-came off at the Occidental some time ago. The following notes of the costumes worn by the belles of the occasion may not be uninteresting to the general reader, and Jenkins may get an idea therefrom:

Mrs. W.M. was attired in an elegant *pate de foie gras*, made especially for her, and was greatly admired. Miss S. had her hair done up. She was the center of attraction for the gentlemen and the envy of all the ladies. Mrs. S. W. was tastefully dressed in a *tout ensemble*, and was greeted with deafening applause wherever she went. Mrs. D.N. was superbly arrayed in white kid gloves. Her modest and engaging manner accorded well with the unpretending simplicity of her costume and caused her to be regarded with absorbing interest by every one.

The charming Miss M.M.B. appeared in a thrilling waterfall, whose exceeding grace and volume compelled the homage of the pioneers and emigrants alike. How beautiful she was!

The queenly Mrs. L.R. was attractively attired in her new and beautiful false teeth, and the *bon jour* effect they naturally produced was heightened by her enchanting and well-sustained smile.

Miss R.P., with that repugnance to ostentation in dress which is so peculiar to her, was attired in a simple white lace collar, fastened with a neat pearl-button solitaire. The fine contrast between the sparkling vivacity of her natural optic, and the steadfast attentiveness of her placid glass eye, was the subject of general and enthusiastic remark.

Miss C.L.B. had her fine nose elegantly enameled, and the easy grace with which she blew it from time to time marked her as a cultivated and accomplished woman of the world; its exquisitely modulated tone excited the admiration of all who had the happiness to hear it.

In writing theatre critiques for the Call, I took the pen and spread this muck out in words and phrases, and made it cover as much acreage as I could.

Wagner's music is better than it sounds.

The practice of wrecklessly heaving immense solid bouquets, of the general size and weight of prize cabbages, from the dizzy altitude of the galleries, is dangerous and very reprehensible. Now, night before last, at the Academy of Music, just after the Signorina had finished that exquisite melody, "The Last Rose of Summer," one of these floral pile-drivers came cleaving down through the atmosphere of applause, and if she hadn't deployed suddenly to the right, it would have driven her into the floor like a shingle-nail.

A sincere compliment is always grateful to a lady, so long as you don't try to knock her down with it.

I saw a good-looking, earnest-faced, pale, red-haired, neatly dressed young woman standing on a little stage behind a small table with slender legs and no drawers-the table, understand me; I am talking in a hurry, but do not desire to confound my description of the table with my description of the lady.

Everybody knows she is old; everybody knows she is repaired with artificial bones and hair and muscle and things, from the ground up - put together scrap by scrap - and everybody knows, also, that all one would have to do would be to pull out her key pin and she would go to pieces like a Chinese puzzle.

THE GREAT RACE

On or about the 21st of the present month, it became apparent to me that the forthcoming race between "Norfolk" and "Lodi" was awakening extraordinary attention all over the Pacific coast, and even far away in the Atlantic states. I saw that if I failed to see this race I might live a century, perhaps, without ever having an opportunity to see its equal. I went at once to a livery stable - the man said his teams had all been engaged a week before I called. Then they said they had a capacious riding-horse left, but all the seats on him except one had been engaged; they said he was an unusually long horse, and he could seat seven very comfortably; and that he was very gentle, and would not kick up behind; and that one of the choicest places on him for observation was still vacant, and I could have it for nineteen dollars - and so on, and so on; and while the passenger agent was talking, he was busy measuring off a space of nine inches for me pretty high up on the commodious animal's neck.

It seemed to me that the prospect of going to the races was beginning to assume a very "neck-or-nothing" condition, but nevertheless I steadfastly refused the supercargo's offer, and he sold the vacancy to a politician who was used to being on the fence and would naturally consider a seat astride a horse's neck in the light of a pleasant variety.

In San Francisco, Sam struck up a life-long antagonizing friendship with Bret Harte, who alluded to Sam's physical appearance in classic Hartees: "He had an eagle eye, so eagle-like, that I would not have been surprised at a second lid."

1865-29 YEARS OLD

By and by, an old friend of mine, a miner, came down from one of the decayed mining camps of Tuolumne, California, and I went back with him. We lived in a small cabin on Jackass Hill it was so named before I got there - and we employed ourselves with what is called "pocket-mining."

We prospected for some time around Angel's Camp, in Calaveras County, and it was in the saloon there that I heard old Simon Wheeler relate his story of the jumping frog.

Well, there was this feller here once by the name of Jim Smiley, in the winter of '49 or maybe it was the spring of '50 - I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume weren't finished when he first come to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Anyway what suited the other man would suit him - just so's he got a bet, he was satisfied. And he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. There couldn't be no solitary thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it. If there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it, if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first. If he even seen a strattle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to-to wherever he was goin' to, and if you took him up, he would foller that strattle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. He'd bet on anything-the dangest feller.

Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they weren't going to save her; but one mornin' he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was considerable better-thank the good Lord for his infinite mercy-and comin' on so smart that with the blessing of the Providence she'd get well yet and Smiley, before he thought says, "Well I'll risk you two-and-a-half she don't anyway."

Well thish-yer Smiley, he ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and calculated to educate him; and so he never did nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he did learn him too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut-see him turn one summer-set, or maybe a couple if he

got a real good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies. Why I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor-Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog-and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" And quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straight for'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on the dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him so long as he had a red. Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him downtown sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller-stranger in the camp he was-come acrost him with his box, and says: "What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot...might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't-it's only just a frog."

The feller took it and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "Hmm-so 'tis. Well, what's he good for?"

"Well Smiley says, easy and careless, "He's good enough for 'one' thing, I should judge he can out jump any frog in Calaveras County."

The feller studied a minute, and then he says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right-that's all right-if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go get you a frog." And so the feller set there a good while, thinking and thinking to himself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot-filled him pretty near up to his chin-and set him on the floor.

Smiley went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and gave him to this feller, and says: "Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One-two-three-GIT!" And him and the other feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders-so-like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use-he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course. The feller took the money and started away; and when he

was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder-so-at Dan'l and says again, very deliberate, "Well," he says, "I don't see no points about that frog that's any better than any other frog."

Smiley, he stood scratching his head and lookin' down at Dan'l for a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for-I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him-he 'pears to look mighty... baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the back of the neck and hefted him, and says, "Why blame my cats if he don't weigh five pound!" And he turned him upside down and he belched out a double hand full of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man-he set that frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him...he never did ketch him.

Humor is nothing more than the good natured side of the truth. It points up the follies of human nature, and against the assault of laughter, nothing can stand. But laughter, without philosophy woven into it, is but a sneeze at humor. Genuine humor is replete with wisdom, and to last it must do two things. It must teach and it must preach. It must not professedly teach, and it must not professedly preach, but it must do both of these things if it is to last forever... which is thirty years.

Every now and then, in the old days, old Jim Blain would get comfortably and sociably drunk, and tell the story of his grandfather's old ram. But to mention the old ram in the first sentence was as far as any man ever heard him get, for he always meandered off, interminably, from one thing to another, 'til his whiskey got the best of him, and no human power could keep him from falling asleep.

...There never was a bullier old ram than he was. Grandfather fetched him from Illinois-from a galoot by the name of Filkins-I disremember his first name; but grandfather got that old ram all fenced in, and he dropped a ten cent piece there in the grass, and he was a stoopin' over, lookin' fer that ten cent piece, when here come the ram...bustin' off the ridge, with business in his eye. Now that Filkins, he was a stump-come into a prayer meetin' drunk one night, hoorayin' for Buchanan, 'cuz he thought it was a primary-and old Deacon Ferguson up and scooted him right through the window and he lit on old Miss Jefferson's head, poor old filly.

She was a good soul-had a glass eye and used to lend it to old Miss Wagner, who hadn't any, to receive company in; but it warn't big enough. Miss Jefferson had a number seven, and Miss Wagner was excavated for a fourteen. So when Miss Wagner warn't noticin' it would get twisted around in the socket and look up maybe, or out to one side, and everywhich way, while t'other one was lookin'

as straight ahead as a spy glass. One little wink, and that hand-made eye would lay over. Grown people didn't mind it, but it mostly always made the children cry.

She tried packing it in raw cotton, but it didn't seem to work somehow the cotton would get loose and stick out and look so kind of awful that the children couldn't stand it no way. She was always dropping it out, and turning up her old dead light on the company empty, and making them uncomfortable, because she never could tell when it hopped-out, being blind on that side, you see. So somebody would have to hunch her and say, 'Your game eye has fetched loose, Miss Wagner, dear'-and then all of them would have to sit and wait till she jammed it back in again-wrong side out as a general thing, and green as a bird's egg. Well she was a bashful creature, and easy sot back before company. But being wrong side out warn't much difference, anyway, becuz her own eye was sky-blue and the glass one was yaller on the front side, so when Miss Wagner would get excited, why it would begin to whirl, and flash yaller and blue, and yaller and blue...

I know why yer lookin' at me like that; you're wonderin' how I got my health shattered so. Well I was a regular allegory of an athlete just a year ago, until I was sent on a mission to deliver the body of my boyhood friend John B. Hackett to his poor parents. But John's white pine box got confused at the train station with a box of rifles that was packed along with some mighty mature and capable Limburger cheese, and off we went, whistlin' through a storm.

The old expressman, his name was Thompson I come to find out; he made a remark about the arctic weather and went to slammin' the sliding doors shut and bangin' the windows down, and then he busied himself with lightin' a fire in the stove, which distressed me because I began to catch drift of a most evil and searching odor, and I felt myself growin' pale and quamish.

I noticed Thompson's humming was gradually fadin' until it ceased altogether and there was an ominous stillness.

"Whew!" he says, "I recon it ain't no cinnamon I've loaded up thish-er stove with!"

He gasped once or twice, then moved toward the coffin-er the gunbox, stood over that Limburger cheese part of a moment, then came back and sat down lookin' a good deal impressed.

"Friend of yourn?" He asked.

"Yes," I said with a sigh.

"He's pretty ripe, ain't he? I had one in this car that weren't in but a trance and he sat up and looked at me! But he ain't in no trance! How long's he been dead?"

"Two or three days."

Thompson just gave me a wounded look which said, "Two or three years you mean!" Then he buried his face in his red bandanna and began to slowly rock his body. Bye and bye he waved his 'kerchief toward the box and said, "I've carried a many a one of 'em, some of 'em considerable overdue, too, but lordy, he just lays over 'em all!"

This recognition of my poor friend gratified me, in spite of the sad circumstances, because it had so much the sound of a compliment. We tried smoking cigars, but Thompson said, "No, Cap, it don't modify him worth a cent. It only stirs up his ambition." And he got to referrin' to my poor friend by various titles, mostly military ones, and I noticed that as my poor friend's effectiveness grew, he got promoted accordingly. We held onto our breath and tried to shove "the Colonel" to the other end of the car, but Thompson slipped and slumped down with his nose on the cheese, and his breath got loose. He floundered like a spider with the colic, and made a break for the door, pawing the air and shouting hoarsely, "Don't hinder me! Give me the road! I'm a dyin'; Give me the road!"

Out on the cold platform I sat down and held his head awhile, and he revived. Presently he said: "Well, that idea's up the flume. We better leave the Commodore right where he is because he holds all the trumps, and the man who lays out to alter his plans is goin' to get left behind."

But we couldn't stay out there in that cold storm, so we went to throwing all sorts of truck onto the fire, chicken feathers, dried apples, leaf tobacco, old shoes, and some sulphur.

"We've got the General this time!" wailed Thompson, and he threw some carbohic acid over the box for luck. But the perfumes began to mix and he sighed, "I never did see one of 'em warm to his work so, and take such a diminutive interest in it! I'm afraid we're poisoned, Cap. Typhoid fever is what's going to come of this. I feel it a-comin' right now. Yes, sir, we're elected, sure as you're born."

We were taken from the platform an hour later, frozen and insensible. I went straight off into a virulent fever, and never knew anything again for five weeks. I found out then that I had spent the night with a box of rifles and a lot of innocent cheese; but the news was too late to save me, my imagination had done its work...and my health was permanently shattered. Not Bermuda, nor any other land can bring it back.

Now there ain't no such thing in this world as an accident, that ain't ordained just so by a high and wiser power, and it is not ours to reason why. Now you take my Uncle Lem-he was down town one day, leanin' up against a scaffolding, sick or drunk or somethin', and there was this Irishman, on the third story or so, with

this hod of bricks, and his foot slipped, and down he come, bricks and all, and lit on this stranger and knocked the livin' aspirations right out of him. He was ready for the coroner in two minutes. People say it were an accident. But there weren't no accident about it. It had a special providence. The object was to save the Irishman. For if the stranger hadn't a been there, the Irishman woulda been killed. So you ask, then if it were providence, then why weren't a dog appointed? Well for a mighty good reason a dog woulda seen him a'comin'. A dog can't be depended upon to carry out a special providence.

Well as a matter of fact, I had an uncle, got himself killed in somewhat the same way once, and it was just awful. Poor man, he never had any insurance, and he was always sorry about it afterwards. Why it was on the Fourth of July, and this uncle of mine, all full of patriotism, opened his mouth to hurrah and a rocket went right down his throat. Before he had a chance to ask for a glass of water to quench the thing, it blew up and scattered him, all over. Now a man can't have an experience like that and be entirely cheerful for the rest of his life.

There's just one other case, it was a testimonial, by the poor fellow who went to visit a dentist, a certain Dr. Tooshmaker, to have his tooth out. Well the dentist pulled, and the tooth wouldn't come, but the patient's right leg came up.

Dentist said, 'What'er you doin' that for?'

Patient said, 'Because I can't help it!'

Dentist said, 'You come back in another week, and I'll take care of you.'

Well durin' the week, the dentist invented an instrument, combining the properties of the screw, the lever, the wedge, the hammer, and the incline plane. The patient came back and sat in the chair. One turn of the crank, and out came the tooth! Its roots were hooked under the patient's right big toe. And his whole skeleton was extracted with the tooth. They had to send him home...in a pillow case.

Ain't no better blood line south of the line than them Wheelers. One day Millington G. Wheeler was a meditating and dreaming around in the carpet factory and the machinery made a snatch at him, and the first thing you know, he was a-meandering all over that factory from the garret to the cellar, and everywhere, and at such another gait as-why, you couldn't even see him; you could only hear him whiz when he went by. Well, you know a person can't go through an experience like that and arrive back home the way he was when he went. No, Wheeler got wove up into thirty-nine yards of the best three-ply carpeting. The widder was sorry, she was uncommon sorry, and loved him and done the best she could fur him under the circumstances, which was unusual. She took the whole piece-thirty nine yards-said she wanted to give him proper and

honorable burial, but she couldn't bear to roll him up; so she took and spread him out full length, and said she wouldn't have it any other way. She wanted to buy a tunnel for him, but there wasn't any tunnel for sale. So she boxed him in a beautiful box and stood it on a hill on a pedestal twenty-one foot high, and so it was a monument and grave together-you could see it from everywhere-and she painted on it, 'To the loving memory of thirty-nine yards of the best three-ply carpeting, containing the mortal remainders of Millington G. Wheeler -go thou and do likewise...'

And here, old Simon Wheeler fell mercifully to sleep.

The secret source of humor itself is not joy, but sorrow.

The only facetious remark in the bible is St. Luke referring to the street in Damascus called, "Straight."

It is necessary to watch this man. He once told me such a monstrous lie that it swelled up my left ear, and spread it out so that I was actually not able to see around it; it remained so for months and people came miles to see me fan myself with it.

A good lie can travel twice around the world before the truth gets its boots on.

Never tell fish stories where they know you, but particularly, don't tell fish stories where they know the fish.

1866-30 YEARS OLD

In March of 1866, Sam was dispatched by the Sacramento Union to correspond from the Sandwich Islands, and so he booked upon the steamer, Ajax, on her second visit to the “..fairest fleet of islands anchored in any ocean.”

On board he took a drink to “sweeten the bildgewater.”

“Belay! Let go the main hatch! Belay! Haul away on yer tops’l jib! Clew up yer top-gallants’l spanker boom halliards! Lively you lubbers! Take a reef in the lee scuppers! Belay!”

Leaving all care and trouble and business behind in the city, now swinging gently around the hills and passing house by house and street by street out of view, we swept down through the Golden Gate and stretched away toward the shoreless horizon. It was a pleasant, breezy afternoon, and the strange new sense of entire and perfect emancipation from labor and responsibility coming strong upon me, I went up on the hurricane deck so that I could have room to enjoy it. I sat down on a bench, and for an hour I took a tranquil delight in that kind of labor which is a luxury to the enlightened Christian—to wit the labor of other people. I found twenty-two passengers leaning over the bulkwarks vomiting and remarking, “Oh my God!” and then vomiting again. My friend Brown was there, passing from one to another and saying, “That’s all right—that’s all right. It’ll clean you out like a jug, and then you won’t feel so onery and smell so ridiculous.”

Gradually the seasick unfortunates convalesced until our dinner complement was augmented to fifteen or twenty. Then an occasional lurch would hoist out a dozen and start them prospecting for the rail.

Lewis Leland of the Occidental was a passenger. There were some savage grizzly bears chained in cages on deck. One night in the midst of a hurricane, Mr. Leland came up on deck for a breath of fresh air, only to step into the pitchy darkness just as the Captain sung out through a speaking trumpet, “Bear a hand aft, there!” Mr. Leland thought he heard, “The bears are after you there!” and went down into his boots to run. He muttered, “I knew how it was going to be! I’ve avoided wild animals all my life, and now I’m to be eaten by a grizzly bear in the middle of the ocean!” And he smashed through the first stateroom door he came to.

We plowed through the tangled seas and against the head winds in a fraction

over ten days, arriving a day after one of the fast clippers which left San Francisco a matter of three weeks before. California can send capitalists down here in seven or eight days time and take them back in nine or ten, she can fill these islands full of Americans and regain her foothold, lost to the Europeans.

The night of our arrival closed down dark and stormy. The sea ran tolerably high and the little vessel tossed about like a cork. About nine or ten o'clock we saw a torch glimmering on the distant shore, and presently we saw another coming toward us from the same spot; every moment or so we could see it flash from the top of a wave and then sink out of sight again. From the speed it made I knew it must be one of those fleet native canoes. I watched it with some anxiety, because I wondered what desperate extremity could drive a man out on such a night and on such a sea to play with his life—for I did not believe a canoe could live long in such rough water. In another minute he darted across our bow and I caught the glare from his torch in my face. I sprang aft then to get out of him his dire and dreadful news. He had brought the captain a half dozen chickens.

They are a strange race, these natives. They are amazingly unselfish and hospitable. To the wayfarer who visits them they freely offer their houses, food, beds, and sometimes their wives. If a Kanaka who has starved two days gets hold of a dollar he will spend it for poi, and then bring in his friends to help him devour it. When a Kanaka lights his pipe he only takes one or two whiffs and then passes it around from one neighbor to another until it is exhausted. The example of white selfishness does not affect their native unselfishness any more than the example of white virtue does their native licentiousness. Both traits are born in them—are in their blood and bones, and cannot be educated out.

At dawn we rounded the promontory of Diamond Head, bringing into view a grove of Coconut trees, which look like feather dusters, struck by lightning. We ran up the stars and stripes at the main spencer-gaff, and the Hawaiian flag at the fore.

As we came in sight we fired a gun, and a good part of Honolulu turned out to welcome the steamer. This was the "Sundayist place on earth." We steamed through the narrow channel to the music of six different church bells, which sent their mellow tones far and wide, over hills and valleys, which were peopled by naked savage, thundering barbarians only fifty years ago! And lo! their descendants were at church! Behold what the missionaries have wrought!

When the missionaries first arrived they were greeted by native women, who called on them to pay their respects, not even clothed with a blush. Well, this put a strain on decorum. Most of those young missionaries, fresh out of divinity school, found it hard to establish the proper spiritual rapport, in such informal

surroundings. But in church, the situation was even more ticklish. Faced with a completely naked congregation, the poor preachers could scarcely keep their eyes on the text.

Well here was a problem with morale, which had generally been skipped-over in divinity school. And at first, the missionaries were non-plussed. But then they remembered the Christian principle that nothing needs reforming so much as other people's habits-and that solved the problem. They pointed out to their congregation that it's hard enough to get into heaven fully clothed, but to attempt it naked might seem like blasphemy.

Then they imported a quantity of hats, bonnets, neck ties and other wearing apparel, distributed them, and begged these descendants of Adam & Eve not to come to church naked next Sunday as usual. And they didn't. But being a generous people by heart, they divided up with the neighbors. So on the following Sabbath, in the midst of the reading of a hymn, a stately dame would stalk in with nothin' in the world on, but a stove-pipe hat. Another would arrive with a flourish, with the sleeves of a bright calico dress tied around her waist-the rest of the garment, dragging behind like a peacock's tail...off duty.

Well the poor creatures were beaming with complacency, and fully satisfied they were as well-dressed for the here-after as any other Christian. They gazed at each other with a good deal of admiration, and it was plain to see that the young girls were takin' note as to what each other had on-just as if they always lived in a land of bibles, and knew what churches were meant for.

Here was the evidence of a dawning civilization. The natives all wear clothes now, for the protection of the tourists, as well as the missionaries. And all that church going has built-up in the native woman a profound respect for chastity-in other people. In fact, many of the old customs have died out altogether. The adultery law has been so amended that each party to the offense is now fined thirty dollars; and I would remark in passing, that were the crime invariably detected and the fines collected, the revenues of the Hawaiian government would probably exceed those of the United States.

These natives are sentimentally religious, perhaps that explains it. They pray and sing and moralize in fair weather, until they get into trouble, that is, "Business," and then they are tolerably apt to drop poetry and call on the Great Shark God to give them a lift. They are an odd sort of people, too. They can die whenever they want to. That's a fact. They don't mind dying any more than a lovesick Frenchman does. I visited one ancient temple where human sacrifice used to be offered up. In those old by-gone days when the native yielded to sin, he acknowledged his error by coming forward with noble frankness, and offering

up his grandmother as atonement. In those old days the luckless sinner could keep on cleansing his conscience so long as his relations held out.

Then the missionaries came and braved a thousand privations to make them permanently miserable by telling them how beautiful and blissful a place heaven is, and how nearly impossible it is to get there; and how dreary a place perdition is and what liberal facilities there are for going to it. And tell them what rapture it is to work all day long, for fifty cents, to buy food for the next day, instead of fishing for pastime, and lolling in the shade through eternal summer, and eating of the bounty that nobody labored to provide but nature.

How sad it is to think of the multitudes who went to their graves in these beautiful islands, and never knew there was a hell. And it inclines right thinking men to weep rather than laugh when he reflects how surprised they must have been when they got there...

The town of Honolulu (said to contain between 12,000 and 15,000 inhabitants) is spread over a dead level; has streets from twenty to thirty feet wide, solid and level as a floor, most of them straight as a line and some as crooked as a corkscrew. There are great yards, more like plazas, about a large number of dwelling-houses, and these are carpeted with bright green grass, into which your foot sinks out of sight; and they are ornamented with a hundred species of beautiful flowers and blossoming shrubs, and shadowed by noble tamarind trees and the "Pride of India," with its fragrant flower, and by the "Umbrella Tree," and I do not know how many more. I had rather smell Honolulu at sunset than the old Police Courtroom in San Francisco.

I had not shaved since I left San Francisco-ten days. As soon as I got ashore I hunted for a striped pole, and shortly found one. I always had a yearning to be a King. This may never be, I suppose. But at any rate it will always be a satisfaction to me to know that if I am not a King, I am the next thing to it-I have been shaved by the King's barber.

I saw cats—Tom-cats, bob tail cats, one-eyed cats, cross-eyed cats, yellow cats, striped cats, wild cats, singed cats, groups of cats, platoons of cats, regiments of cats, armies of cats, multitudes of cats, and all of them sleek, fat, lazy and sound asleep. (The Honolulu Gas Company collected only \$13.50 one month, because everyone went to bed at nine o'clock.)

These people are particularly fond of dogs; not great, magnificent Newfoundlanders, or stately Mastiffs, or graceful Greyhounds, but little, mean contemptible curs that a white man would condemn to death on general principles. These natives love these puppies better than they love each other. They feed him with their own hands, and fondle and pet and caress him 'til he is a full grown dog.

And then they kill and eat him. Now I could not do that. I'd rather go hungry two days than eat an old friend that way.

The climate is simply delicious-never cold at the sea level, and never really too warm, for you are at the half-way house-that is, twenty degrees above the equator. I moved in the midst of a Summer calm as tranquil as dawn in the Garden of Eden; in place of our familiar skirting sand hills and the placid bay, I saw on the one side a frame-work of tall, precipitous mountains close at hand, clad in refreshing green, and cleft by deep, cool, chasm-like valleys-and in front the grand sweep of the ocean; a brilliant, transparent green near the shore, bound and bordered by a long white line of foamy spray dashing against the reef, and further out the dead, blue water of the deep sea, flecked with "white caps," and in the far horizon a single, lonely sail.

There are a good many mosquitoes around, enough to suck you dry as a life preserver. But it is a source of unalloyed satisfaction to me to know that the two millions I sat down on will never sing again. And for centipede bite you want to carry a bottle full of scorpions and centipedes soaked in alcohol, so that when you get bit you can take a drink of it and then prop your mouth open with a boot-jack to keep from getting the Lock Jaw.

I did not expect to find as comfortable a hotel as the American. We paid five dollars a week for large, airy, well furnished rooms, and ten dollars for board.

Washing is done chiefly by the natives; price, a dollar a dozen. If you are not watchful though, your shirt won't stand more than one washing, because Kanaka artists work by a most destructive method. They use only cold water-sit down by a brook, soap the garment, lay it on one rock and "pound" it with another. This gives the shirt a handsome fringe around its borders, but it is ruinous on the buttons. The only cigars smoked here are those trifling, insipid, tasteless, flavorless things they call "Manilas"-ten for twenty-five cents; and it would take a thousand to be worth half the money. After you have smoked about thirty-five dollars worth of them in an afternoon you feel nothing but a desperate yearning to go out somewhere and take a smoke. Brown has just come in and says he has bought a couple tons of Manilas to smoke tonight.

And just here I would caution Californians who design visiting these islands against bringing wines or liquors with their baggage, lest they provoke the confiscation of the latter. I was asked by the customs agent what I had in my small bag and I told him "Pajamas." He took the liberty to inspect the bag and discovered therein a small bottle of scotch whiskey, which he held up on high. "Pajamas?" He asked. I stuck to my story; "My night-cap."

Ice is worth a hundred dollars a ton in San Francisco, and five or six hundred

here. There is only one thing that can be called by the wide name, "American," that is our national devotion to ice water.

And now it occurs to me that there can be no fitter occasion than the present to pronounce a fervent curse upon the man who invented the American saddle. There is no seat to speak of about it-one might as well sit in a shovel-and the stirrups are nothing but an ornamental nuisance. Sometimes I got one foot so far through, that the stirrup partook of the nature of an anklet; sometimes both feet were through, and I was handcuffed by the legs, and sometimes my feet got clear out and left the stirrups wildly dangling about my shins. Even when I was in proper position and carefully balanced upon the balls of my feet, there was no comfort in it, on account of my nervous dread that we were going to slip one way or the other in a moment. But the subject is too exasperating to talk about.

There is no regular livery stable in any part of the Kingdom of Hawaii, you must hire animals from the Kanakas. I preferred a safe horse to a fast one-I would like to have an excessively gentle horse-a horse with no spirit whatever-a lame one, if they had such a thing.

When hiring a horse from a Kanaka, you must have all your eyes about you. He has no important vices and no inclination to commit robbery on a large scale, but if he can get ahead of you in the horse business, he will take a genuine delight in doing it. He will hire you a fine looking horse at night (maybe the King's, if the royal steed be in convenient view), and bring you the mate to a mule in the morning. If you raise a row, he will get out by saying it was not himself who made the bargain with you, but his brother. They always have a "brother" to shift the responsibility upon. "But I know I hired the horse of you, because I noticed that scar on your cheek."

"Oh, yes, yes!" he replied. "Brother-me, same-same, we twins." The Kanaka horse jockey is fertile in invention and elastic in conscience.

The horse they rented me I named Oahu. Formerly he went by the name of John, and spelled it with a G. Oahu was the most woe begone, addle-brained, spavioned, dunderheaded wind-bag that had ever been forked by an unwary tourist. I had no time to label him, "This is a horse" and so if the public took him for a sheep, I could not help it. You can get a pretty good horse for forty or fifty dollars and a good enough horse for all practical purposes for two dollars and a half. I estimate Oahu to be worth somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty-five cents.

Upon starting out with our party to ride up Diamond Head, I noticed Oahu was absorbed in meditation, and I suspected this malignant brute was planning some

outrage. So I dismounted to see if there was anything wild in his eye. I cannot describe what a load of anxiety was lifted from my mind when I found that he was only asleep.

Before long we found ourselves riding up the side of Diamond Head, about as straight up and down as the side of a house. The place was so steep that at times Oahu stood straight up on his tip-toes and clung by his forward toe-nails, with his back to the Pacific Ocean and his nose close to the moon-and thus situated we formed an equestrian picture which was as uncomfortable to me as it may have been picturesque to the spectators. You may think I was afraid, but I was not. I knew I could stay on him as long as his ears did not pull out. But once atop Diamond head, I never breathed such a soft, delicious atmosphere before, nor one freighted with such a rich fragrance. A barber shop is nothing to it.

The mental caliber of the Legislative Assembly is up to the average of such bodies the world over-and I wish it were a compliment to say it, but it is hardly so. I have seen a number of Legislatures, and there was a comfortable majority in each of them that knew just about enough to come in when it rained, and that was all. Few men of first class ability can afford to let their affairs go to ruin while they fool away their time in Legislatures for months on a stretch. Few such men care a straw for the small-beer distinction one is able to achieve in such a place. But your chattering one horse village lawyer likes it, and your solemn ass from the cow counties, who don't know the Constitution from the Lord's Prayer, enjoys it, and these you will always find in the Assembly; the one gabbling threadbare platitudes from morning to night, and the other asleep, with his slab-soled brograns set up like a couple of grave-stones on top of his desk.

When affixing a penalty for the crime of arson, a member got up and seriously suggested that when a man committed the damning crime of arson, they ought either to hang him or make him marry the girl!

The King is thirty-four years of age, it is said, but looks all of fifty. He has an observant, inquiring eye, a heavy, massive face, a lighter complexion than is common with his race, is thoughtful and slow of movement, has a large head, firmly set upon his shoulders, and is a better man and a better looking one than he is represented to be in the villainous popular photographs of him, for none of them are good. That last remark is surplusage, however, for no photograph ever was good, yet, of anybody. The sun never looks through the photographic instrument that it does not print a lie. The piece of glass it prints it on is well named-a "negative"-a contradiction-a misrepresentation-a falsehood. I speak feelingly of this matter, because by turns the instrument has represented me to be a lunatic, a Solomon, a missionary, a burgler and an abject idiot, and I am neither.

I have suggested that William drinks. That is not an objection to a Sandwich Islander. Whiskey cannot hurt them; it can seldom even tangle the legs or befog the brains of a practiced native. It is only water with a flavor to it, to Prince Bill; it is what cider is to us. *Poi* is the all-powerful agent that protects the lover of whiskey. Whoever eats it habitually may imbibe habitually without serious harm. The late king and his late sister Victoria both drank unlimited whiskey, and so would the rest of the natives if they could get it. The native beverage, *awa*, is so terrific that mere whiskey is foolishness to it. It turns a man's skin to white fish-scales that are so tough a dog might bite him, and he would not know it till he read about it in the papers. It is made of a root of some kind, and causes premature decrepitude. The "quality" drink this to some extent, but the Excise law has placed it almost beyond the reach of the plebeians. After *awa*, what is whiskey?

Many years ago the late King Kamehameha and his brother visited California, (they were still princes then), and some Sacramento folks thought it would be fun to get them drunk. So they gathered together the most responsible soakers in the town and began to fill up royalty and themselves with strong brandy punches. At the end of two or three hours the citizens were all lying torpid under the table and the two princes were sitting disconsolate and saying what a lonely, dry country it was! I tell it to you as it was told to me in Sacramento.

In ancient times, the bones of deceased kings were hidden, to prevent the natives from making fishing hooks out of them, it being held that there were superior fish hook virtues in the bones of a high chief. It is said that it was usual to send a friend to hide the bones, and then waylay him and kill him as he came back, to prevent the possibility of his divulging his precious secret. Whereby it will be observed that to do a favor of this kind was attended with consequences which could not be otherwise than disagreeable to the party assuming the kindly office of undertaker to a dead dignitary. Under Hawaiian monarchy, the female line takes precedence, and I would recommend it to the aristocracy of Europe, for obvious reasons.

I went to Maui to stay a week and remained five. I would not have fooled away any of it writing letters under any consideration whatever. I thought not once of business or care or human toil or trouble or sorrow or weariness. Few such months come in a lifetime.

One pleasant afternoon I observed a bevy of naked native ladies, bathing in the ocean. Well, this was the sort of local color I was looking for, for the newspaper. So I went down and sat on their clothes...to prevent them from being stolen. They frolicked there in the ocean for a good long while, and it was such a heartwarming sight. When I got up to go I noticed Oahu was asleep. That just

goes to show you, there is a difference between a man and a horse; you cannot depend upon a horse to gather news.

None but the natives ever mastered the art of surf-bathing thoroughly, but they have got the hang of it down to the fraction. I tried surf-bathing. I got the board placed just right, for a particularly prodigious wave to come along, and at the right moment too; but missed the connection myself. The board struck the shore in three quarters of a second, without any cargo, and I stuck the bottom about the same time, with a couple of barrels of water in me.

The chief pride of Maui is her dead volcano of Haleakala. We climbed a thousand feet up the side of this isolated colossus one afternoon; then camped and next day climbed the remaining nine thousand feet.

The sublimest spectacle I ever witnessed was the sunrise from the summit of Haleakala through the bottom of a tumbler: While the hush yet brooded, the messengers of the coming resurrection appeared in the East. A growing warmth suffused the horizon, and soon the sun emerged and looked out over the cloud-waste, flinging ruddy bars of light across it, and glorifying the massy vapor-palaces with a wasteful splendor of all blendings and combinations of rich coloring. I felt like the last man neglected of the judgement, and left pinnaced in mid-heaven. It was so cold you could not speak the truth. I know this, because I tried.

The price of land on Maui was one dollar to one hundred-fifty dollars an acre, and twenty-four dollars a year supplied a whole household with limitless quantities of pure, sweet, cool water.

I was often invited to the Alexander home while on Maui. I thought too much of Mr. Alexander to put him into any of my books.

Monday morning we were close to the island of Hawaii. Two of its high mountains were in view- Mauna Loa and Hualalai. The latter is an imposing peak but being only ten thousand feet high is seldom mentioned or heard of. Mauna Loa is fourteen thousand feet high. The rays of glittering snow and ice, that clasped its summit like a claw, looked refreshing when viewed from the blistering climate we were in.

I rode around the Big Island on horseback and brought back so many saddle boils that if there had been a duty on them it would have bankrupted me to pay it.

North-south-east, the points of the compass are all the same to me, inasmuch as I have not had an opportunity thus far of discovering whereabouts the sun rises on this island. I know where it sets, but I don't know how it gets there.

The Volcano House is new and one could not easily starve there even if the groceries gave out, for large tracts of land in the vicinity are well paved with excellent strawberries.

We visited the great volcano Kilauea at night. She coughed and sputtered and discharged sprays of stringy red fire along with a shower of brilliant white sparks, a quaint and unnatural mingling of gout of blood and snow flakes. The smell of sulfur was strong, but not unpleasant to a sinner.

Why did not Captain Cook have taste enough to call his great discovery the Rainbow Islands? These charming spectacles are present to you at every turn. What the sailors call "rain-dogs"-little patches of rainbow-are often seen drifting about the heavens in these latitudes, like stained cathedral windows.

The natives mistook Cook for the ancient God, Lono, until he desecrated the holy temple by storing supplies for his ships in them, and using them as a general workshop for repairing his sails. Then a day after Cook had shot two natives, he struck a stalwart chief with the flat of his sword whereupon the chief seized him and bent him backward over his knee to keep him from doing further mischief. It was then that Cook betrayed his mortal nature with a groan. And the natives were quick to shout, "He groans!" That was his death warrant.

Above that site was a temple devoted to prayers for rain-and with rare sagacity it was placed at a point so well up on the mountain side that if you prayed there twenty-four times a day for rain you would be likely to get it every time. You would seldom get to your Amen before you would have to hoist your umbrella.

Only a mile or so from Kealakekua Bay is a spot of historic interest-the place where the last battle was fought for idolatry. While the first missionaries were on their way around the horn, the idolatrous customs which had been obtained in the islands as far back as tradition reached were suddenly broken up. Old Kamehameha I was dead, and his son Liholiho, the new King, was a free liver, a roystering, dissolute fellow, and hated the restraints of the ancient "tabu." Liholiho had half a mind to put his foot down, his wife Kaahumanu had a whole mind to badger him into doing it, and whiskey did the rest. Liholiho came up to Kailua as drunk as a piper, and attended a great feast; the determined Queen spurred his drunken courage up to a reckless pitch, and then, while all the multitude stared in blank dismay, he sat down with the women. It was probably the first time whiskey ever prominently figured as an aid to civilization.

So they pulled their idols down. The pagan priests were furious. And well they might be; they had the fattest offices in the land. And now they were vagabonds. They raised a revolt. The king sent an envoy to try to conciliate them, and came very near being an envoy short in the operation. The battle was long and fierce, men and women fighting side by side, as was the custom. When day was done the rebels were flying in every direction, and the nation was without a religion. The missionary ships arrived in safety shortly afterward, timed by providential

exactness to meet the emergency, and the gospel was planted as in a virgin soil.

The native language is soft and liquid and flexible and in every way efficient and satisfactory-'til you get mad; then there you are; there isn't anything in it to swear with. Many a time the attention of the missionaries has been called to this defect, and they are always promising they are going to fix it; but no, they go on fooling along and fooling along and nothing is done. Speaking of education, everybody here is educated from the highest to the lowest; in fact it is the only country in the world where education is actually universal. And yet every now and then you run across instances of ignorance that are simply revolting—simply degrading to the human race. Think of it—a place where the ten takes the ace! But let us not dwell on such things, they make a person ashamed. Well, the missionaries are always going to fix that, but they put it off, and put it off, and so the nation is going to keep on going down, and down until some day you will see a pair of jacks beat a straight flush.

As to immigrants, the first year they gather shells; the second year they gather shells and drink; the third year they do not gather shells.

In April of 1889 Sam attended a dinner in New York at Delmonico's to honor an all-star baseball team that had toured the world. Mr. Spalding, owner of the Chicago White Stockings, had sponsored the tour, and the team had returned by way of the Sandwich Islands. In Sam's remarks that evening, was the "prose-poem," which has been remembered by many.

No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me but that one, no other land could so longingly and so beseechingly haunt me sleeping and waking, half a lifetime as that one has done. Other things leave me, but it abides other things change, but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun, the pulsing of its surf-beat is in my ears; I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plummy palms drowsing by the shore, its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud rack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitudes, I can hear the splash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago.

These islands affect you just as all things that you instantly recognize as perfect affect you—perfect music, perfect eloquence, perfect art, perfect joy, perfect grief. The Sandwich Islands are one long slumbering Sabbath. The good that die here experience no change, for they fall asleep in one heaven and wake up in another.

After about four or five months I returned to California to find myself about the best-known honest man on the Pacific coast. Thomas McGuire, proprietor of several theatres, said that now was the time to make my fortune-strike while the iron was hot-break into the lecture field! I did it. I announced a lecture on the Sandwich Islands, closing the advertisement with the remark: "Admission one dollar; doors open at half past seven, the trouble begins at eight." A true prophesy. The trouble certainly did begin at eight, when I found myself in front of the only audience I had ever faced, for the fright which pervaded me from head to foot was paralyzing. It lasted two minutes and was as bitter as death; the memory of it is indestructible but it had its compensations, for it made me immune from timidity before audiences for all time to come.

It was in Red Dog that a prospector was dragooned from the audience to introduce Mark Twain: "I don't know anything 'bout this man, 'cept two things; he's never been in the penitentiary, and...I don't know why."

Sam steamed down the California coast and crossed the Ithsmus on horseback, losing many of the party to Malaria. It was in Panama that Sam heard many of the outrageous stories from Capt. Edgar Wakeman, that he embellished and published in 1909 as, "Capt. Stormfield's Visit to Heaven." And "Stormfield" would be the name he would endear to the last home in which he would live.

In a sudden and dire emergency, no friend of his would know which to choose, to be cursed by him or prayed for by a less efficient person.

1867-31 YEARS OLD

I began as a lecturer in 1866 in California and Nevada; in 1867 lectured in New York once and in the Mississippi Valley a few times; in 1868 made the whole Western circuit; and in two or three following seasons added the Eastern circuit to my route. We had to bring out a new lecture every season, and expose it to the "Star Course," Boston, for the first verdict, before an audience of 2,500 in the old Music Hall; for it was by that verdict that all the lyceums in the country determined the lecture's commercial value. The campaign did not really "begin" in Boston, but in the towns around. We did not appear in Boston until we had rehearsed about a month in those towns and made all the necessary corrections and revisings.

This system gathered the whole tribe together in the city early in October, and we had a lazy and sociable time there for several weeks. We lived at Young's Hotel; we spent the days in Redpath's Bureau, smoking and talking shop; and early in the evenings we scattered out among the towns and made them indicate the good and poor things in the new lectures. The country audience is the difficult audience; a passage which it will approve with a ripple will bring a crash in the city. A fair success in the country means a triumph in the city. And so, when we finally stepped on to the great stage at the Music Hall we already had the verdict in our pocket.

In early '67 I went to Carlton in New York with "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County and Sketches." When he found out I had come to sell a book and not to buy one his temperature fell sixty degrees. I reminded him that I was there by appointment to offer him my book for publication. He began to swell and went on swelling until he had reached the dimensions of a god of about the second or third degree. Then the fountains of his great deed were broken up and for two or three minutes I couldn't see him for the rain, it was words, only words, but they fell so densely that they darkened the atmosphere.

Finally he made an imposing sweep with his right hand which comprehended the whole room and said, "Books-look at those shelves! Every one of them is loaded with books that are waiting for publication. Do I want more?! Excuse me. I don't. Good morning."

It is a service to an author to have a lawyer. There is something so disagreeable in having a personal contact with a publisher. So it is better to work through a lawyer-and lose your case.

Charles Webb bravely published the work, price-\$1.25.

In June, Sam was dispatched by the California Alta on the "Quaker City," the first adventure excursion from America to Europe and the Holy Land.

What is it that confers the noblest delight? What is that which swells a man's breast with pride above that which any other experience can bring to him? Discovery! To know that you are walking where no others have walked; that you are beholding what the human eye has not seen before; that you are breathing a virgin atmosphere. To give birth to an idea-to discover a great thought-an intellectual nugget, right under the dust of a field that many a brain-plow had gone before. To find a new planet, to invent a new hinge, to find a way to make the lightnings carry your messages. To be the first-that is the idea. To do something, say something, see something, before "anybody" else-these are the things that confer a pleasure compared with which other pleasures are tame and commonplace, other ecstasies cheap and trivial.

Morse...Fulton...Jenner...Howe...Dagueere...Columbus...These are men who have really "lived"-who have crowded long lifetimes of ecstasy into a single moment.

Sam knew by 1867 that he needed to make "nobler" associations, that he needed to refine his craft.

Even popularity can be overdone. In Rome, along at first you are full of regrets that Michaelangelo ever died; but by and by you only regret that you didn't see him do it.

...and people abuse me because I am so bitterly prejudiced against the old masters that I cannot see beauty in their productions. It makes me perfectly savage to look at one of those pictures. I cannot help but to see beauty in one of their pictures now and then, but I keep on despising the groveling spirit that could persuade those masters to prostitute their grand talents to the disgusting adulation of such monsters as the French, Venetian and Florentine princes.

Sam was not the first to rail the royalty of Europe, but he was the most effective to date.

Any kind of royalty, however modified, any kind of aristocracy, however pruned, is rightly an insult.

Monarchy is the grotesquest of all swindles ever invented by man.

It was just like any other train except for the fuel, which was not wood or coal but mummies three thousand years old, purchased by the ton or by the graveyard for that purpose. It was not unusual to hear some profane engineer call out pettishly, "Damn these plebians, they don't burn worth a cent-pass out a king!"

"See Naples & Die." Well, I do not know that one would necessarily die after merely seeing it, but to attempt to live there might turn out a little differently.

In Europe Sam discovered a "tranquility of wisdom" that he was never able to achieve for himself.

Upon learning that their party could not be received by the Czar of Russia, he exclaimed, "I'm mighty sorry about this because I never got a chance to take a drink with the King of the Sandwich Islands, and now that I have got a show at an Emperor, I don't like to lose it. It would do me proud to clink glasses with him just once and say, 'Here's luck!'"

The "Show Me" Missouri philosophy is hyperbolized in The Innocents Abroad.

...by and by one of these European clerks rises painfully and stretches-stretches fists and body heavenward 'til she raises her heels from the floor, at the same time refreshing herself with a yawn of such comprehensiveness that the bulk of her face disappears behind her upper lip and one is able to see how she is constructed inside.

And Sam was not reluctant to comment on the "awful German language:" It's awful undermining to the intellect, German is. You want to take it in small doses, or the first thing you know, your brains all run together and you feel them sloshing around in your head the same as so much drawn butter.

Once the German language gets hold of a cat, it's goodbye cat. The German way, whether a mere remark or the history of a war, is to get it into a single sentence or die. Whenever the literary German dives into a sentence, that is the last you are going to see of him 'til he emerges on the other side of the Atlantic with the verb in his mouth. Oh, I would rather decline a German beer than decline a German verb.

In Seria once, at the head-waters of the Jordan, a camel took charge of my overcoat while the tents were being pitched, and examined it with a critical eye, all over, with as much interest as if he had an idea of getting one made like it; and then, after he was done figuring on it as an article of apparel, he began to contemplate it as an article of diet. He put his foot on it, and lifted one of the sleeves out with his teeth, and chewed and chewed at it, gradually taking it in, and all the while opening and closing his eyes in a kind of religious ecstasy, as if he had never tasted anything as good as an overcoat before in his life. Then he smacked his lips once or twice, and reached after the other sleeve. Next he tried the velvet collar, and smiled a smile of such contentment that it was plain to see that he regarded that as about the daintiest thing about an overcoat. The tails went next, along with some percussion caps and cough candy, and some fig-paste from Constantinople. And then my newspaper correspondence dropped out, and he took a chance in that. But he was treading on dangerous ground, now. He began to come across solid wisdom in those documents that was rather weighty on his stomach; and occasionally he would take a joke that would shake him up till it loosened his teeth; it was getting to be perilous times with him, but he held his grip with good courage, till at last he began to stumble on statements that not even a camel could swallow with impunity. He began to gag and gasp, and his eyes stood out, and his forelegs spread, and in about a quarter of a minute he fell over as stiff as a carpenter's work-bench, and died a death of indescribable agony. I went and pulled the manuscript out of his mouth, and found that the sensitive creature had choked to death on one of the mildest and gentlest statements of fact that I ever laid before a trusting public.

I returned in November and in Washington found a letter from Elisha Bliss of the American Publishing Company of Hartford, offering me five per cent royalty on a book which should recount the adventures of the Excursion. In lieu of the royalty I was offered the alternative of ten thousand dollars cash upon delivery of the manuscript. I consulted with A. D. Richardson and he said, "Take the Royalty." I followed his advice and closed with Bliss.

I was out of money and went down to Washington to see if I could earn enough money there to keep me in bread and butter while I should write the book. I came across William Swinton, brother of the historian, and together we invented a scheme for our mutual sustenance; we became the fathers and originators of what is a common feature in the newspaper world now, the syndicate.

We had twelve journals on our list; they were all weeklies, all obscure and

poor and all scattered far away among the back settlements. It was a proud thing for those little newspapers to have a Washington correspondent and a fortunate thing for us that they felt that way about it. Each of the twelve took two letters a week from us, at a dollar per letter; each of us wrote one letter per week and sent off six duplicates of it to these benefactors, thus acquiring twenty-four dollars a week to live on, which was all we needed in our cheap and humble quarters.

Noah Brooks was editor of the Alta at the time, a man of sterling character and equipped with a right heart, also a good historian where facts were not essential. In biographical sketches of me written many years afterward (1902) he was quite eloquent in praises of the generosity of the Alta people in giving to me without compensation a book which, as history had afterward shown, was worth a fortune. After all the fuss, I did not levy heavy upon the Alta letters. I found that they were newspaper matter, not book matter. They had been written here and there and yonder, as opportunity had given me a chance working moment or two during our feverish flight around Europe or in the furnace heat of my stateroom aboard the "Quaker City," therefore they were loosely constructed and needed to have some of the wind and water squeezed out of them. I used several of them—ten or twelve, perhaps. I wrote the rest of *The Innocents Abroad* in sixty days, and I could have added a fortnight's labor with the pen and gotten along without the letters altogether. I was very young in those days, exceedingly young, marvelously young, younger than I am now, younger than I shall ever be again, by hundreds of years. I worked every night from eleven or twelve until broad day in the morning, and as I did 200,000 words in the sixty days the average was more than 3,000 words a day—nothing for Sir Walter Scott, nothing for Louis Stevenson, nothing for plenty of other people, but quite handsome for me.

Aboard the Quaker City, Sam had seen a cameo of Charlie Langdon's sister, Olivia, the woman who would change his life and alter his writing.

What is called a "reading," as a public platform entertainment, was first essayed by Charles Dickens, I think. He brought the idea with him from England in 1867. He had made it very popular at home and he made it so acceptable and so popular in America that his houses were crowded everywhere, and in a single season he earned two hundred thousand dollars. I heard him once during that season; it was in Steinway Hall, in December, and it made the fortune of my life—not in dollars, I am not thinking of dollars; it made the real fortune of my life in that it made the happiness of my life; on that day I called at the St. Nicholas Hotel

to see my Quaker City Excursion shipmate, Charley Langdon, and was introduced to a sweet and timid and lovely young girl, his sister. The family went to the Dickens reading and I accompanied them. It was forty years ago; from that day to this the sister has never been out of my mind nor heart.

In a private talk Mr. Langdon called my attention to something I had already noticed-which was that I was an almost entirely unknown person; that no one around about knew me except Charley, and he was too young to be a reliable judge of men; that I was from the other side of the continent and that only those people out there would be able to furnish me a character, in case I had one-so he asked me for references. I furnished them, and he said we would now suspend our industries and I could go away and wait until he could write to those people and get answers.

In due course answers came. I was sent for and we had another private conference. I had referred him to six prominent men, among them two clergymen (these were all San Franciscans). The results were not promising. All those men were frank to a fault. They not only spoke in disapproval of me but they were quite unnecessarily and exaggeratedly enthusiastic about it. One clergyman and an ex-Sunday-school superintendent added to their black testimony the conviction that I would fill a drunkard's grave.

The reading of the letters being finished, there was a good deal of a pause and it consisted largely of sadness and solemnity. I couldn't think of anything to say. Mr. Langdon was apparently in the same condition. Finally he raised his handsome head, fixed his clear and candid eye upon me and said: "What kind of people are these? Haven't you a friend in the world?"

I said, "Apparently not."

Then he said: "I'll be your friend myself. Take the girl. I know you better than they do."

"Upon Livy's acceptance I felt hurricanes of applause".

To his mother he wrote, "I warn you that whoever comes within the fatal influence of her beautiful nature is her willing slave forevermore."

In the beginning of our engagement, 2/4/69, the proofs of my first book, *The Innocents Abroad*, began to arrive, and she read them with me. She also edited them. She was my faithful, judicious, and painstaking editor from that day forth until within three or four months of her death-a stretch of more than a third of a century.

Perfect truth, perfect honesty, perfect candor, were qualities of Livy's character which were born with her. Her judgements of people and things were sure and accurate. Her intuitions almost never deceived her. In her judgements of the characters and acts of both friends and strangers there was always room for charity, and this charity never failed. I have compared and contrasted her with hundreds of persons and my conviction remains that hers was the most perfect character I have ever met. And I might add that she was the most winningly dignified person I have ever known. Her character and disposition were of the sort that not only invite worship but command it.

Sam adored Livy and was ever the gentleman around her, with the possible exception of the time he found a smashed button on his dress-shirt while dressing for a lecture. It was on a Sunday morning in the bathroom, and it wasn't the first time he had found a smashed button either. He felt an urge to curse, curse until his asthma brought him the blessed relief of suffocation. So he threw the shirt out the window into the hedge where everyone could see it on their way to church, augmented his language to meet the emergency, and let go like a calvary charge with a liturgy of curses. And then he remembered Livy was still in bed. So he looked for a new way out of that bathroom but couldn't find one and had to face her.

Livy was sitting straight up in bed and repeated every word, in order, as he had said them. Sam had to laugh, it sounded so ridiculous. "Livy!" he exclaimed, "You got the words right, but the song wrong."

There are times when profanity provides a relief denied even to prayer.

Upon accepting an invitation to lecture, Sam wrote: "I will disgorge a few lies and as much truth as I can pump out without damaging my constitution."

In December of 1869 the Providence Herald wrote:

Harrington's Opera House was filled last evening with an intelligent and appreciative audience, all of whom had heard of the celebrated Mark Twain and were anxious to see what he was like and whether his tongue held pace with his pen. His talk was a superb mixture of sense and nonsense, the driest humor, bits of fine word painting, and covert satire. It would be impossible to give the faintest idea of the lecture on paper. Written or spoken by another it would lose half its points and value. We can only congratulate those who heard him and pity those who did not.

I have been complimented many times, as I'm sure you have, and they always embarrass me; I always feel they have not said enough. I can live for two months on a good compliment.

We all love compliments, humorists, congressman, burglars, all of us in the trade.

There are no grades of vanity, only grades of ability in concealing it.

I was introduced by an attorney once. He stood at the lectern with his hands in his pockets and announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to introduce Mark Twain, a humorist who is very funny."

Well, what we had here was a creature rarer even than a humorist who is very funny. Here was an attorney with both hands in his own pockets.

1870-34 YEARS OLD

Our first child, Langdon Clemens, was born on the 7th of November, 1870, and lived twenty-two months. I was the cause of the child's illness. His mother trusted him to my care and I took him for a long drive in an open barouche for an airing. It was a raw, cold morning but he was well wrapped about with furs and, in the hands of a careful person no harm would have come to him. But I soon dropped into a reverie and forgot all about my charge. The furs fell away and exposed his bare legs. By and by the coachman noticed and I arranged the wraps again, but it was too late. The child was almost frozen. I hurried home with him. I was aghast at what I had done and I feared the consequences. I have always felt shame for that treacherous morning's work and have not allowed myself to think about it when I could help it. I doubt if I had the courage to make confession at that time. I think it most likely that I have never confessed until now.

Langdon, in fact, died of diphtheria, an infectious disease unrelated to the mentioned exposure.

Sam bought into a newspaper in Buffalo, and in spite of his new found principles, was true to Mr. Langdon's coal monopoly. At times, he even sported a sealskin coat and Cossack hat, resembling indeed, the parvenu that he despised. This trait required the endorsement of the intellectual and social stratus, including clergymen.

The average clergyman races through the Lord's prayer as if the quicker he got it in, the sooner it would be answered.

On the editorial page of the Buffalo Express in March of 1870, Sam denied that he was leaving Buffalo, as rumored: "I am in permanency here, I am prospering well enough to please my friends and distress my enemies, and consequently am in a state of tranquil satisfaction."

However in 1871, Emma Nye, a friend of Livy's came to visit, took sick, and died in Sam's bed: "The resulting periodical and sudden changes of mood in me from deep melancholy to half-insane tempests and cyclones of humor, are among the curiosities of my life."

Sam offered his brother Orion \$1,000 for his notes on their Overland trip in '61, and Orion obliged. Sam began serious work on Roughing It, and wrote to Orion, "I shall stay shady and quiet till Bret Harte simmers down a little. And then I mean to go up ahead again and stay there."

Susy was born the 19th of March, 1872. The summer seasons of her childhood were spent at Quarry Farm on the hills east of Elmira, New York; the other seasons of the year at the home in Hartford. We moved to Hartford in October, 1871, and presently built a house. (*Total cost, \$135,000*).

When we were finishing our house, we found we had a little money left over, on account of the plumber not knowing it.

The architecture of the Hartford home was labeled by some as, "Steamboat-Gothic." And above the fire was inscribed, "The ornament of a house is the friends that frequent it."

As a child Susy had a passionate temper; and it cost her much remorse and many tears before she learned to govern it, but after that it was a wholesome salt and her character was the stronger and healthier for its presence. It enabled her to be good with dignity; it preserved her not only from being good for vanity's sake but from even the appearance of it. In looking back over the long vanished years it seems but natural and excusable that I should dwell with longing affection and preference upon incidents of her young life which made it beautiful to us and that I should let its few and small offenses go unsummoned and unreproached.

Apparently Susy was born with humane feelings for the animals and compassion for their troubles. This enabled her to see a new point in an old story, once, when she was only six years old—a point which had been overlooked by older and perhaps duller people for many ages. Her mother told her the moving story of the sale of Joseph by his brethren, the staining of his coat with the blood of the slaughtered kid, and the rest of it. She dwelt upon the inhumanity of the brothers, their cruelty toward their helpless young brother, and the unbrotherly treachery which they practiced upon him; for she hoped to teach the child a lesson in gentle pity and mercifulness which she could remember. Apparently her desire was accomplished, for the tears came to Susy's eyes and she was deeply moved. Then she said, "Poor little kid!"

When Susy was thirteen and was a slender little maid with plaited tails of copper-tinged brown hair down her back and was perhaps the busiest bee in the household hive, by reason of the manifold studies, health exercises and recreations she had to attend to, she secretly and of her own motion and out of love added another task to her labors-the writing of a biography of me. She did this work in her bedroom at night and kept her record hidden. After a little the mother discovered it and filched it and let me see it; then told Susy what she had done and how pleased I was and how proud. I remember that time with a deep pleasure. I had had compliments before but none that touched me like this; none that could approach it for value in my eyes. It has kept that place always since. I have had no compliment, no praise, no tribute from any source that was so precious to me as this one was and still is. As I read it now, after all these many years, it is still a king's message to me and brings me the same dear surprise it brought me then-with the pathos added of the thought that the eager and hasty hand that sketched it and scrawled it will not touch mine again-and I feel as the humble and unexpectant must feel when their eyes fall upon the edict that raises them to the ranks of the noble.

It is quite evident that several times, at breakfast and dinner, in those long-past days, I was posing for the biography. In fact I clearly remember that I was doing that-and I also remember that Susy detected it. I remember saying a very smart thing, with a good deal of air, at the breakfast table one morning and that Susy observed to her mother privately a little later that papa was doing that for the biography.

As I have said before, I never had any large respect for good spelling. That is my feeling yet. Before the spelling-book came with its arbitrary forms, men unconsciously revealed shades of expression to what they wrote by their spelling, and so it is possible that the spelling-book has been a doubtful benevolence to us.

I have had an aversion to good spelling for a long while, merely for the reason that when I was a boy there was not a thing I could do creditably except spell according to the book. It was a poor and mean distinction, and I early learned to disenjoy it. I suppose that this is because the ability to spell correctly is a talent, not an acquirement. There is some dignity about an acquirement, because it is a product of your own labor. It is wages earned, whereas to be able to do a thing merely by the grace of God, and not by your own effort, transfers the distinction to our heavenly home-where possibly it is a matter of pride and satisfaction, but it leaves you naked and bankrupt.

It takes a pretty uncreative mind not to be able to spell a word more than one way.

Susy began the biography in 1885, when I was in the fiftieth year of my age, and she in the fourteenth of hers. She began in this way: "We are a very happy family. We consist of Papa, Mama, Jean, Clara and me. It is papa I am writing about, and I shall have no trouble in not knowing what to say about him, as he is a very striking character.

Papa's appearance has been described many times, but very incorrectly. He has beautiful gray hair, not any too thick or any too long, but just right; a Roman nose, which greatly improves the beauty of his features; kind blue eyes and a small mustache. He has a wonderfully shaped head and profile. He has a very good figure-in short, he is an extraordinarily fine looking man. All his features are perfect, except that he hasn't extraordinary teeth. His complexion is very fair, and he doesn't wear a beard. He is a very good man and a very funny one. He has got a temper, but we all of us have in this family. He is the loveliest man I ever saw or ever hope to see-and oh, so absent-minded. He does tell perfectly delightful stories. Clara and I used to sit on each arm of his chair and listen while he told us stories about the pictures on the wall."

I remember the story-telling days vividly. That were a difficult and exacting audience-those little creatures. (It is noticeable that Susy does not get over-heated when she is complimenting me, but maintains a proper judicial and biographical calm).

Susy died at the age of 24 of spinal meningitis. Sam received the cable in Europe.

"It is one of the mysteries of our nature that a man, all unprepared can receive a thunder stroke like that and live."

1872-36 YEARS OLD

Meantime I had been having an adventure on the outside. An old and particular friend of mine unloaded a patent on me, price fifteen thousand dollars. It was worthless and he had been losing money on it a year or two, but I did not know these particulars because he neglected to mention them. He said that if I would buy the patent he would do the manufacturing and selling for me. So I took him up. Then began a cash outgo of five hundred dollars a month. That raven flew out of the Ark regularly every thirty days but it never got back with anything and the dove didn't report for duty.

After a time and half a time and another time, I relieved my friend and put the patent into the hands of Charles L. Webster, who had married a niece of mine and seemed a capable and energetic young fellow. At a salary of fifteen hundred a year he continued to send the raven out monthly, with the same result to the penny.

At last, when I lost forty-two thousand dollars on that patent I gave it away to a man whom I had long detested and whose family I desired to ruin.

A man with a new idea is a crank until his idea succeeds.

Sam collaborated with friend and neighbor Charles Dudley Warner in 1872 on The Gilded Age, a pornography of the dollar, depicting the American society as unraveling in the face of greed. The book's title would actually become the term commonly used to describe the years following the war, the years when things were not as they seemed. Senator Dilworthy portrays Senator Samuel C. Pomeroy of Kansas.

Senator Dilworthy was alone-with an open bible in his hand, upside down.

When one has broken the tenth commandment, the others are not of much account.

The very ink with which all history is written, is merely liquid prejudice.

Titles of honor and dignity once acquired in a democracy, even by accident and properly usable for only forty-eight hours, are as permanent here as eternity is in heaven. You can never take away those titles. Once a justice of the peace for

a week, always “judge” afterward. Once a major of militia for a campaign on the Fourth of July, always a major. To be called colonel, purely by mistake and without intention, confers that dignity on a man for the rest of his life. We adore titles and heredities in our hearts, and ridicule them with our mouths. This is our democratic privilege.

My mother’s favorite cousin, James Lampton, who figures in *The Gilded Age* as Colonel Sellers, always said of that Tennessee land of ours-and said it with blazing enthusiasm too- “There’s millions in it-millions!”

It is true that he always said that about everything-and was always mistaken too, but this time he was right; which shows that a man who goes around with a prophesy-gun ought never to get discouraged. If he will keep up his heart and fire at everything he sees he is bound to hit something by and by.

If I were to eat all the dinners I’m invited to, I reckon I’d wear my teeth down level with my gums in a couple of weeks.

Uncle Silas peeled off one of his bulkiest old-time blessings, with as many layers to it as an onion, whilst the angels was haulin’ in the slack of it.

The average American citizen is true to his Christian principles 363 days out of the year. The other two days he visits the tax office and the voting booth.

Principles have no real force, except when one is well fed.

He had no principles, and was delightful company.

There is no distinctly native American criminal class, except congress.

Where *The Gilded Age* would be a sort of pornography of the dollar, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur’s Court* would be a pornography of technology. “Yankee” starts out light, pointing to the have vs. have-not struggle, and ends in dark social comment on the non-development of the moral nature of man, or what Justin Kaplan calls, “shrill nihilism.”

“Huckleberry,” on the other hand, starts out as a serious social comment and ends up as a tragic farce. Some critics claim none of Sam’s novels appear as “complete” works of art.

1874-38 YEARS OLD

"A True Story Repeated Word for Word as I Heard It" was, in 1874, Sam's first appearance in the prestigious Atlantic Monthly, and was perhaps the only true story he ever told. He heard it on the porch at Quarry Farm from Aunt Cory, beloved and long-time servant to the Crane's.

It was summer time, and twilight. We were sitting on the porch of the farmhouse, on the summit of the hill and "Aunt Rachel" was sitting respectfully below our level, on the steps-for she was our servant, and colored. She was of mighty frame and stature; she was sixty years old, but her eye was undimmed and her strength unabated. She was a cheerful, hearty soul, and it was no more trouble for her to laugh than it is for a bird to sing. She was under fire now as usual when the day was done. That is to say, she was being chaffed without mercy, and was enjoying it. She would let off peal after peal of laughter, and then sit with her face in her hands and shake with throes of enjoyment which she could no longer get breath enough to express. At such a moment as this a thought occurred to me, and I said:

"Aunt Rachel, how is it that you've lived sixty years and never had any trouble?" She stopped quaking. She paused, and there was a moment of silence. She turned her face over her shoulder toward me, and said, without even a smile in her voice:

"Misto Clemens, is you in 'arnest?"

It surprised me a good deal; and it sobered my manner and my speech too, I said:

"Why I thought-that is, I meant-why, you can't have had any trouble. I've never heard you sigh, and never seen your eye when there wasn't a laugh in it."

She faced fairly around now, and was full of earnestness. "Has I had any trouble? Misto Clemens, I's gwyne to tell you, den I leave it to you. I was bawn down 'mongst de slaves; I knows all 'bout slavery, 'case I ben one of 'em my own se'f. Well, sah, my ole man-dat's my husban'-he was lovin' an' kind to me, jist as kind as you is to yo' own wife. An' we had chilen-seven chil'en-an' we loved dem chil'en jist as you loves yo' chil'en.

Well, sah, I was raised in ole Fo'ginny, but my mother she was raised in Maryland; an' my souls! she was turrible when she'd git started! My *lan'*! but she'd make the fur fly! When she'd git into dem tantrums, she always had one word dat

she said, She'd straighten herse'f up an' put her fists in her hips an' say, 'I want you to understan' dat I wa'nt bawn in the mash to be fool' by trash! I's one o' de ole Blue Hen's Chickens, I is!' 'Ca'se, you see, dat's what folks dat's bawn in Maryland calls deyselves, an' dey's proud of it.

Well, dat was her word. I don't ever forgit it, beca'se she said it so much, an' beca'se she said it one day when my little Henry tore his wris' awful, and most busted his head, right up at de top of his forehead, an' de niggers didn't fly aroun' fas' enough to 'tend to him. An' when day talk' back at her, she up an' she says, 'Look-a-heah!' she says, 'I want you niggers to understan' dat I wa'nt bawn in de mash to be fool' by trash! I's one o' de ole Blue Hen's Chickens, I is!' an' den she clar' dat kitchen an' bandage' up de chile herse'f. So I says dat word, too, when I's riled.

Well, bymeby my ole mistis say she's broke, an' she got to sell all de niggers on de place. An' when I heah dat dey gwyne to sell us all off at oction in Richmon', oh, de good gracious! I know what dat mean!"

Aunt Rachel had gradually risen, while she warmed to her subject, and now she towered above us, black against the stars.

"Dey put chains on us an' put us on a stan' as high as dis po'ch-twenty foot high-an' all de people stood aroun', crowds an' crowds. An dey'd come up dah an' look at us all roun', an' squeeze our arm, an' make us git up an' walk, an' den say, 'Dis one too ole,' or 'Dis one lame,' or 'Dis one don't 'mount to much.' An dey sole my ole man, an' took him away, an' I begin to cry; an' de man say, 'Shet up yo dem blubberin',' an' hit me on de mouf wid his han'. An' when de las' one was gone but my little Henry, I grab' him clost up to my breas' so, an' I ris up an' says, 'You shan't take him away,' I says; 'I'll kill de man dat tetches him!' I says. But my little Henry whisper an' say, 'I gwyne to run away, an' den I work an' buy yo' freedom.' Oh, bless de chile, he always so good! But dey got him-dey got him, de men did; but I took and tear de clo'es mos' off of 'em an' beat 'em over de head wid my chain; an' dey give it to me, too, but I didn't mine dat.

"Well, dah was my ole man gone, an' all my chil'en, all my seven chil'en-an' six of 'em I hain't set eyes on ag'in to dis day, an' dat's twenty-two year ago las' Easter. De man dat bought me b'long' in Newbern, an' he took me dah. Well, bymeby de years roll on an' de waw come. My marster he was a Confedrit colonel, an' I was his family's cook. So when de unions took dat town, dey all run away an' lef' me all by myse'f wid de other niggers in dat mons'us big house. So de big Union officers move in dah, an' dey ask me would I cook for dem. 'Lord bless you.' says I, 'dat's what I's for.' Dey wa'nt no small-fry officers, mine you, dey was de biggest dey is; an' de way dey made dem sojers mosey roun'! De Gen'l

he tole me to boss dat kitchen, an' he say, 'If anybody come meddlin' wid you, you jist make 'em walk chalk; don't you be afeared,' he say; 'you's 'moung frens now.' Well, I thinks to myse'f, if my little Henry ever got a chance to run away, he'd make to de Norf, o' course. So one day I comes in dah whar de big officers was, in de parlor, an' I drops a kurtchy, so, an' I up an' tole 'em 'bout my Henry, dey a-listenin' to my troubles jist de same as if I was white folks; an' I says, 'What I come for is beca'se if he got away and got up Norf whar you gemmen comes from, you might 'a' seen him, maybe, an' could tell me so as I could fine him ag'in he was very little, an' he had a sk-yar on his lef' wris' an' at de top of his forehead.' Den dey look mournful, an' de Gen'l says, 'How long sense you los' him?' an' I say, 'Thirteen year.' Den de Gen'l say, 'He wouldn't be little no mo' now-he's a man!'

I never thought o' dat befo'! He was only dat little feller to me yit. I never thought 'bout him growin' up an' bein' big. But I see it den. None o' de gemmen had run acrost him, so dey couldnt do nothin' for me. But all dat time, do' I didn't know it, my Henry was run off to de Norf, years an' years, an' he was a barber, too, an' worked for hisse'f. An' bymeby, when de waw come he ups an' he says: 'I's done barberin', ' he says, 'I's gwyne to fine my ole mammy, less she's dead.' So he sole out an' went to whar dey was recruitin', an' hired hisse'f out to de colonel for his servant; an' den he went all froo de battles everywhah, huntin' for his ole mammy; yes, indeedy, he'd hire to fust one officer an' den another, tell he'd ransacked de whole Souf but you see I didn't know nuffin' 'bout dis. How was I gwyne to know it?

Well, one night we had a big sojer ball; de sojers dah at Newbern was always havin' balls an' carryin' on. Dey had 'em in my kitchen, heaps o' times, 'ca'se it was so big. Mine you, I was down on sich doin's; beca'se my place was wid de officers, an' it rasp me to have dem common sojers cavortin' roun' my kitchen like dat. But I alway' stood aroun' an' kep' things straight, I did; an' sometimes dey'd git my dander up, an' den I'd make 'em clar dat kitchen, mine I tell you!

Well, one night-it was a Friday night-dey comes a whole platoon f'm a nigger ridgment dat was on guard at de house-de house was headquarters, you know-an'den I was jist a-bilin'! Mad? I was jist a-boomin'! I swelled aroun', an' swelled aroun'; I jist was a-itchin' for 'em to do somefin for to start me. *An* dey was a-waltzin' an' a-dancin'! *My!* but dey was havin' a time! an' I jist a-swellin' an' a-swellin' up! Pooty soon, 'long sich a spruce young nigger a-sailin' down de room wid a yaller wench roun' de wais'; an' roun' an' roun' an' roun' dey went, enough to make a body drunk to look at 'em; an' when dey got abreas' o' me, dey went to kin' o' balacin' aroun' fust on one leg an' den on t'other, an' smilin' at my big

red turban, an' makin' fun, an' I ups an' says, 'Git along wid you!-rubbage!' De young man's face kin' o' changed, all of a sudden, for 'bout a second, but den he went to smilin' ag'in, same as he was befo'. Well, 'bout dis time, in comes some niggers dat played music and b'long' to de ban', an' dey never could git along widout puttin' on airs. An' de very fust air dey put on dat night, I lit into 'em! Dey laughed, an' dat made me wuss. De res' o' de niggers got to laughin', an' den my soul alive but I was hot! My eyes was jist a-blazin'! I jist straightened myself up so-jist as I is now, plum to de ceilin', mos'-an' I digs my fists into my hips, an' I says, 'Look-a-heah!' I says, 'I want you niggers to understan' dat I wa'nt bawn in de mash to be fool' by trash! I's one o' de ole Blue Hen's Chickens, I is!' an' den I see dat young man stan' a-starin' an stiff, lookin' kin' o' up at de ceilin' like he fo'got somefin, an' couldn't 'member it no mo'. Well, I jist march' on dem niggers-so, lookin' like a gen'l-an' dey jist cave' away befo' me an' out at de do'. An' as dis young man was a-goin' out, I heah him say to another nigger, 'Jim,' he says, 'you go 'long an' tell de cap't I be on han' 'bout eight o'clock in de mawnin'; dey's somefin on my mine,' he says; 'I dont sleep no mo' dis night. You go 'long,' he says, an' leave me by my own se'f.'

Dis was 'bout one o'clock in de mawnin'. Well, 'bout seven, I was up an' on han, gettin' de officers' breakfast. I was a-stoopin' down by de stove-jist so, same as if yo' foot was de stove-an' I'd opened de stove do' wid my right han'-so, pushin' it back jist as I pushes yo foot-an' I'd just got de pan o' hot biscuits in my han' an' was 'bout to raise up, when I see a black face come aroun' under mine, an' de eyes a-lookin' up into mine, jist as I's a-lookin' up clost under yo' face now; an' I jist stopped right dah, an' never budged! jist gazed an' gazed so; an' de pan begin to tremble, an' all of a sudden I knowed! De pan drop' on de flo' an' I grab his lef' han' an' shove back his sleeve-jist so, as I's doin' to you-an' den I goes for his forehead an' push de hair back so, an' 'Boy!' I says, 'If you an't my Henry, what is you doin' wid dis welt on yo' wris' an' dat sk-yar on 'yo forehead? De Lord God ob heaven be praise', I got my own ag'in!" Oh, no Misto Clemens, I hain't had no trouble, An no joy!"

In the year '74 I hired a young woman and she copied a considerable part of a book of mine on "the machine." I have claimed that I was the first person in the world that ever had a telephone in his house for practical purposes; I will now claim-until dispossessed-that I was the first person in the world to apply the typewriter to literature.

The early machine was full of caprices, full of defects-devilish ones. It had as many immoralities as the machine of today has virtues. After a year or two I

found that it was degrading my character, so I thought I would give it to Howells...he took it home to Boston and my morals began to improve, but his have never recovered.

He kept it six months, and then returned it to me. I gave it away twice after that, but it wouldn't stay; it came back. Then I gave it to our coachman, Patrick McAleer, who was very grateful, because he did not know the animal, and thought I was trying to make him wiser and better. As soon as he got wiser and better he traded it to a heretic for a side-saddle which he could not use, and there my knowledge of its history ends.

There has never been a time in the past thirty-five years when my literary shipyard hadn't two or three half-finished ships on the ways, neglected and baking in the sun...This has an unbusiness-like look but it was not purposeless, it was intentional. As long as a book would write itself I was a faithful and interested amanuensis and my industry did not flag, but the minute that the book tried to shift to my head the labor of contriving its situations, inventing its adventures and conducting its conversations, I put it away and dropped it out of my mind...

It was by accident that I found out that a book is pretty sure to get tired, along about the middle, and refuse to go along with its work until its powers and its interest should have been refreshed by a rest and its depleted stock of raw materials reinforced by lapse of time...When I had reached the middle of Tom Sawyer...I could not understand why I was not able to go on with it. The reason was very simple-my tank had run dry; it was empty; the stock of materials in it was exhausted; the story could not go on without materials; it could not be wrought out of nothing.

When the manuscript had lain in a pigeonhole two years I took it out one day and read the last chapter that I had written. It was then that I made the great discovery that when the tank runs dry you've only to leave it alone and it will fill up again in time while you are asleep.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action, without knowing it-namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the writer of this book, he would now have comprehended that Work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do, and that Play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do. And this would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers or performing on a tread-mill is work, while rolling ten-pins or climbing Mont Blanc is only amusement.

Huck: "Tom had his store clothes on, and an audience-and that was always nuts for Tom Sawyer."

If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he'd have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom Sawyer stepped forward with conceited confidence and soared into the unquenchable and indestructible "Give me liberty or give me death" speech, with fine fury and frantic gesticulation, and broke down in the middle of it. A ghastly stage-fright seized him, and it felt like all his livers and lungs was fallin' down into his legs, and he was like to choke. True, he had the manifest sympathy of the house-but he had the house's silence too, which was even worse than its sympathy. The master frowned, and this completed the disaster. Tom struggled a while and then retired, utterly defeated. There was a weak attempt at applause, but it died early.

Huck's cure for warts: "Why you take your cat and go and get in the graveyard 'long about midnight when somebody that was wicked has been buried; and when it's midnight a devil will come, or maybe two or three, but you can't see 'em, you can only hear something like the wind, or maybe hear 'em talk; and when they're takin' that feller away, you heave your cat after 'em and say, 'Devil follow corpse, cat follow devil, warts follow cat, I'm done with ye!' That'll fetch *any* wart."

At half past nine, that night, Tom and Sid were sent to bed, as usual. They said their prayers, and Sid was soon asleep. Tom lay awake and waited, in restless impatience. When it seemed to him that it must be nearly daylight, he heard the clock strike ten! This was despair. He would have tossed and fidgeted, as his nerves demanded, but he was afraid he might wake Sid. So he lay still, and stared up into the dark. Everything was dismally still. By and by, out of the stillness, little, scarcely perceptible noises began to emphasize themselves. The ticking of the clock began to bring itself into notice. Old beams began to crack mysteriously. The stairs cracked faintly. Evidently spirits were abroad. A chirping of a cricket that no human ingenuity could locate, began. Next the ghastly ticking of a death-watch in the wall at the bed's head made Tom shudder-it meant that somebody's days were numbered. Then the howl of a far-off dog rose on the night air, and was answered by a fainter howl from a remoter distance. Tom was in agony. At last he was satisfied that time had ceased and eternity begun; he began to doze, in spite of himself- the clock chimed eleven but he did not hear it. And then there came

mingling with his half-formed dreams, a most melancholy caterwauling. The raising of a neighboring window disturbed him. A cry of "Scat! you devil!" and the crash of an empty bottle against the back of his aunt's woodshed brought him wide awake, and a single minute later he was dressed and out of the window and creeping along the roof of the "el" on all fours. He "meow'd" with caution once or twice, as he went; then jumped to the roof of the woodshed and thence to the ground. Huckleberry Finn was there with his dead cat. The boys moved off and disappeared in the gloom. At the end of half an hour they were wading through the tall grass of the graveyard.

It was a graveyard of the old-fashioned western kind. It was on a hill, about a mile and a half from the village. It had a crazy board fence around it, which leaned inward in places, and outward the rest of the time, but stood upright nowhere. Grass and weeds grew rank over the whole cemetery. All the old graves were sunken in, there was not a tombstone on the place; round-topped, worm-eaten boards staggered over the graves, leaning for support and finding none. "Sacred to the memory of" So-and-So had been painted on them once, but it could no longer have been read, on the most of them, even if there had been light.

A faint wind moaned through the trees, and Tom feared it might be the spirits of the dead, complaining at being disturbed. The boys talked a little, and only under their breath, for the time and the place and the pervading solemnity and silence oppressed their spirits. They found the sharp new heap they were seeking, and ensconced themselves within the protection of three great elms that grew in a bunch within a few feet of the grave.

Then they waited in silence for what seemed a long time. The hooting of a distant owl was all the sound that troubled the dead stillness. Tom's reflections grew oppressive. He must force some talk. So he said in a whisper:

"Hucky, do you believe the dead people like it for us to be here?"

Huckleberry whispered:

"I wisht I knowed. It's awful solemn like, ain't it?"

"I bet it is."

There was a considerable pause, while the boys canvassed this matter inwardly. Then Tom whispered:

"Say, Hucky-do you reckon Hoss Williams hears us talking?"

"O' course he does. Least his sperrit does."

Tom, after a pause:

"I wish I'd said 'Mister' Williams. But I never meant any harm. Everybody calls him Hoss."

"A body can't be too partic'lar how they talk 'bout these-yer dead people, Tom."

This was a damper, and conversation died again. Presently, Tom seized his comrade's arm and said:

"Sh!"

"What is it, Tom?" And the two clung together with beating hearts.

"Sh!" There 'tis again! Didn't you hear it?"

"I - "

"There! Now you hear it."

"Lord, Tom they're coming, sure. What'll we do?"

"I dono. Think they'll see us?"

"O, Tom they can see in the dark, same as cats. I wisht I hadn't come."

"O, don't be afeard. I don't believe they'll bother us. We ain't doing any harm. If we keep perfectly still, maybe they won't notice us at all."

"I'll try to, Tom, but Lord I'm all of a shiver."

"Listen!"

The boys bent their heads together and scarcely breathed. A muffled sound of voices floated up from the far end of the graveyard.

"Look! See there! whispered Tom. "What is it?"

"It's devil-fire. O, Tom, this is awful."

Some vague figures approached through the gloom, swinging an old-fashioned tin lantern that freckled the ground with innumerable little spangles of light.

Presently Huckleberry whispered with a shudder:

"It's the devils sure enough. Three of 'em! Lordy, Tom, we're gonners! Can you Pray?"

"I'll try, but don't you be afeard. They ain't going to hurt us. Now I lay me down to sleep, I -"

"Sh!" "What is it, Huck?"

"They're 'humans!' One of 'em is anyway. One of 'em's old Muff Potter's voice."

"No-taint so, is it?"

"I bet I know it. Don't you stir nor budge. He ain't sharp enough to notice us. Drunk, same as usual, likely-blamed old rip!"

"All right, I'll keep still. Now they're stuck. Can't find it. Here they come again. Now they're hot. Cold again. Hot again. Red hot! They're p'inted right this time. Say Huck, I know another o' them voices; it's Injun Joe."

"That's so-that murderin' half-breed! I'd rather they was devils a dern sight. What kin they be up to?"

The whispers died wholly out now, for the three men had reached the grave and stood within a few feet of the boys' hiding-place.

"Here it is," said the third voice; and the owner of it held the lantern up and revealed the face of young Dr. Robinson. Potter and Injun Joe were carrying a handbarrow with a rope and a couple of shovels on it. They cast down their load and began to open the grave. The doctor put the lantern at the head of the grave and came and sat down with his back against one of the elm trees. He was so close the boys could have touched him.

"Hurry, men!" he said in a low voice; "the moon might come out at any moment."

They growled a response and went on digging. For some time there was no noise but the grating sound of the spades discharging their freight of mould and gravel. It was very monotonous. Finally a spade struck upon the coffin with a dull woody accent, and within another minute or two the men had hoisted it out on the ground. They pried off the lid with their shovels, got out the body and dumped it rudely on the ground. The moon drifted from behind the clouds and exposed the palled face. The barrow was got ready and the corpse placed on it, covered with a blanket, and bound to its place with the rope. Potter took out a large spring-knife and cut off the dangling end of the rope and then said: "Now the cussed thing's ready, Sawbones, and you'll just out with another five, or here she stays."

"That's the talk!" said Injun Joe.

"Look here, what does this mean," said the doctor. "You required your pay in advance, and I've paid you."

"Yes, and you done more than that," said Injun Joe approaching the doctor, who was now standing. "Five years ago you drove me away from your father's kitchen one night, when I come to ask for something to eat, and you said I warn't there for any good; and when I swore I'd get even with you if it took a hundred years, your father had me jailed for a vagrant. Did you think I'd forget? The Injun blood ain't in me for nothing. And now I've 'got' you, and you got to 'settle,' you know!"

He was threatening the doctor, with his fist in his face, by this time. The doctor struck out suddenly and stretched the ruffian on the ground. Potter dropped his knife, and exclaimed:

"Here, now, don't you hit my pard!" and the next moment he had grappled with the doctor and the two were struggling with might and main, trampling the grass and tearing the ground with their heels. Injun Joe sprang to his feet, his eyes flaming with passion, snatched up Potter's knife, and went creeping, catlike and stooping, round and round about the combatants, seeking an opportunity.

All at once the doctor flung himself free, seized the heavy head board of Williams' grave and felled Potter to the earth with it-and in the same instant the

half-breed saw his chance and drove the knife to the hilt in the young man's breast. He reeled and fell partly upon Potter, flooding him with his blood, and in the same moment the clouds blotted out the dreadful spectacle and the two frightened boys went speeding away in the dark.

Presently, when the moon emerged again, Injun Joe was standing over the two forms, contemplating them. The doctor murmured inarticulately, gave a long gasp or two and was still. The half-breed muttered:

"*That* score is settled-damn you."

Then he robbed the body. After which he put the fatal knife in Potter's open right hand, and sat down on the dismantled coffin. Three-four-five minutes passed, and then Potter began to stir and moan. His hand closed upon the knife; he raised it, glanced at it, and let it fall, with a shudder. Then he sat up, pushing the body from him, and gazed at it, and then around him confusedly. His eyes met Joe's. "Lord, how is this, Joe?" he said.

"It's a dirty business," said Joe, without moving. "What did you do it for?"

"I! I never done it!"

"Look here! That kind of talk won't wash."

Potter trembled and grew white.

"I thought I'd get sober. I'd no business to drink to-night. But it's in my head yet-worse'n when we started here. I'm all in a muddle; can't recollect anything of it hardly. Tell me, Joe-honest, now, old feller-did I do it? Joe, I never meant to-'pon my soul and honor I never meant to, Joe. Tell me how it was Joe. O, it's awful-and him so young and promising."

"Why you two was scuffling, and he fetched you one with the head-board and you fell flat; and then up you come, all reeling and staggering, like, and snatched the knife and jammed it into him, just as he fetched you another awful clip-and here you've laid, as dead as a wedge till now."

"O, I didn't know what I was a doing. I wish I may die this minute if I did. It was all on account of the whiskey; and the excitement, I reckon. I never used a weepoon in my life before, Joe. I've fought, but never with weepoons. They'll all say that. Joe, don't tell! Say you won't tell, Joe-that's a good feller. I always liked you Joe, and stood up for you, too. Don't you remember? You won't tell, will you Joe?" And the poor creature dropped on his knees before the stolid murderer, and clasped his appealing hands.

"No, you've always been fair and square with me, Muff Potter, and I won't go back on you. There, now, that's as fair as a man can say."

"O, Joe, you're an angel. I'll bless you for this the longest day I live." And Potter began to cry.

“Come, now, that’s enough of that. This ain’t any time for blubbering. You be off yonder way and I’ll go this. Move, now, and don’t leave any tracks behind you.”

Potter started on a trot that quickly increased to a run. The half-breed stood looking after him. He muttered: “If he’s as much stunned with the lick and fuddled with the rum as he had the look of being, he won’t think of the knife till he’s gone so far he’ll be afraid to come back after it to such a place by himself-chicken-heart!”

Two or three minutes later the murdered man, the blanketed corpse, the lidless coffin and the open grave were under no inspection but the moon’s. The stillness was complete again, too.

They had a “list” at church that seemed to stretch out to the crack of doom.

It made you feel as good as church letting out.

If you will look in an old dictionary, under “sawyer,” you will find the definition; a tree, fixed in a stream, whose branches move with the current.

Some time ago in Hartford, we all went to church one hot, sweltering night to hear the annual report of Mr. Hawley, a city missionary who went around finding people who needed help and didn’t want to ask for it. He told of the life in cellars, where poverty resided; he gave instances of the heroism and devotion of the poor. “When a man with millions gives,” he said, “we make a great deal of noise. It’s a noise in the wrong place, for it’s the widow’s mite that counts.” Well Hawley worked me up to a great pitch. I could hardly wait for him to get through. I had \$400 in my pocket. I wanted to give that and borrow more to give. You could see the greenbacks in every eye. But instead of passing the plate then, he kept on talking and talking and talking, and as he talked it grew hotter and hotter and hotter, and we grew sleepier and sleepier and sleepier. My enthusiasm went down, down, down-\$100 at a clip-until finally, when the plate did come around, I stole ten cents out of it.

Few sinners are saved after the first twenty minutes of a sermon.

About the same time Sam was writing The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, he wrote to his good friend Reverend Twichell, about how parlor talk has not changed over the centuries, only the English language has changed. The obscure piece was

limited to 250 editions when published, and remains little known and rarely acclaimed. It was entitled, 1601, and was supposed to be an extract from the diary of Samuel Pepys, the same being cup-bearer to Queen Elizabeth. The text presented here has been edited by M.L. so as to make it understandable to a live audience. Those wishing to examine the document can find a copy in the Harvard Library.

Easter night, her majesty the queen fortook a fantasy, as she sometimes had, and invited to her closet, certain playwrights and authors, these being Lord Bacon, his worship Sir Walter Ralieghe, Mr. Ben Johnson, and the child, Francis Beaumonte, who being but sixteen, was still speaking his Latin tongue, having not yet learned English.

In a strange mixing of truly mighty blood, the queen also invited the meanest of sinners, to wit: the Dutchess of Bilgewater, 22 years of age; the Countess of Granby, 36; her daughter, Lady Helen, 15; and two maids of honor, Lady Boothy, 65; and Lady Dillberry, just turned 70.

I, being her majesty's cup-bearer, had no choice but to remain and hold conversation with this coarse lot. In the heat of the talk, it befell that one did "break-wind," yielding an exceedingly mighty and distressful fragrance, whereat all did turn toward the queen, who stated: "Verily, in mine eight and sixty years, I have not heard a fellow fart such as this. It seemeth by the great sound and clamour of it, it must be male, and the belly that lurked behind such a deed as that must now be fallen flat against the spine of him who hath delivered so stately and so vast a bulk. Prithee, let the author confess to the offspring. Will my Lady Dillberry testify?"

"My God, your grace, had I room for such a thundergust within my ancient bowels, I could not discharge the same and live to thank the Lord for it. Nay, 'tis not I that have brought forth this rich, overmastering fog, this fragrant gloom. Pray ye, seek ye further."

"Perhaps Lady Boothy hath done the company this favor."

"Madam, my limbs are feeble with the weight and drouth of five and sixty winters, and it behooveth me to be tender unto them. In the providence of God, had I contained this wonder, forsooth, I'd have given the entire evening to dribbling it forth with trembling and uneasy soul, not launching it sudden, in its matchless might, taking mine own life with violence. It was not I your majesty."

"In God's name, who hath favored us? Hath it come to pass that a fart shall fart itself? Not one such as this I trust. Young Master Beaumonte; but no, 'twould have wafted him to heaven like so much goose down...'twas not ye little Lady

Helen? Nay, though would have to tickle thou tender maidenhedde with many a mousie-squeek, before thou learned to blow a hurricane like this. Was it you my learned and ingenious Johnson?"

"Such a blast never hath mine ears saluted, nor such a stench so all pervading and immortal. 'Twas not a novice that did it, your majesty, but one of veteran experience. In sooth, it was not I."

"My Lord Bacon?"

"Not from my lean entrails hath this prodigie burst forth, your majesty, not from mediocrity hath this miracle issued. 'Twas not I."

Then there was a silence, and each did turn toward the worshipful Sir Walter Ralieg, that brown'd embattled swashbuckler, who, rising up, did smile.

"Most gracious majesty, 'twas I that did it, but indeed, 'twas so poor and frail a note, compared with such as I am want to furnish, that in sooth, I was shamed to call the weakling mine. It was nothing-less than nothing, madam. But had I come prepared, I'd have delivered something worthy. Bear with me, please your grace, 'til I can make amends." He then delivered himself of such a godless and rock-shivering blast, that all were feign to stop their ears. And following it did come so dense and foul a fog, that what came before it did seem a poor and trifling thing beside it. Then, saith he, feigning that he blushed and was confused, "I perceive that I am weak today, and cannot justice do unto my powers." And he sat down, as if to say, "There, it is not much, but let he who hath an arse, follow that!"

1878-42 YEARS OLD

By now Edison had his phonograph and the Bell Telephone Company had been formed, Sam, having been given the first telephone in a private residence in the world, took it out...he never got any calls.

Already gray-haired by 1878, Sam returned to Europe to finish a sequel to The Innocents Abroad: A Tramp Abroad. In Heidelberg he discovered his favorite German town, after which, it is the editor's contention, he would name Huckleberry Finn. (Heidel being Huckle; the hills surrounding Heidelberg were laden with Huckleberries).

Finn, it is also the editor's contention, came from Sam's favorite American town of Virginia City. It was a colorful old prospector, "James Finny," who fell and broke his bottle one night. Instead of sniveling about it, Ol' Virginny stood up and proudly proclaimed, "I dub ye, 'Ol' Virginny Town!'" And it stuck. Huckleberry's father was named, Jimmy Finn, after James Finny.

...without ulterior design or plan of any sort-I would begin The Prince and the Pauper, (1882), or any other tale. And mind you it is the easiest and surest way; because if you invent two or three people and turn them loose in your manuscript, something is bound to happen to them-you can't help it; and then it will take you the rest of the book to get them out of the natural consequences of that occurrence, and so, first thing you know, there's your book all finished up and it never cost you an idea.

In 1883 Sam published Life on the Mississippi, which rightly could have been called, "Life in America."

Mississippi steamboating was born about 1812; at the end of thirty years it had grown to mighty proportions, and in less than thirty more, it was dead, a strange and short life for so majestic a creature.

In due course I got my license. I was a pilot now, full-fledged. I dropped into casual employment; no misfortunes resulting, intermittent work gave place to steady and protracted engagements. Time drifted smoothly and prosperously on, and I supposed-and hoped-that I was going to follow the river the rest of my days,

and die at the wheel when my mission was ended.

But by and by the war came, commerce was suspended, my occupation was gone. I had to seek another livelihood. So I became a silver-miner in Nevada; next, a newspaper reporter; next, a gold-miner in California; next, a reporter in San Francisco; next, a special correspondent in the Sandwich Islands; next, a roving correspondent in Europe and the East; next, an instructional torch-bearer on the lecture platform; and finally, I became a scribbler of books, and an immovable fixture among the other rocks of New England. In so few words have I disposed of the twenty-one slow-drifting years that have come and gone since I last looked from the windows of a pilot-house.

I loved the profession far better than any I have followed since. I took a great measure of pride in it.

In the space of one hundred and seventy-six years the lower Mississippi has shortened itself two hundred and forty-two miles. That is an average of a trifle over one mile and a third per year. Therefore, any calm person can see that in the Old Oolitic Silurian Period, just a million years ago next April, the lower Mississippi River was upward of one million three hundred thousand miles long, and stuck out over the Gulf of Mexico like a fishing rod.

And by the same token, any person can see that seven hundred and forty-two years from now the Lower Mississippi will be only a mile and three-quarters long, and Cairo and New Orleans will have joined their streets together, and be plodding comfortably along under a single mayor and a mutual board of aldermen. There is something fascinating about science. One gets such wholesome returns of conjecture out of such a trifling investment of fact.

Here was a thing which had not changed; a score of years had not affected this water's mulatto complexion in the least; a score of centuries would succeed no better, perhaps. It comes out of the turbulent, bank-caving Missouri, and every tumblerful of it holds nearly an acre of land in solution. I got this fact from the bishop of the diocese.

If you let your glass stand half an hour, you can separate the land from the water as easy as Genesis; and then you will find them both good: the one to eat, and the other to drink. The land is very nourishing, the water is thoroughly wholesome. The one appeases hunger; the other, thirst. But the natives do not take them separately, but together, as nature mixed them. When they find an inch of mud in the bottom of a glass, they stir it up, and then take the draught as they would gruel. It is difficult for a stranger to get used to this batter, but once used to it, he

will prefer it to water. This is really the case. It is good for steamboating, and good to drink; but it is worthless for all other purposes, except baptizing.

He was once asked by a long-time citizen of Hannibal; "Sam, do you remember when Jimmy Finn, the town drunkard, was burned to death in the calaboose?"

"Observe, now, how history becomes defiled, through lapse of time and help of the bad memories of men. Jimmy Finn was not burned in the calaboose, but died a natural death in a tan vat, of a combination of delirium tremens and spontaneous combustion.

When I say a natural death, I mean it was a natural death for Jimmy Finn to die."

On the pilot as American King, Sam had this to say: "...The novelty of a king without a keeper, an absolute monarch who was absolute in sober truth and not by a fiction of words."

Upon learning that a St. Louis Harbor boat had been christened "Mark Twain," Sam commented: "May my namesake follow in my righteous footsteps, then neither of us will need any fire insurance."

Sam had seen a few fires in America, more than a few. About the fire-proof house of Europe he had nothing but praise.

The stairs are made of granite blocks, the hallways of the second floor are of red brick. It is a safe house. Earthquakes cannot shake it down, fire cannot burn it. There is absolutely nothing burnable about the furniture, the curtains and the doors.

When a candle set fire to the curtains in a room over my head the other night, where samples of the family slept, I was wakened out of my sleep by shouts and screams and was greatly terrified until an answer from the window told me what the matter was—that the window curtains and hangings were on fire.

In America I would have been more frightened, but this was not the case here. I advised the samples to let the fire alone and go to bed; which they did, and by the time they got to sleep there was nothing of the attacked fabrics left. We boast a good deal in America of our fire departments, the most efficient and wonderful in the world, but they have something better than that to boast of in Europe—a rational system of building which makes human life safe from fire and renders fire

departments needless. We boast of a thing which we ought to be ashamed to require.

In the election year of 1884, many prominent Republicans defected the party line in favor of "the man," in this case, Cleveland, and the "Mugwump" party was formed.

About Cleveland, Sam would later write to his daughter Jean in 1908: "Mr. Cleveland? Yes, he was a drinker in Buffalo, and loose morally. But since then? I have to doubt it. And of course I want to doubt it, for he has been a most noble public servant-and in that capacity he has been utterly without blemish. Of all our public men today he stands first in my reverence and admiration, and the next one stands two-hundred and twenty-fifth. He is the only statesman we have now. We had two, but Senator Hoar is dead."

Even though Sam would carry the pen against prejudice and tyranny in San Francisco and in the Philippines and in the Congo and in China and in Russia and the Sandwich Islands, he never would become involved personally.

It is easier to stay out than to get out.

In Sam's constant struggle between boyhood and social order, it was usually boyhood that won out.

1884-48 YEARS OLD

NOTICE

Persons attempting to find a motive in this narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to find a moral in it will be banished; persons attempting to find a plot in it will be shot.

BY ORDER OF THE AUTHOR

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn was written for adults, where *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* was written for children; the difference being, one needs to rise to another level of reading to understand Huckleberry; one needs to be able to read between the lines, or to infer. And, until all people can read between the lines, I suppose Huckleberry will always be in trouble...because the story of Huck is the story about the struggle between his conscience, which is tainted by the society in which he lives, the society of slavery, and his heart, which is pure-and their collision on the river. When Huck saves Jim and thinks he's done wrong, we, as a reader, must be able to infer, that in his heart, he knows he's done right.

The following selection out of The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn has been modified for school presentation by the editor.

I am here to tell you first off, that I have no prejudices as to color, no prejudices as to caste, and no prejudices as to creed. All I need to know about a man is that he is a human being. He can be no worse than that.

Now Huckleberry Finn is a boy, born a great many years ago in the Mississippi River Valley. He was ignorant, unwashed, insufficiently fed, but he had as good a heart as ever any boy had. And he was the only independent person, boy or man, in the community. And for this reason, I suppose, he was continually happy.

Now in this book, Huckleberry tells his own story, all by himself.

The widow, she took me for her son, and allowed she would sivilize me...she

cried over me and called me a poor lost lamb, and she called me lots of other names too. But she never meant no harm by it. Well then she dressed me up in some of them new clothes and I couldn't do nothin' 'cept sweat and sweat and feel all cramped up 'til pretty soon I wanted to smoke. But the widow wouldn't let me. She said it was a mean practice and unclean, and I should try not to do it anymore. Ain't that just the way it is with some people though? They get down on a thing when they don't know nothin' about it. She took snuff too. 'Course, that was all right, 'cuz she done it herself.

Then her sister, Miss Watson, a tolerable slim old maid wit' goggles on, she took a set at me with a spelling book. She worked me middling hard for about an hour 'n then the widow made 'er ease up, I couldn'ta stood it much longer. Then for another hour it was deadly dull and I was fidgety. Miss Watson was all the time sayin', "Don't put your feet up there Huckleberry! Sit up straight! Can't you try and behave!?"

Then she told me about the bad place and I said I wished I was there. She got mad then. I never meant no harm. All I wanted was a change.

She said she was going to lead her life so as to go to the good place...I couldn't see no 'vantage in goin' where she was goin'...so I made up my mind I wouldn't try for it. Then one night I lit my candle and went up to my room, and there sat Pap, his own self! He tore into me sumpin' awful for dressin' up and puttin' on airs, and goin' to school. Then he took a dollar offin me and went downtown to get some whiskey.

Along in the spring he ketched me one day and took me up the river to a little log cabin over on the Illinois shore and I never got no chance to run off.

Pap, he was so handy with his hickory, I couldn't hardly stand it. I was all over welts. He was meanest when he got to drinkin', which was most of the time.

Once after he'd been drunk over in town and laid in the gutter all night, he come back and said how folks was sayin' there was goin' to be another trial to get me away from him and give me to the widow to be my guardian. Then he got to cussin' and says he'd like to see the widow get me.

Well then he took a swig or two and got sorta warmed up and went to rippin' again. Whenever his liquor begun to work, he most always went for the government.

This time he says, "Call this a government! Just look at it and see what it's like! Why here's the law standin' ready to take a man's son away from him...a man's own son, which he has had all the trouble and all the anxiety and all the expense of raisin'. And just when that man has got that son all raised up and ready to go to work and do suthin' fo him, and give him a rest, why the law up and goes

for him! And they call that a government!?! Why a man can't get no rights in a government like this!"

Pap was a goin' on so he never noticed where his old limber legs was a takin' him to, so he went head-over-heals over a tub of salt pork and barked both shins, and the rest of his speech was all the hottest kind of language, mostly 'bout the government, though he did give the tub some too. Then he let out all of a sudden with his left foot and fetched that tub a rattling kick. But it weren't good judgement. That was the boot that had a couple his toes leakin' out the front end of it.

I ran off from Pap soon after that, and I hid out on Jackson's Island. That's where I met Miss Watson, Jim. He says he ran off too. Well I promised I wouldn't tell on him. I knowed I done wrong. I know folks'd despise me and call me low-down abolitionist, but I didn't care. I weren't goin' back there again anyway.

Jim and me, we find an empty section of log raft, and we went off down that river together. We run nights and laid up and hid daytimes. We just let that raft float wherever the current wanted it to. It's lovely to live on a raft. Most other places do seem all cramped up and smothery, but a raft don't. You feel mighty free and easy and comfortable on a raft.

We lay on our backs and smoke our pipes, lookin' way up into the sky, with not a cloud in it. Sky looks ever so deep when you lay on your back in the moonshine. I never knowed it before. We had the sky up there, all speckled with stars, and we'd discuss about whether they was made, or only just happened—Jim allowed they was made, but I allowed they happened; I judged it would have took too long to make so many. Jim said the moon could a laid 'em; well, that looked kind of reasonable, so I didn't say nothin' against it, 'cuz I seen a frog lay most as many.

And once or twice at night, we'd see a steamboat slippin' along in the dark, and every now and again she'd belch a whole world a sparks up outa her chimbley, and they would rain down in the river. It was awful pretty. Then she'd turn a corner and her lights'd wink out and her powpow shut off, and leave the river still again. And by-and-by her waves would get to us, a long time after she was gone, and joggle the raft a bit, and after that you wouldn't hear nothin' for you couldn't tell how long, except maybe frogs or something. Jim would go to sleep, and start to snore-soft and blubbery at first, then a long rasp, then a stronger one, then half a dozen horrible ones, like the last water suckin' down the plug hole of a bath-tub. Then some more with some coughs and snorts flung in, the way a cow does that is chokin' to death.

Then I'd go to sleep, and sometimes Jim wouldn't wake me when it was my

turn to stand watch. He often done that. Then when I woke up, long about day break, he'd be sittin' there with his head down betwixt his knees, moanin' and mornin'. I never took no notice, nor let on, but I knowed what it was for. He was thinkin' 'bout his wife and children, way up yonder, and he was feelin' low and homesick. You see, he hadn't ever been away from home before, and I recon he cared just as much for his people as white folks do for their'n. It don't seem natural, but I recon it's so.

We kept lookin' for Cairo, down at the foot a Illinois, where the Ohio River comes in. We said we'd sell the raft and get on a steamboat, and go way up to Ohio, amongst the free states, then be outa trouble. Jim said it made him all over tremblin' and feverish to be so close to freedom. And he says how the first thing he'd do when he got to a free state, he would go to work savin' up money, and never spend a single cent, 'til he got enough to...to buy his wife, which was owned on a farm near Miss Watson. And then they would go to work and buy the two children. And if their master wouldn't sell 'em, they'd get an abolitionist to go and steal 'em.

Why it most froze me to hear such talk. nhy Jim, he wouldn't ever dare to talk such talk in his life before. Comin' right out flat footed and sayin' he would steal his children, children which was owned by a man I didn't even know, man who hadn't ever done me no harm.

You see, I begun to get it through my head that he was most free, and who was to blame for it? Why me. It hadn't never come down on me before what this thing was that I was adoin'. My conscience got to stirin' me up hotter 'n hotter. And finally I says to it, "Aw, let up on me will you? I'll paddle ashore the first light...and tell!"

Pretty soon one showed. Jim, he got all excited, 'cuz he thought it was Cairo, but I says, "Ah, no, ah, let me paddle ashore in the canoe and see Jim, it might not be you know." Well then he got the canoe ready for me, and gimme the paddle and I shoved out 'n when I was about fifty yards off he calls out; "There yous gos! The ol' true Huck! The only white gentleman who ever kept his promise to old Jim." I just felt sick. There I was, paddlin' off all in a sweat to tell on him. But when he said that, it just sorta seemed to take the tuck right outa me, and I warn't right darn certain whether I was glad I'd started, or whether I weren't.

But I says to myself, "I got to do it. I can't get out of it!"

Right then, 'long comes a skiff with two men in it! With guns! And they stop. And I stop. And one of 'em says, "What's that yonder?"

"A piece a raft."

"You belong on it?"

"Yes, sir." "Any men on it?"

“Only one, sir.” “Now there’s five Blacks run off...is your man white? Or black?”

“He’s...he’s white!”

They went off. I know’d I done wrong. I guess there weren’t no use for me to learn to do right. A body that don’t get started right when he’s little just ain’t got no show! Den I says to myself, hold on. If I’d a done right and give Jim up, would I feel any better’n I do now? Why no, I says, I’d feel bad. I’d feel the same way I do right now. Well then, says I, what’s the use in my learnin’ to do right, when it’s troublesome to do right, and it ain’t no trouble to do wrong. And the wages is just the same. Well I was stuck. I couldn’t answer that...

...Tom’s most well, now, and got his bullet around his neck on a watch-guard for a watch, and is always seeing what time it is, and so there ain’t nothing more to write about, and I am rotten glad of it, because if I’d a knowed what a trouble it was to make a book I wouldn’t a tackled it and ain’t agoing to no more. But I recon I got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she’s going to adopt me and sivilize me and I can’t stand it. I been there before.

Wtih that one lie, “He’s white!” Huck spoke all the truth there was to tell.

Sam blamed the “Sir Walter Disease” for the tenacity of slavery mentality in the south. In spite of his notice in the forward of Huckleberry Finn, that persons attempting to find a moral will be banished, the reader will be piqued to discover that the name of the wreck about to break up on the river is the “Walter Scott.” Some say it is the wreck of Huck’s conscience, which was in fact, the voice of conformity.

Sam later paid for the college education of two black students. He considered this partial reparation, “due from every white man to every black man.”

1885-49 YEARS OLD

General Grant got slowly up from his table, put his pen down, and stood before me with the iron expression of a man who had not smiled in seven years, and had no intention of smiling for another seven.

As a military man, I wish to point out what seems to be military errors in the conduct of the campaign which we have just been considering. I have seen active service in the field, and it was in the actualities of war that I acquired my training and my right to speak. I served two weeks in the beginning of our Civil war, and during all that time commanded a battery of infantry composed of twelve men. General Grant knew the history of my campaign, for I told it to him. I also told him the principle upon which I had conducted it; which was, to tire the enemy. I tired out and disqualified many battalions, yet never had a casualty myself nor lost a man. General Grant was not given to paying compliments, yet he said frankly that if I had conducted the whole war much bloodshed would have been spared, and that what the army might have lost through the inspiriting results of collision in the field would have been amply made up by the liberalizing influences of travel. Further endorsement does not seem to me to be necessary.

General Grant died at Mount McGregor on the 23rd of July. In September or October the memoirs went to press. Several sets of plates were made; the printing was distributed among several great printing establishments; a great number of steam presses were kept running night and day on the book; several large binderies were kept at work binding it. The book was in sets of two volumes-large octavo. Its price was nine dollars in cloth. For costlier bindings the price was proportionately higher. Two thousand sets in tree-calf were issued at twenty-five dollars per set.

The book was issued on the 10th of December and I turned out to be a competent prophet. In the beginning I had told General Grant that his book would sell six hundred thousand single volumes and that is what happened. It sold three hundred thousand sets.

The first check that went to Mrs. Grant was for two hundred thousand dollars; the next one, a few months later, was for a hundred and fifty thousand. I do not remember about the subsequent checks but I think that in the aggregate the book paid Mrs. Grant something like half a million dollars.

The blunting effects of slavery upon the slaveholder's moral perceptions are known and conceded, the world over; and a privileged class, an aristocracy, is but a band of slaveholders under another name. The repulsive feature of slavery is the *thing*, not its name. One needs but to hear an aristocrat speak of the classes that are below him to recognize the very air and tone of the actual slaveholder; and behind these are the slaveholder's spirit, the slaveholder's blunted feeling. They are the result of the same cause in both cases: the possessor's old and inbred custom of regarding himself as a superior being.

Another throne has gone down, and I swim in oceans of satisfaction. I wish I might live fifty-years longer; I believe I should see the thrones of Europe selling at auction for old iron. I believe I should really see the end of what is surely the grotesquest of all the swindles ever invented by man-monarchy.

I would not voluntarily march under this country's flag, or any other, when it was my private judgement that the country was in the wrong. If the country *obliged* me to shoulder the musket, I could not help myself, but I would never volunteer. To volunteer would be the act of a traitor to myself, and consequently traitor to my country. If I refused to volunteer, I should be *called* a traitor, I am well aware of that-but that would not make me a traitor. The unanimous vote of the sixty millions could not make me a traitor. I should still be a patriot, and, in my opinion, the only one in the whole country.

In 1888, at the age of 52, Sam received an honorary Master of Arts degree at Yale University, and the following year would see the arrival of A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.

A time so remote, so far back toward the beginning of original idiocy, that the difference between a bench of judges and a basket of vegetables was as yet so slight that we may say with all confidence that it didn't really exist.

Kings and kingdoms were as thick in Britian as they had been in little Palestine in Joshua's time, when people had to sleep with their knees pulled-up because they couldn't stretch out without a passport.

The king looked puzzled-he wasn't a very heavy weight, intellectually. His head was an hour-glass; it could stow an idea, but it had to do it a grain at a time, not the whole idea at once.

Mainly the Round Table talk was monologues-narrative accounts of the adventures in which these prisoners were captured and their friends and backers killed and stripped of their steeds and armor. As a general thing-as far as I could make out-these murderous adventures were not forays undertaken to avenge injuries, nor to settle old disputes or sudden fallings out; no, as a rule they were simply duels between strangers-duels between people who had never even been introduced to each other, and between whom existed no cause of offense whatever. Many a time I had seen a couple of boys, strangers, meet by chance, and say simultaneously, "I can lick you," and go at it on the spot; but I had always imagined until now that that sort of thing belonged to children only, and it was a sign and mark of childhood; but here were these big boobies sticking to it and taking pride in it clear up into full age and beyond. Yet there was something very engaging about these great simple hearted creatures, something attractive and loveable. There did not seem to be brains enough in the entire nursery, so to speak, to bait a fish-hook with; but you didn't seem to mind that, after a little, because you soon saw that brains were not needed in a society like that, and indeed would have marred it, hindered it, spoiled its symmetry-perhaps rendered its existence impossible.

This was not the sort of experience for a statesman to encounter who was planning out a peaceful revolution in his mind. For it could not help bringing up the unget-aroundable fact that, all gentle cant and philosophizing to the contrary notwithstanding, no people in the world ever did achieve their freedom by goody-goody talk and moral suasion: it being immutable law that all revolution that will succeed must *begin* in blood, whatever may answer afterward. If history teaches anything, it teaches that.

With the storm came a change of weather; and the stronger the wind blew, and the wilder the rain lashed around, the colder and colder it got. Pretty soon, various kinds of bugs and ants and worms and things began to flock in out of the wet and crawl down inside my armor to get warm; and while some of them behaved well enough, and snuggled up amongst my clothes and got quiet, the majority were of a restless, uncomfortable sort, and never stayed still, but went on prowling and hunting for they did not know what; especially the ants, which went tickling along in wearisome procession from one end of me to the other by the hour, and are a kind of creatures which I never wish to sleep with again.

It would be my advice to persons situated in this way, not to roll or thrash around, because this excites the interest of all the different sorts of animals and

makes every last one of them want to turn out and see what is going on, and this makes things worse than they were before, and of course makes you objurgate harder, too, if you can. Still, if one did not roll and thrash around he would die; so perhaps it is as well to do one way as the other; there is no real choice. Even after I was frozen solid I could still distinguish that tickling, just as a corpse does when he is taking electric treatment. I said I would never wear armor after this trip.

A man that is packed away like that is a nut that isn't worth the cracking.

I rigged up my pile driver, and allowed myself fifteen minutes to drive him into the earth-drive him all in-drive him 'til not even the curve of his skull should show above ground.

Black Bess was a fine lass of nice ways and orderly conduct, none ever seeing her drunk above four days in the seven.

You see my kind of loyalty was loyalty to one's country, not to its institutions or its office-holders. The country is the real thing, the substantial thing, the eternal thing; it is the thing to watch over, and care for, and be loyal to; institutions are extraneous, they are its mere clothing, and clothing can wear out, become ragged, cease to be comfortable, cease to protect the body from winter, disease, and death. To be loyal to rags, to shout for rags, to worship rags, to die for rags-that is a loyalty of unreason, it is pure animal; it belongs to monarchy, was invented by monarchy; let monarchy keep it.

1890-54 YEARS OLD

I have been an author for 20 years and an ass for 55.

In my early manhood and in middle life I used to vex myself with reforms every now and then. And I never had occasion to regret these divergencies for, whether the resulting deprivations were long or short, the rewarding pleasure which I got out of the vice when I returned to it always paid me for all that it cost.

Sam's mother, Jane, died in 1890.

The greatest difference which I find between her and the rest of the people whom I have known, is this, and it is a remarkable one: those others felt a strong interest in a few things, whereas to the very day of her death she felt a strong interest in the whole world and everything and everybody in it. In all her life she never knew such a thing as a half-hearted interest in affairs and people, or an interest which drew a line and left out certain affairs and was indifferent to certain people.

When her pity or her indignation was stirred by hurt or shame inflicted upon some defenseless person or creature, she was the most eloquent person I have ever heard speak. It was seldom eloquence of a fiery or violent sort, but gentle, pitying, persuasive, appealing; and so genuine and so nobly and simply worded and so touchingly uttered, that many times I have seen it win the reluctant and splendid applause of tears.

A letter to the Hartford Gas Company, 2/12/91:

Dear Sirs,

Someday you will move me almost to the verge of irritation by your chuckle-headed Goddamned fashion of shutting your Goddamned gas off without giving any notice to your Goddamned parishioners.

Several times you have come within an ace of smothering half of this household in their beds and blowing up the other half by this idiotic, not to say criminal, custom of yours. And it has happened again today. Haven't you a telephone? Ys, S. L. Clemens

The gay nineties would not be so for Sam. For financial reasons he would close the Hartford house and move to Europe. In Italy he would shave his head and hide-out for weeks, and about France, he had nothing good to say.

France has neither winter nor summer nor morals-apart from these drawbacks, it is a fine country.

"Well, Twain, I suppose life can never get entirely dull to an American, because whenever he can't strike up any other way to put in his time, he can always get away with a few years trying to find out who his grandfather was!" ...I was back at him in a flash: "Right, your excellency! But I reckon a Frenchman's got his little stand-by for a dull time, too: because when all other interests fail he can turn in and see if he can't find out who his father was!"

In Marseilles they make half the toilet soap we consume in America, but the people of Marseilles only have a vague theoretical idea of its use, which they have obtained from books of travel.

A portly Frenchman, while preparing for a duel, was heard to ask, "Was there no mention of standing some of this fellow's family alongside him to offset my bulk?"

But then along came Pudd'nhead Wilson, to dramatize Sam's belief that environmental factors determined a man's fate.

Training is everything. A cauliflower is nothing more than a cabbage with a college education.

The cat is the smartest animal in the kingdom. A cat that sits on a hot stove will never sit on a hot stove again. Nor will he sit on a cold one. We should be careful to get out of an experience only the wisdom that is in it.

One striking difference between the cat and a lie is that the cat only has nine lives.

The holy passion of friendship is so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature that it will last through a lifetime, if not asked to lend money.

An enemy can partly ruin a man, but it takes a good natured, injudicious friend to complete the thing and make it perfect.

Don't part with your illusions. when they are gone, you may still exist, but you have ceased to live.

1894-58 YEARS OLD & BROKE

Henry Rogers was a great man. No one denies him that praise. He was great in more ways than one-ways in which other men are great, ways in which he had a monopoly; but in that fine trait which I have mentioned he was uniquely great; he held that high place almost alone, almost without a sharer. If nobilities of character were accorded decorations symbolizing degrees of merit and distinction, I think this one could claim rank, unchallenged, with the Garter and the Golden Fleece.

But what I am trying to place before unfamiliar eyes is the heart of the man.

When the publishing house of Webster & Company failed, in the early 90's, its liabilities exceeded its assets by 66 per cent. I was morally bound for the debts, though not legally. The panic was on, business houses were falling to ruin everywhere, creditors were taking the assets-when there were any-and letting the rest go. Old business friends of mine said: "Business is business, sentiment is sentiment-and this is business. Turn the assets over to the creditors and compromise on that; other creditors are not getting 33 per cent." My wife said, "No, you will pay a hundred cents on the dollar." Mr. Rogers was certainly a business man-no one doubts that. People who know him only by printed report will think they know what his attitude would be in the matter. And they will be mistaken. He sided with my wife. He was the only man who had a clear eye for the situation, and could see that it differed from other apparently parallel situations.

In substance he said this: "Business has its laws and customs, and they are justified; but a literary man's reputation is his life; he can afford to be money poor, but he cannot afford to be character poor; you must earn the cent per cent, and pay it."

My nephew, the late Samuel E. Moffett-himself a literary man-felt in the same way, naturally enough; but I only mention him to recall and revivify a happy remark which he made, and which traveled around the globe: "Honor knows no statute of limitations."

So it was decided. I must cease from idling around and take up work again. I must write a book, also I must return to the lecture platform. My wife said I could clear off the load of debt in four years. Mr. Rogers was more cautious, more conservative, more liberal. He said I could have as many years as I wanted-seven to start with. That was his joke. When he was not in the humor for pleasantry, it was because he was asleep. Privately I was afraid his seven might be nearer the mark than Mrs. Clemens's four.

One day I got a shock-a shock which disturbed me a good deal. I overheard a brief conversation between Mr. Rogers and a couple of other seasoned men of affairs. First man of affairs. "How old is Clemens?"

Mr. Rogers. "Fifty-eight."

First man of affairs. "Ninety-five per cent of the men who fail at fifty-eight never get up again." Second man of affairs. "You can make it ninety-eight per cent and be nearer right."

Those sayings haunted me for several days.

Henry Rogers "launched" Sam on a world lecture circuit that would repay his debts one hundred cents on the dollar and inspire him to write *Following the Equator*: This book is affectionately inscribed to my young friend Harry Rogers, with recognition of what he is, and apprehension of what he may become unless he form himself little more closely upon the model of THE AUTHOR.

Let me make the superstitions of a nation and I care not who makes its laws or its songs either.

At Tacoma, the *Morning Union* reported this compliment: "Close up, his eyes did not look so wild as they did at a distance. Twenty feet away they look not unlike burned holes in a blanket."

That guide or that courier or that dragoman never yet lived upon earth who had in him the faintest appreciation of a joke, even though that joke were so broad and ponderous that if it fell on him it would flatten him out like a postage stamp.

Where he gets his English is his own secret. There is nothing like it elsewhere in the earth; or even in paradise, perhaps, but the other place is probably full of it.

From the lofty ramparts one has a fine view of the sacred rivers. They join together-the pale blue Jumna, apparently clean and clear, and the muddy Ganges, dull yellow and not clean. On a long curved spit between the rivers, towns of tents were visible, with a multitude of fluttering pennons, and a mighty swarm of pilgrims. It was a troublesome place to get down to, and not a quiet place when you arrived; but it was interesting. There was a world of activity and turmoil and noise, partly religious, partly commercial; for the Mohammedans were there to curse and sell, and the Hindus to buy and pray. It is a fair as well as a religious festival.

Crowds were bathing, praying, and drinking the purifying waters, and many sick pilgrims had come long journeys in palanquins to be healed of their maladies by a bath; or if that might not be, then to die on the blessed banks and so make sure of heaven.

There were fakirs in plenty, with their bodies dusted over with ashes and their long hair caked together with cow-dung; for the cow is holy and so is the rest of it; so holy that the Hindu peasant frescoes the walls of his hut with this refuse, and also constructs ornamental figures out of it for the gracing of his dirt floor. There were seated families, fearfully and wonderfully painted, who by attitude and grouping represented the families of certain great gods. There was a holy man who sat naked by the day and by the week on a cluster of iron spikes, and did not seem to mind it; and another holy man, who stood all day holding his withered arms motionless aloft, and was said to have been doing it for years. All of these performers have a cloth on the ground beside them for the reception of contributions, and even the poorest of the people give a trifle and hope that the sacrifice will be blessed to him. At last came a procession of naked holy people marching by and chanting, and I wrenched myself away.

In the train, during a part of the return journey from Baroda, we had the company of a gentleman who had with him a remarkable looking dog. I had not seen one of its kind before, as far as I could remember; though of course I might have seen one and not noticed it, for I am not acquainted with dogs but only with cats. This dog's coat was smooth and shiny and black, and I think it had tan trimmings around the edges of the dog, and perhaps underneath. It was a long, low dog, with very short, strange legs, legs that curved inboard, something like parentheses turned the wrong way). Indeed, it was made on the plan of a bench for length and lowness. It seemed to be satisfied, but I thought the plan poor, and structurally weak, on account of the distance of the forward supports and those abaft. With age the dog's back was likely to sag; and it seemed to me that it would have been a stronger and more practical dog if it had some more legs. It had not begun to sag yet, but the shape of the dog showed that the undue weight imposed upon them was beginning to tell. It had a long nose, and floppy ears that hung down, and a resigned expression of countenance. I did not ask what kind of dog it was, or how it came to be deformed, for it was plain that the gentleman was very fond of it, and naturally he would be sensitive about it. From delicacy I thought it best not to seem to notice it too much.

It had won prizes in dog shows, both in India and in England-I saw them. He said its pedigree was on record in the Kennel Club, and that it was a well-known dog. He said a great many people in London could recognize it the moment they

saw it. I did not say anything, but I did not think it anything strange; I should know that dog again, myself, yet I am not careful about noticing dogs. He said that when he walked along in London, people often stopped and looked at the dog. Of course I did not say anything for I did not want to hurt his feelings, but I could have explained to him that if you take a great long low dog like that and waddle it along the street anywhere in the world and not charge anything, people will stop and look.

I had a dog once. He barked all night long at nothing at all until he died.

If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you. This is the principle difference between a dog and a man.

It is a mistake for a person with an unregulated imagination to go and look at an illustrious world's wonder.

I suppose that many, many years ago I gathered the idea that the Taj's place in the achievement of man was exactly the place of the ice-storm in the achievements of nature; that the Taj represented man's supremest possibility in the creation of grace and beauty and exquisiteness and splendor, just as the ice-storm represents Nature's supremest possibility in the combination of those same qualities. I do not know how long ago that idea was bred in me, but I know that I cannot remember back to a time when the thought of either of these symbols of gracious and unapproachable perfection did not at once suggest the other. If I thought of the ice-storm, the Taj rose before me divinely beautiful; if I thought of the Taj, with its encrustings and inlayings of jewels, the vision of the ice-storm rose. And so, to me, all these years, the Taj had had no rival among the temples and palaces of men, none that even remotely approached it—it was man's architectural ice-storm.

The other night I was talking with some Scotch and English friends, and I mentioned the ice-storm, using it as a figure—a figure which failed, for none of them had heard of the ice-storm.

One gentleman, who was very familiar with American literature, said he had never seen it mentioned in any book. That is strange. And I, myself, was not able to say that I had seen it mentioned in a book; and yet the autumn foliage, with all other American scenery, has received full and competent attention.

The oversight is strange, for in America the ice-storm is an event. And it is not an event which one is careless about. When it comes, the news flies from room to room in the house, there are bangings on the doors, and shoutings, "The ice-

storm! The ice-storm!" and even the laziest sleepers throw off the covers and join the rush for the windows. The ice-storm occurs in midwinter, and usually its enchantments are wrought in the silence and the darkness of the night. A fine drizzling rain falls hour after hour upon the naked twigs and branches of the trees; and as it falls it freezes. In time the trunk and every branch and twig are encased in hard pure ice; so that the tree looks like a skeleton tree made all of glass-glass; that is crystal-clear.

All along the under side of every branch and twig is a comb of little icicles; the frozen drip. Sometimes these pendants do not quite amount to icicles, but are round beads-frozen tears.

The weather clears, toward dawn, and leaves a brisk, pure atmosphere and a sky without a shred of cloud in it-and everything is still, there is not a breath of wind. The dawn breaks and spreads, and news of the storm goes about the houses; and the little and the big, in wraps and blankets, flock to the window and press together there, and gaze intently out upon the great white ghost in the grounds, and nobody says a word, nobody stirs. All are waiting; they know what is coming, and they are waiting-waiting for the miracle. The minutes drift on and on and on, with not a sound but the ticking of the Clock; at last the sun fires a sudden sheaf of rays into the ghostly tree and turns it into a white splendor of glittering diamonds. Everybody catches his breath, and feels a swelling in his throat and a moisture in his eyes-but waits again; for he knows what is coming; there is more yet. The sun climbs higher, and still higher, flooding the tree from its loftiest spread of branches to its lowest, turning it to a glory of white fire; then in a moment, without warning, comes the great miracle, the supreme miracle, the miracle without its fellow in the earth; a gust of wind sets every branch and twig to swaying, and in an instant turns the whole white tree into a spouting and spraying explosion of flashing gems of every conceivable color; and there it stands and sways this way and that, flash! flash! flash! a dancing and glancing world of rubies, emeralds, diamonds, sapphires, the most radiant spectacle, the most blinding spectacle, the divinest, the most exquisite, the most intoxicating vision of fire and color and intolerable and unimaginable splendor that ever any eye has rested upon in this world, or will ever rest upon outside of the gates of heaven.

By all my senses, all my faculties, I know that the ice-storm is Nature's supremest achievement in the domain of the superb and the beautiful; and by my reason, at least, I know that the Taj is man's ice-storm.

...when a thing is a wonder to us it is not because of what we see in it, but because of what others have seen in it. We get almost all our wonders at second

and. We are eager to see any celebrated thing-and we never fail of our reward; just the deep privilege of gazing upon an object which has stirred the enthusiasm or evoked the reverence or affection or admiration of multitudes of our race is a thing which we value...we would not part with the memory of that experience for a great price. And yet that very spectacle may be the Taj. You cannot keep your enthusiasm down, you cannot keep your emotions within bounds when that soaring bubble of marble breaks upon your view. But these are not your enthusiasms and emotions-they are the accumulated emotions and enthusiasms of a thousand fervid writers, who have been slowly and steadily storing them up in your heart day by day and year by year all your life; and now they burst out in a flood and overwhelm you; and you could not be a whit happier if they were your very own. By and by you sober down, and then you perceive that you have been drunk on the smell of somebody else's cork.

I believe that in India "cold weather" is merely a conventional phrase and has come into use through the necessity of having some way to distinguish between weather which will melt a brass door-knob and weather which will only make it mushy.

The sky was an oven, and a sound one too, with no cracks in it to let in any air.

I wonder if the dorian, if that is the name of it, is another superstition, like the peepul tree. There was a great abundance and variety of tropical fruits, but the dorian was never in evidence. It was never the season for the dorian. It was always going to arrive from Burma some time or other, but it never did. By all accounts, it was a most strange fruit, and incomparably delicious to the taste, but not to the smell. Its rind was said to exude a stench of so atrocious a nature that when a dorian was in the room even the presence of a polecat was a refreshment. We found many who had eaten the dorian, and they all spoke of it with a sort of rapture. They said that if you could hold your nose until the fruit was in your mouth a sacred joy would suffuse you from head to foot that would make you oblivious to the smell of the rind, but that if your grip slipped and you caught the smell of the rind before the fruit was in your mouth, you would faint. There is a fortune in that rind. Some day somebody will import it into Europe and sell it for cheese.

In India, Sam rode a railroad car that lurched as if shot from an arrow: "I had previously had but one sensation like the shock of that departure, and that was the

gaspy shock that took my breath away the first time I was discharged from the summit of a toboggan-slide. But in both instances the sensation was pleasurable-intensely so; it was a sudden and immense exaltation, a mixed ecstasy of deadly fright and unimaginable joy. I believe that this combination makes the perfection of human delight."

We wandered contentedly around here and there in India to Lahore, among other places, where the Lieutenant-Governor lent me an elephant. This hospitality stands out in my experiences in a stately isolation. It was a fine elephant, affable, gentlemanly, educated, and I was not afraid of it. I even rode it with confidence through the crowded lanes of the native city, where it scared all the horses out of their senses, and where children were always just escaping its feet. It took the middle of the road in a fine, independent way, and left it to the world to get out of the way or take the consequences. I am used to being afraid of collisions when I ride or drive, but when one is on top of an elephant, that feeling is absent.

He was not a liar, but he will become one if he keeps on. He told me once that he used to crack cocoanuts with his teeth when he was a boy; and when I asked how he got them into his mouth, he said he was upward of six feet high at that time, and had an unusual mouth. Swervings like these from the strict line of fact often beguile a truthful man on and on until he eventually becomes a liar.

In Brooklyn, as in India, they examine a pupil, and when they find out he doesn't know anything, they put him into literature, or geometry, or astronomy, or government, or something like that, so that he can properly display the assification of the whole system.

It is strange and fine-Nature's lavish generousities to her creatures. At least to all of them except man. For those that fly she has provided a home that is nobly spacious—a home which is forty miles deep and envelopes the whole globe, and has not an obstruction in it. For those that swim she had provided a more than imperial domain—a domain which is miles deep and covers four-fifths of the globe. But as for man, she has cut him off with the mere odds and ends of the creation. She has given him the thin skin which is stretched over the remaining one-fifth—the naked bones stick up through it in most places. On the one half of this domain he can raise snow, ice, sand, rocks, and nothing else. So the valuable part of the inheritance really consists of but a single fifth of the family estate; and out of it he has to grub hard to get enough to keep him alive and provide kings and soldiers

and powder to extend the blessings of civilization with. Yet man, in his simplicity and complacency and inability to cipher, thinks Nature regards him as the important member of the family-in fact, her favorite. Surely, it must occur to even his dull head, sometimes, that she has a curious way of showing it.

The ordinary reverence, the reverence defined and explained by the dictionary, costs nothing. Reverence for one's own sacred things-parents, religion, flag, laws, and respect for one's own beliefs-these are feelings which we cannot even help. They come natural to us; they are involuntary, like breathing. There is no personal merit in breathing. But the reverence which is difficult, and which has personal merit in it, is the respect which you pay, without compulsion, to the political or religious attitude of a man whose beliefs are not yours. You can't revere his gods or his politics, and no one expects you to do that, but you could respect his belief in them if you tried hard enough; and you could respect him, too, if you tried hard enough. But it is very, very difficult; it is next to impossible, and so we hardly ever try. If the man doesn't believe as we do, we say he is a crank, and that settles it. I mean it does nowadays, because now we can't burn him.

Dear me, robbery by European nations of each other's territories has never been a sin, is not a sin today. To the several cabinets, the political establishments of the world are clothes-lines; and a large part of the official duty of these cabinets is to keep an eye on each other's wash and grab what they can of it as opportunity offers. All the territorial possessions of all the political establishments in the earth-including America, of course-consist of pilferings from other people's wash. No tribe, howsoever insignificant, and no nation, howsoever mighty, occupies a foot of land that was not stolen. When the English, the French, and the Spaniards reached America, the Indian tribes had been raiding each other's territorial clothes-lines for ages, and every acre of ground in the continent had been stolen and restolen five hundred times. The English, the French, and the Spaniards went to work and stole it all over again; and when that was satisfactorily accomplished they went diligently to work and stole it from each other. In Europe and Asia and Africa every acre of ground has been stolen several millions of times. A crime preserved in a thousand centuries ceases to be a crime, and becomes a virtue. This is the law of custom, and custom supersedes all other forms of law.

I asked Tom if countries always apologized when they had done wrong, and he says: "Yes; the little ones does."

"The Arundel Castle" is the finest boat I have seen in these seas. She is thoroughly modern, and that statement covers a great deal of ground. She has the usual defect, the common defect, the universal defect, the defect that has never been missing from any ship that ever sailed-she has imperfect beds. Many ships have good beds, but no ship has "very" good ones. In the matter of beds, all ships have been badly edited, ignorantly edited, from the beginning. The selection of beds is given to some hearty, stong-backed, self-made man, when it ought to be given to a frail woman accustomed from girlhood to backaches and insomnia. Nothing is so rare, on either side of the ocean, as a perfect bed; nothing is so difficult to make. Some of the hotels on both sides provide it, but no ship ever does or ever did. In Noah's Ark the beds were simply scandalous. Noah set the fashion, and it will endure in one degree of modification or another till the next flood.

Closing in on the equator this noon. A sailor explained to a young girl that the ship's speed is poor because we are climbing up the bulge toward the center of the globe; but that when we should once get over, at the equator, and start downhill, we should fly. When she asked him the other day what the foreyard was, he said it was the front yard, the open area in the front end of the ship. That man has a good deal of learning stored up, and the girl is likely to get it all.

Indeed, the Island Wilderness of Fiji is the very home of romance and dreams and mystery. The loneliness, the solemnity, the beauty, and the deep repose of this wilderness have a charm which is all their own for the bruised spirit of men who have fought and failed in the struggle for life in the great world; and for men who have been hunted out of the great world for crime; and for other men who love an easy and indolent existence; and for others who love a roving free life, and stir and change and adventure; and for yet others who love an easy and comfortable career of trading and money-getting, mixed with plenty of loose matrimony by purchase, divorce without trail or expense, and limitless spreeing thrown in to make life ideally perfect.

His special interest was the fauna of Australasia, and his knowledge of the matter was exhaustive as it was accurate. I already knew a great deal about the rabbits in Australasia and their marvelous fecundity, but in my talks with him I found that my estimate of the great hindrance and obstruction inflicted by the rabbit pest upon traffic and travel was far short of the facts. He told me that the first pair of rabbits imported to Australasia bred so thick in the land that the people had to dig trenches through them to get from town to town.

I knew an Australian man who saw a man kill his enemy, who was hiding behind a tree, with a boomerang. This same man saw a boomerang kill a bird a hundred yards off and bring it to the thrower.

Sydney Harbor is shut in behind a precipice that extends some miles like a wall, and exhibits no break to the ignorant stranger. It has a break in the middle, but it makes so little show that even Captain Cook sailed by it without seeing it. Near by that break is a false break which resembles it, and which used to make trouble for the mariner at night, in the early days before the place was lighted. It caused the memorable disaster of the *Duncan Dunbar*, one of the most pathetic tragedies in the history of that pitiless ruffian, the sea. The ship was a sailing-vessel; a fine and favorite passenger-packet, commanded by a popular captain of high reputation. She was due from England, and Sydney was waiting, and counting the hours; counting the hours and making ready to give her a heart-stirring welcome; for she was bringing back a great company of mothers and daughters, the long-missed light and bloom of life of Sydney homes; daughters that had been years absent at school, and mothers that had been with them all that time watching over them. Of all the world only India and Australasia have by custom freighted ships and fleets with their hearts, and know the tremendous meaning of that phrase; only they know what the waiting is like when this freightage is intrusted to the fickle winds, not steam, and what the joy is like when the ship that is returning this treasure comes safe to port and the long dread is over.

On board the *Duncan Dunbar*, flying toward Sydney Harbor in the waning afternoon, the happy home-comers made busy preparation, for it was not doubted that they would be in the arms of their friends before the day was done; they put away their sea-going clothes and put on clothes meeter for the meeting, their richest and their loveliest, these poor brides of the grave. But the wind lost the force, or there was a miscalculation, and before the Heads were sighted the darkness came on. It was said that ordinarily the captain would have made a safe offing and waited for the morning; but this was no ordinary occasion; all about him were appealing faces, faces pathetic with disappointment. So his sympathy moved him to try the dangerous passage in the dark. He had entered the Heads seventeen times, and believed he knew the ground. So he steered straight for the false opening, mistaking it for the true one. He did not find out that he was wrong until it was too late. There was no saving the ship. The great seas swept her in and crushed her to splinters and rubbish upon the rock tushes at the base of the precipice. Not one of all that fair and gracious company was ever seen again alive.

The tale is told to every stranger that passes the spot, and it will continue to be told to all that come, for generations; but it will never grow old, custom cannot stale it, the heartbreak that is in it can never perish out of it. There were two hundred persons in the ship, and but one survived the disaster. He was a sailor. A huge sea flung him up the face of the precipice and stretched him on a narrow shelf of rock midway between the top and the bottom, and there he lay all night. At any other time he would have lain there for the rest of his life, without chance of discovery; but the next morning the ghastly news swept through Sydney that the Duncan Dunbar had gone down in sight of home, and straightway the walls of the Heads were black with mourners; and one of these, stretching himself out on the precipice to spy out what might be seen below, discovered this miraculously preserved relic of the wreck.

Ropes were brought, and the nearly impossible feat of rescuing the man was accomplished. He was a person with a practical turn of mind, and he hired a hall in Sydney and exhibited himself at sixpence a head till he exhausted the output of the gold-fields for that year.

We are packing to-night for the return-voyage to Australia. Our stay in New Zealand has been too brief; still, we are not unthankful for the glimpse which we have had of it. The sturdy Maoris made the settlement of the country by the whites rather difficult. Not at first-but later. At first they welcomed the whites, and were eager to trade with them-particularly for muskets; for their pastime was internecine war, and they greatly preferred the white man's weapons to their own. War was their pastime-I use the word advisedly. They often met and slaughtered each other just for a lark, and when there was no quarrel. The author of *Old New Zealand* mentions a case where a victorious army could have followed up its advantage and exterminated the opposing army, but declined to do it; explaining naively that "if we did that, there couldn't be any more fighting."

In another battle one army sent word that it was out of ammunition, and would be obliged to stop unless the opposing army would send some. It was sent, and the fight went on.

While in Pertoria, Sam visited the imprisoned Jamestown raiders, and there delivered an impromptu speech. "This jail is as good as any other, and, besides, being in jail has its advantages. A lot of great men have been in jail. If Bunyan had not been in jail, he never would have written *Pilgrim's Progress*. The jail is responsible for *Don Quixote*. I shall use my influence to have your sentences doubled."

On Cecil Rhodes: "I admire him, I frankly confess it; and when his time comes I shall buy a piece of the rope for a keepsake."

La Trappe must have known the human race well. The scheme which he invented hunts out everything that a man wants and values-and withholds it from him. Apparently there is no detail that can help make life worth living that has not been carefully ascertained and placed out of the Trappist's reach. La Trappe must have known that there were men who would enjoy this kind of misery, but how did he find it out?

Jervis Langdon, (the grandson), pointed out that Sam was fond of some card games, though billiards were his chief delight. His comments while playing bezique made cards tolerable even to those who didn't like them. "We-e 1 1, I've detained this dark lady long enough. Never did like her-can't see what that King of Spades sees in her-but *land!* he can have her. Let 'em have a royal marriage and see where they come out."

Jervis also relates, "In the summer of 1897, a band of Jubilee Singers from one of the southern negro schools was touring Europe and making, by the way, a most favorable impression. They sought Mr. Clemens out and asked the privilege of coming to his little villa on the shores of Lake Lucerne to sing to him-just to him."

It is irksome to behave myself. I had rather call on people who know me and will kindly leave me entirely unrestrained, and simply employ themselves in looking out for the spoons.

1896-60 YEARS OLD

Susy passed from life in the Hartford home the 18th of August, 1896. With her when the end came were Jean, and Katy Leary, and John and Ellen (the gardner and his wife). Clara and her mother and I arrived in England from around the world on the 31st of July and took a house in Guildford. A week later, when Susy, Katy and Jean should have been arriving from America, we got a letter instead. It explained that Susy was slightly ill-nothing of consequence. But we were disquieted and began to cable for later news. This was Friday. All day no answer-and the ship to leave Southhampton next day at noon. Clara and her mother began packing, to be ready in case the news should be bad. Finally came a cablegram saying, "Wait for cablegram in the morning." This was not satisfactory-not reassuring. I cabled again, asking that the answer be sent to Southhampton, for the day was now closing. I waited in the post office that night till the doors were closed, toward midnight, in the hope that good news might still come, but there was no message.

We sat silent at home till one in the morning, waiting-waiting for we knew not what. Then we took the earliest morning train and when we reached Southhampton the message was there. It said the recovery would be long but certain. This was a great relief to me but not to my wife. She was frightened. She and Clara went aboard the steamer at once and sailed for America to nurse Susy. I remained behind to search for another and larger house in Guilford. That was the 15th of August, 1896. Three days later, when my wife and Clara were about halfway across the ocean, I was standing in our dining-room, thinking of nothing in particular, when a cable-gram was put into my hand. It said, "Susy was peacefully released to-day."

It is one of the mysteries of our nature that a man, all unprepared, can receive a thunder-stroke like that and live. There is but one reasonable explanation of it. The intellect is stunned by the shock and but gropingly gathers the meaning of the words. The power to realize their full import is mercifully wanting. The mind has a dumb sense of vast loss-that is all. It will take the mind and memory months and possibly years to gather together the details and thus learn and know the whole extent of the loss.

The 18th of August brought me the awful tidings. The mother and the sister were out there in mid-Atlantic, ignorant of what was happening, flying to meet this incredible calamity. All that could be done to protect them from the full force

of the shock was done by relatives and good friends. They went down the Bay and met the ship at night but did not show themselves until morning, and then only to Clara. When she returned to the state-room she did not speak and did not need to. Her mother looked at her and said, "Susy is dead."

There would be much of Susy in *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*.

I like Joan of Arc best of all my books; and it is the best; I know it perfectly well. And besides, it furnished me seven times the pleasure afforded me by any of the others; twelve years of preparation, and two years of writing. The others needed no preparation and got none.

We were twenty-five strong, and well equipped. We rode in double file, Joan and her brothers in the centre of the column, with Jean de Metz at the head of it and the Siur Bertrand at its extreme rear. The knights were so placed to prevent desertions-for the present. In two or three hours we should be in the enemy's country, and then none would venture to desert. By-and-by we began to hear groans and sobs and execrations from different points along the line, and upon inquiry found that six of our men were peasants who had never ridden a horse before, and were finding it very difficult to stay in their saddles, and moreover were now beginning to suffer considerable bodily torture. They had been seized by the governor at the last moment and pressed into the service to make up the tale, and he had placed a veteran alongside of each with orders to help him stick to the saddle, and kill him if he tried to desert.

These poor devils had kept quiet as long as they could, but their physical miseries were become so sharp by this time that they were obliged to give them vent. But we were within the enemy's country now, so there was no help for them, they must continue the march, though Joan said that if they chose to take the risk they might depart. They preferred to stay with us. We modified our pace now, and moved cautiously, and the new men were warned to keep their sorrows to themselves and not get the command into danger with their curses and lamentations.

Toward dawn we rode deep into a forest, and soon all but the sentries were sound asleep in spite of the cold ground and the frosty air.

I woke at noon out of such a solid and stupefying sleep that at first my wits were all astray, and I did not know where I was nor what had been happening. Then my senses cleared, and I remembered. As I lay there thinking over the strange events of the past month or two the thought came into my mind, greatly surprising

me, that one of Joan's prophecies had failed; for where were Noel and the Paladin, who were to join us at the eleventh hour? By this time, you see, I had gotten used to expecting everything Joan said to come true. So being disturbed and troubled by these thoughts, I opened my eyes. Well, there stood the Paladin leaning against a tree and looking down on me! How often that happens: you think of a person, or speak of a person, and there he stands before you, and you not dreaming he is near. It looks as if his being near is really the thing that makes you think of him, and not just an accident, as people imagine. Well, be that as it may, there was the Paladin, anyway, looking down in my face and waiting for me to wake. I was ever so glad to see him, and jumped up and shook him by the hand, and led him a little way from the camp-he limping like a cripple-and told him to sit down, and said-

"Now where have you dropped down from? And how did you happen to light in this place? And what do the soldier-clothes mean? Tell me about it."

He answered-

"I marched with you last night."

"No!" (To myself I said, "The prophecy has not all failed-half of it has come true.")

"Yes, I did. I hurried up from Domremy to join, and was within a half a minute of being too late. In fact, I was too late, but I begged so hard that the governor was touched by my brave devotion to my country's cause-those are the words he used-and so he yielded, and allowed me to come."

I thought to myself, this is a lie, he is one of those six the governor recruited by force at the last moment; I know it, for Joan's prophecy said he would join at the eleventh hour, but not by his own desire. Then I said aloud "I am glad you came; it is a noble cause, and one should not sit at home in times like these."

"Sit at home! I could no more do it than the thunderstone could stay hid in the clouds when the storm calls it."

"That is the right talk. It sounds like you."

That pleased him.

"I'm glad you know me. Some don't. But they will, presently. They will know me well enough before I get done with this war."

"That is what I think. I believe that wherever danger confronts you you will make yourself conspicuous." He was charmed with this speech, and it swelled him up like a bladder. He said-

"If I know myself-and I think I do-my performances in this campaign will give you occasion more than once to remember those words."

"I were a fool to doubt it. That, I know."

"I shall not be at my best, being but a common soldier; still, the country will

hear of me. If I were where I belong; if I were in the place of La Hire, or Saintrilles, or the Bastard of Orleans-well, I say nothing. I am not of the talking kind, like Noel Rainguesson and his sort, I thank God. But it will be *something*, I take it-a novelty in this world, I should say-to raise the fame of a private soldier above theirs, and extinguish the glory of their names with its shadow."

"Why, look here, my friend," I said, "do you know that you have hit out a most remarkable idea there? Do you realize the gigantic proportions of it? For look you: to be a general of a vast renown, what is that? Nothing-history is clogged and confused with them; one cannot keep their names in his memory, there are so many. But a common soldier of supreme renown-why, he would stand alone! He would be the one moon in a firmament of mustard-seed stars; his name would outlast the human race! My friend, who gave you that idea?"

He was ready to burst with happiness, but he suppressed betrayal of it as well as he could. He simply waved the compliment aside with his hand and said, with complacency "It is nothing. I have them often-ideas like that-and even greater ones. I do not consider this one much."

"You astonish me; you do indeed. So it is really your own?"

"Quite. And there is plenty more where it came from"-tapping his head with his finger, and taking occasion at the same time to cant his morion over his right ear, which gave him a very self-satisfied air-

"I do not need to borrow my ideas, like Noel Rainguesson."

"Half an hour ago. He sleeping yonder like a corpse. Rode with us last night."

I felt a great upleap in my heart, and said to myself, now I am at rest and glad; I will never doubt her prophesies again. Then I said aloud-

"It gives me joy. It makes me proud of our village. There is no keeping our lion-hearts at home in these great times, I see that."

"Lion-heart! Who-that baby? Why, he begged like a dog to be let off. Cried, and said he wanted to go to his mother. Him a lion-heart!-that tumble-bug!"

"Dear me, why I supposed he volunteered, of course. Didn't he?"

"Oh yes, volunteered the way people do to the headsman. Why, when he found I was coming up from Domremy to volunteer, he asked me to let him come along in my protection, and see the crowds and the excitement. Well, we arrived and saw the torches filing out at the Castle, and ran there, and the governor had him seized, along with four more, and he begged to be let off, and I begged for his place, and at last the governor allowed me to join, but wouldn't let Noel off, because he was disgusted with him he was such a cry-baby. Yes, and much good *he'll* do the King's service: he'll eat for six and run for sixteen. I hate a pigmy with half a heart and nine stomachs!"

"Why, this is very surprising news to me, and I am sorry and disappointed to hear it. I thought he was a very manly fellow."

The Paladin gave me an outraged look and said:

"I don't see how you can talk like that, I'm sure I don't. I don't see how you could have got such a notion. I don't dislike him, and I'm not saying these things out of prejudice, for I don't allow myself to have prejudices against people. I like him, and have always comraded with him from the cradle, but he must allow me to speak my mind about his faults, and I am willing he shall speak his about mine, if I have any. And true enough, maybe I have; but I reckon they'll bear inspection- I have that idea, anyway. A manly fellow! You should have heard him whine and wail and swear, last night, because the saddle hurt him. Why didn't the saddle hurt me? Pooh- I was as much at home in it as if I had been born there. And yet it was the first time I was ever on a horse. All those old soldiers admired my riding; they said they had never seen anything like it. But him-why, they had to hold him on, all the time."

An odor as of breakfast came stealing through the wood: the Paladin unconsciously inflated his nostrils in lustful response, and got up and limped painfully away, saying he must go and look to his horse.

At bottom he was all right and a good-hearted giant, without any harm in him, for it is no harm to bark, if one stops there and does not bite, and it is no harm to be an ass, if one is content to bray and not kick. If this vast structure of brawn and muscle and vanity and foolishness seemed to have a libellous tongue, what of it? There was no malice behind it; and besides, the defect was not of his own creation; it was the work of Noel Rainguesson, who had nurtured it, fostered it, built it up and perfected it, for the entertainment he got out of it. His careless light heart had to have somebody to hag and chaff and make fun of, the Paladin had only needed development in order to meet its requirements, consequently the development was taken in hand and diligently attended to and looked after, gnat-and-bull fashion, for years, to the neglect and damage of far more important concerns. The result was an unqualified success. Noel prized the society of Paladin above everybody else's; the Paladin preferred anybody's to Noel's. The big fellow was often seen with the little fellow, but it was for the same reason that the bull is often seen with the gnat. With the first opportunity, I had a talk with Noel. I welcomed him to our expedition, and said "It was fine and brave of you to volunteer, Noel."

His eyes twinkled, and he answered-

"Yes, it was rather fine I think. Still, the credit doesn't all belong to me; I had help."

"Who helped you?"

"The governor."

"How?"

"Well, I'll tell you the whole thing. I came up from Domremy to see the crowds and the general show, for I hadn't ever had any experience of such things, of course, and this was a great opportunity; but I hadn't any mind to volunteer. I overtook the Paladin on the road and let him have my company the rest of the way, although he did not want it and said so; and while we were gawking and blinking in the glare of the governor's torches they seized us and four more and added us to the escort, and that is really how I came to volunteer. But after all, I wasn't sorry, remembering how dull life would have been in the village without the Paladin."

"How did he feel about it? Was he satisfied?"

"I think he was glad."

"Why?"

"Because he said he wasn't. He was taken by surprise, you see, and it is not likely that he could tell the truth without preparation. Not that he would have prepared, if he had had the chance, for I do not think he would. I am not charging him with that. In the same space of time that he could prepare to speak the truth, he could also prepare to lie; besides, his judgement would be cool then, and would warn him against fooling with new methods in an emergency. No, I am sure he was glad, because he said he wasn't." "Do you think he was very glad?"

"Yes, I know he was. He begged like a slave, and bawled for his mother. He said his health was delicate, and he didn't know how to ride a horse, and he knew he couldn't outlive the first march. But really he wasn't looking as delicate as he was feeling. There was a cask of wine there, a proper lift for four men. The governor's temper got afire, and he delivered an oath at him that knocked up the dust where it struck the ground, and told him to shoulder that cask or he would carve him to cutlets and send him home in a basket. The paladin did it, and that secured his promotion to a privacy in the escort without any further debate."

"Yes, you seem to make it quite plain that he was glad to join-that is, if your premises are right that you start from. How did he stand the march last night?"

"About as I did. If he made the more noise, it was the privilege of his bulk. We stayed in our saddles because we had help. We are equally lame to-day, and if he likes to sit down, let him; I prefer to stand."

It is curious that physical courage should be so common in the world, and moral courage so rare.

Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear-not absence of fear.

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1900-64 YEARS OLD CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

"Apodictical principle." The word flattened itself against my mind trying to get in.

This last summer, when I was on my way back to Vienna from the Appetite Cure in the mountains, I fell over a cliff in the twilight and broke some arms and legs and one thing or another, and by good luck was found by some peasants who had lost an ass, and they carried me to the nearest habitation. There was a village a mile away, and a horse doctor lived there, but there was no surgeon. It seemed a bad outlook; mine was distinctly a surgery case. Then it was remembered that a lady from Boston was summering in that village, and she was a Christian Science doctor and could cure anything. So she was sent for. It was night by this time and she could not conveniently come, but sent word that it was no matter, there was no hurry, she would give me "absent treatment" now, and come in the morning; meantime she begged me to make myself tranquil and comfortable and remember that there was nothing the matter with me. I thought there must be some mistake.

"Did you tell her I walked off a cliff seventy-five feet high?"

"Yes."

"And struck a boulder at the bottom and bounced?"

"Yes."

"And broke the boulders?"

"Yes."

"That accounts for it; she is thinking of the boulders. Why didn't you tell her that I got hurt too?"

"I did. I told her what you told me to tell her: that you were now but an incoherent series of compound fractures extending from your scalp-lock to your heels, and that the comminuted projections caused you to look like a hat rack."

"And it was after this that she wished me to remember that there was nothing the matter with me?"

"Those were her words."

"I do not understand it. I believe she has not diagnosed the case with sufficient care. Did she look like a person who was theorizing, or did she look like one who

has fallen off precipices herself and brings to the aid of abstract science the confirmations of personal experience?"

"Bitte?"

Under the powerful influence of the near treatment and the absent treatment together, my bones were gradually retreating inward and disappearing from view. The good work took a brisk start, now, and went on swiftly. My body was diligently straining and stretching, this way and that to accommodate the process of restoration, and every minute or two I heard a dull click inside and knew that the two ends of a fracture had been successfully joined.. This muffled clicking and gritting and grinding and rasping continued during the next three hours, they then stopped-the connections had all been made. All except dislocations; there were only seven of these: hips, shoulders, knees, neck; so that was soon over; one after another they slipped into their sockets with a sound like pulling a distant cork, and I jumped up as good as new, as to framework, and sent for the horse doctor.

I was obliged to do this because I had a stomach-ache and a cold in the head, and I was not willing to trust these things any longer in the hands of a woman whom I did not know, and in whose ability to successfully treat mere disease I had lost all confidence.

In Austria there is a peasant who drives a great trade in this sort of industry, and has both the high and the low for patients. He gets into prison every now and then for practicing without a diploma, but his business is as brisk as ever when he gets out, for his work is unquestionably successful and keeps his reputation high.

The question is, can Christian Science secure a thing worth two or three thousand times more than an appeal to the intellect-an environment? Is it time for regular Christianity to get alarmed? Or shall regular Christianity smile a smile and turn over and take another nap?

If religion were got by reasoning, we should have the extraordinary spectacle of an American family with a Presbyterian in it, and a Baptist, a Methodist, a Catholic and a Mormon.

When we do not know a public man personally, we guess him out by the facts of his career. When it is in Washington, we all arrive at about one and the same result. We agree that his words and his acts clearly interpret his character to us, and that they never leave us in doubt as to the motives whence the words and acts

proceeded. It is the same with Joan of Arc, it is the same with two or three or five or six others among the immortals. But in the matter of motives and of a few details of character we agree to disagree on Napoleon, Cromwell, and all the rest; and to this list we must add Mrs. Eddy. I think we can peacefully agree as to her motives, therefore her character must remain crooked to some of us and straight to the others.

In this article there is another exhibition of a couple of the large features of Mrs. Eddy's remarkable make-up: her business talent and her knowledge of human nature. She does not beseech and implore people to join in her church. She knows the human race better than that. She gravely goes through the motions of reluctantly granting admission to the applicant as a favor to him. The idea is worth untold shekels.

She knows that if you wish to confer upon a human being something which he is not sure he wants, the best way is to make it apparently difficult for him to get it-then he is no son of Adam if that apple does not assume an interest in his eye which it lacked before.

An uncle of mine said it was always difficult to drive a straight text through an unaccommodating cork, but that if you twisted it it would go.

In all matters of opinion, our adversaries are insane.

With all our brains we cannot invent a religion and market it.

The hand that wrote her autobiography was not the hand that wrote *Science and Health*.

Although she may regard "self-deification as blasphemous," she is as fond of it as I am of pie.

1902-66 YEARS OLD

Sam receives an honorary Doctor of Letters degree from the University of Missouri.

But language is a treacherous thing, a most unsure vehicle, and it can seldom arrange descriptive words in such a way that they will not inflate the facts-by help of the reader's imagination, which is always ready to take a hand, and work for nothing, and do the bulk of it at that.

I do not claim that I can tell a story the way it ought to be told. I only claim to know how a story ought to be told, for I have been almost daily in the company of the most expert story-tellers for many years.

There are several kinds of stories, but only one difficult kind-the humorous. The humorous story is American, the comic story is English, the witty story is French.

The humorous story depends for its effect upon the *manner* of the telling; the comic story and the witty story depend upon the *matter*.

The humorous story may be spun out to great length, and may wander around as much as it pleases, and arrive nowhere in particular; but the comic and witty stories must be brief and end with a point. The humorous story bubbles gently along, the others burst.

The humorous story is strictly a work of art-high and delicate art-and only an artist can tell it; but no art is necessary in telling the comic and the witty story; anybody can do it. The art of telling a humorous story-understand, I mean by word of mouth, not print-was created in America, and has remained at home.

The humorous story is told gravely; the teller does his best to conceal the fact that he even dimly suspects that there is anything funny about it; but the teller of the comic story tells you beforehand that it is one of the funniest things he has ever heard, then tells it with eager delight, and is the first person to laugh when he gets through. And sometimes, if he has had good success, he is so glad and happy that he will repeat the "nub" of it and glance around from face to face, collecting applause, and then repeat it again.

Very often of course, the rambling and disjointed humorous story finishes with a nub, point, snapper, or whatever you like to call it. Then the listener must be alert, for in many cases the teller will divert attention from the nub by dropping

it in a carefully casual and indifferent way, with the pretense that he does not know it is a nub.

But the teller of the comic story does not slur the nub; he shouts it at you-every time. And when he prints it, in England, France, Germany and Italy, he italicizes it, puts some whooping exclamation points after it; and sometimes explains it in a parenthesis. All of which is very depressing, and makes one want to renounce joking and lead a better life. Let me set down an instance of the comic method, using an anecdote which has been popular all over the world for twelve or fifteen hundred years. The teller tells it in this way:

In the course of a certain battle a soldier whose leg had been shot off appealed to another soldier who was hurrying by to carry him to the rear, informing him at the same time of the loss to which he had sustained: whereupon the generous son of Mars, shouldering the unfortunate, proceeded to carry out his desire. The bullets and cannon-balls were flying in all directions, and presently one of the latter took the wounded man's head off-without, however, his deliverer being aware of it. In no long time he was hailed by an officer, who said:

"Where are you going with that carcass?"

"To the rear, sir-he's lost his leg!"

"His leg, forsooth?" responded the astonished officer; "you mean his head, you booby!"

Whereupon the soldier dispossessed himself of his burden, and stood looking down upon it in great perplexity. At length he said:

"It is true, sir, just as you have said." Then after a pause he added, "But he TOLD me IT WAS HIS LEG!!!!"

Here the narrator bursts into explosion after explosion of thunderous horse-laughter, repeating that nub from time to time through his gaspings and shriekings and suffocatings.

The pause is an exceedingly important feature in any kind of story, vastly more important than the word it replaces, and a frequently recurring feature, too. It is a dainty thing, and delicate, and also uncertain and treacherous; for it must be exactly the exact length-no more and no less-or it fails of its purpose and makes trouble. If the pause is too short the impressive point is passed, and the audience has had time to divine that a surprise is intended-and then you can't surprise them, of course.

The pause is not much use to the man who is reading from a book because he cannot know what the exact length of it ought to be; he is not the one to determine

the measurement-the audience must do that for him. He must perceive by their faces when the pause has reached the proper length, but his eyes are not on the faces, they are on the book; therefore he must determine the proper length of the pause by guess; he cannot guess with exactness and nothing but exactness, absolute exactness, will answer. ...For one audience the pause will be short, for another a little longer...the performer must vary the length...to suit the shades of difference between audiences...

I used to play with the pause as other children play with a toy...In the Negro ghost story of "*The Golden Arm*" one of these pauses occurs just in front of the closing remark. Whenever I got the pause the right length, the remark that followed it was sure of a satisfactorily startling effect, but if the length of the pause was wrong by five-millionth of an inch, the audience had had time in that infinitesimal fraction of a moment to wake up from its deep concentration in the grisly tale and foresee the climax, and be prepared for it before it burst upon them-and so it fell flat.

My books are water; those of the great geniuses are wine-everybody drinks water.

Orion wrote that he was not resuming law; that he thought that what his health needed was the open air, in some sort of outdoor occupation; that his old father-in-law had a strip of ground on the river border a mile above Keokuk with some sort of a house on it, and his idea was to buy that place and start a chicken farm and provide Keokuk with chickens and eggs, and perhaps butter-but I don't know whether you can raise butter on a chicken farm or not. He said the place could be had for three thousand dollars cash, and I sent the money. Orion began to raise chickens, and he made a detailed monthly report to me, whereby it appeared that he was able to work off his chickens on the Keokuk people at a dollar and a quarter a pair. But it also appeared that it cost a dollar and sixty cents to raise the pair. This did not seem to discourage Orion, and so I let it go.

Meantime he was borrowing a hundred dollars per month of me regularly, month by month. Now to show Orion's stern and rigid business ways-and he really prided himself on his large business capacities-the moment he received the advance of a hundred dollars at the beginning of each month, he sent me his note for the amount, and with it he sent, out of that money, three months interest on the hundred dollars at 6 per cent per annum, these notes being always for three months. I did not keep them of course. They were of no value to anybody.

As I say, he always sent a detailed statement of the month's profit and loss on

the chickens-at least the month's loss on the chickens-and this detailed statement included the various items of expense-corn for the chickens, a bonnet for the wife, boots for himself, and so on; even car fares, and the weekly contribution of ten cents to help out the missionaries who were trying to damn the Chinese after a plan not satisfactory to those people. But five dollars for pew rent I struck. I told him to change his religion and sell the pew.

Tomorrow will be the thirty-sixth anniversary of our marriage. My wife passed from this life one year and eight months ago, in Florence, Italy, after an unbroken illness of twenty-two months' duration.

I saw her first in the form of an ivory miniature in her brother Charlie's stateroom in the steamer Quaker City in the Bay of Smyrna, in the summer of 1867, when she was in her twenty-second year.

I saw her in the flesh for the first time in New York in the following December. She was slender and beautiful and girlish-and she was both girl and woman. She remained both girl and woman to the last day of her life. Under a grave and gentle exterior burned inextinguishable fires of sympathy, energy, devotion, enthusiasm, and absolutely limitless affection. She was always frail in body, and she lived upon her spirit, whose hopefulness and courage were indestructible.

She poured out her prodigal affections in kisses and caresses, and in a vocabulary of endearments whose profusion was always an astonishment to me. I was born *reserved* as to endearments of speech, and caresses, and hers broke upon me as the summer waves break upon Gibraltar.

Her heart was tropically warm. She possessed a heart of finer metal than any gold that was ever mined or minted.

Wheresoever she was, there was Eden.

Love seems the swiftest, but it is the slowest of all growths. No man or woman knows what perfect love is until they have been married a quarter of a century.

There is no place for comparison between friendships between two persons of the same sex and that of man and wife; the one is earthly, the other divine.

There are two or three solemn things in life and a happy marriage is one of them.

As Huck said about Mary Jane, "She was the best girl I ever saw, and had the most sand."

From Eve's Diary:

Thursday: My first sorrow. Yesterday he avoided me and seemed to wish I would not talk to him. I could not believe it, and thought there was some mistake, for I loved to be with him, and loved to hear him talk, and so how could it be that he could feel unkind toward me when I had not done anything? But at last it seemed true, so I went away and sat lonely in the place where I first saw him the morning that we were made and I did not know what he was and was indifferent about him; but now it was a mournful place, and every little thing spoke of him, and my heart was very sore. I did not know why very clearly, for it was a new feeling; I had not experienced it before, and it was all a mystery, and I could not make it out.

But when night came I could not bear the lonesomeness, and went to the new shelter which he has built, to ask him what I had done that was wrong and how I could mend it and get back his kindness again; but he put me out in the rain, and it was my first sorrow.

Sunday: It is pleasant again, now, and I am happy; but those were heavy days; I do not think of them when I can help it.

I tried to get him some of those apples, but I cannot learn to throw straight. I failed, but I think the good intention pleased him. They are forbidden, and he says I shall come to harm; but so I come to harm through pleasing him, why shall I care for that harm?

Monday: This morning I told him my name, hoping it would interest him. But he did not care for it. It is strange. If he should tell me his name, I would care. I think it would be pleasanter in my ears than any other sound.

He talks very little. Perhaps it is because he is not bright, and is sensitive about it and wishes to conceal it. It is such a pity that he should feel so, for brightness is nothing; it is in the heart that the values lie. I wish I could make him understand that a loving good heart is riches, and riches enough, and that without it intellect is poverty.

Adam and Eve had many advantages, the principle one was that they escaped teething.

We easily perceive that the peoples furthest from civilization are the ones where equality between man and woman are furthest apart-and we consider this one of the signs of savagery. But we are so stupid that we can't see that we thus plainly admit that no civilization can be perfect until exact equality between man and woman is included.

I am proud...of being chosen to respond to this especial toast to "The Ladies," or to women if you please, for that is the preferable term, perhaps. It is certainly the older, and therefore the more entitled to reverence. I have noticed that the Bible with that plain, blunt honesty which is such a conspicuous characteristic of the Scriptures, is always particular to never refer to even the illustrious mother of all mankind as a "lady," but speaks of her as a woman.

Day before yesterday all Vassar, ancient and modern, packed itself into the Hudson Theatre, and I was there. The occasion was a benefit arranged by Vassar and its friends to raise money to aid poor students of that college in getting through the college course. I was not aware that I was to be a feature of the show, and was distressed and most uncomfortably inflamed with blushes when I found it out. Really the distress and the blushes were manufactured, for at bottom I was glad. I held a reception on that stage for an hour or two, and all Vassar, ancient and modern, shook hands with me. Some of the moderns were too beautiful for words, and I was very friendly with those. I was so hoping somebody would want to kiss me for my mother, but I didn't dare to suggest it myself. Presently, however, when it happened, I did what I could to make it contagious, and succeeded. This required art, but I had it in stock. I seemed to take the old and the new as they came, without discrimination, but I averaged the percentage to my advantage, and without anybody's suspecting, I think.

...there is nothing in dreams. Dreams merely proceed from indigestion-there is no quality of intelligence in them-they are thoroughly fantastic and without beginning, logical sequence, or definite end. Nobody in our day, but the stupid or the ignorant attaches any significance to them.

I shall exert myself in every way that promises to harden my muscles and toughen and strengthen my frame. I shall use method in my exercises too. I shall change and change about-not lying under one tree until injury from over-exertion sets in, but changing to another now and then. And I shall not "sit around" until over-heated but will watch my pulse and go to bed as soon as I find I am crowding

my powers. Some people ruin their health by pure injudiciousness-but you never catch me ripping and tearing around. That is the reason why I never break myself down.

When you are on skates you waddle off as stuffy and stupid and ungainly as a buzzard that's had half a horse for dinner.

I think a photograph is a most important document, and there is nothing more damning to go down to posterity than a silly, foolish smile caught and fixed forever.

1905-69 YEARS OLD

In 1905, Sam was invited to visit Virginia City. His reply to Robert Fulton spoke volumes.

Dear Mr. Fulton:

I remember, as if it were yesterday, that when I disembarked from the overland stage in front of the Ormsby in Carson City in August, 1861, I was not expecting to be asked to come again. I was tired, discouraged, white with alkali dust, and did not know anybody; and if you had said then, "Cheer up, desolate stranger, don't be downhearted-pass on, and come again in 1905," you cannot think how grateful I would have been and how gladly I would have closed the contract...

...I thank you sincerely for the invitation; and with you, all Virginia City, and if I were a few years younger, I would accept it, and promptly. I would go. I would let somebody else do the oration, but, as for me, I would talk-just talk-and have the time of my life! I would march the unforgotten and unforgettable antiques by, and name their names, and give them reverent "Hail-and-farewell" as they passed: Goodman, McCarthy, Gillis, Curry, Baldwin, Winters, Howard Nye, Stewart, Neely Johnson, Hal Clayton, North, Root, and my brother-upon whom be peace!-and then the desperados, who made life a joy and the "Slaughterhouse" a precious possession: Sam Brown, Farmer Pete, Bill Mayfield, Six-fingered Jake, Jack Williams, and the rest of the Crimson discipleship...Believe me, I would start a resurrection it would do you more good to look at than the next one will...

Those were the days!-those old ones. They will come no more. Youth will come no more. They were so full to the brim with the wine of life; there have been no others like them. It chokes me up to think of them. Would you like me to come out there and cry? It would not bestem my white head. Goodbye. I drink to you all. Have a good time-and take an old man's blessing.

The Comstock was different from my native village of Hartford, where half of the people were alive, the other half dead, and it took an expert to tell them apart.

Now I am seventy. Seventy!

I am old. I recognize it, but I don't realize it. I wonder if a person ever ceases to feel young? I mean for a whole day at a time?

Well, when you get to be seventy-actually, I am older than that, but seventy is enough-after that there is too much risk.

When you get to be this age, you are supposed to be able to sit up on that seven terraced summit and tell the rest of the world how you got up there. They all do it, you know, all these garrulous old people. They explain the process and dwell on the particulars with senile rapture. Well, I've been anxious to explain my system for some time, and now I have the right.

We have no permanent habits until we are forty. Then they begin to harden, presently they petrify, then business begins.

I have achieved my seventy years in the usual way: by sticking strictly to a scheme of life that would kill anyone else. Now I have just a few simple rules that I try to follow: I make it a point never to smoke more than one cigar at a time. I have no other restrictions. I never smoked any cigars with life belts around them either. They were always too expensive for me. I always smoked cheap ones. Reasonably cheap, that is. Sixty years ago they cost me four dollars a barrel, but my taste has improved lately, and I pay seven now. Six or seven. Seven, I think. Yes, it is seven. But that includes the barrel.

As for diet, I've tried to be very strict about sticking to things that don't agree with me until one or the other of us got the best of it. Well, 'til recently, I always got the best of it myself; but last spring I did stop frolicking with mince pie after midnight.. Until then, I always believed it wasn't loaded.

I will offer here, as a sound maxim, this: That we can't reach old age by another man's road. My habits protect my life, but they'd probably assassinate you. You have to make up your own rules and then stick to them. That's not as easy as it sounds, either, because there's bound to be somebody trying to reform you, trying to take all the pleasure right out of your life, and replace it with dreariness. But don't let them! If you can't make seventy by a comfortable road, don't go.

I had a lady friend who was ill just last week and she asked me, "Sam, I feel awful, how can I feel better?" Well, I told her what my doctor told me, I said, "Dear, you must give up drinking, and smoking and swearing and eating all matter of things that don't agree with each other's company."

"But, Sam," she said, "That would be easy. You see, I don't drink, and I don't smoke, and I've never sworn..."

Well, there it was. She had neglected her vices...this poor moral pauper; a sinking ship with no baggage to throw over. One little bad habit might have saved her.

I'm often asked why I wear this white suit. This is my "don't-care-a-damn" suit. Well, I've traveled around a good deal and I've mixed with royalty, and savages, and common ordinary people, and there is one thing that always struck me wherever I went: Clothes make the man. Naked people have little or no influence in society.

Whatever a man's age, he can reduce it several years by putting a brightly colored flower in his buttonhole.

Consider well the proportion of things. It is better to be a young June bug than an old Bird of Paradise.

ADVICE TO YOUTH

Never handle firearms carelessly. The sorrow and suffering that have been caused through the innocent but heedless handling of firearms by the young! Only four days ago, right in the next farmhouse to the one where I am spending the summer, a grandmother, old and gray and sweet, one of the liveliest spirits in the land, was sitting at her work, when her young grandson crept in and got down an old, battered rusty gun which had not been touched for many years and was supposed not to be loaded, and pointed it at her, laughing and threatening to shoot. In her fright she ran screaming and pleading toward the door on the other side of the room; but as she passed him he placed the gun almost against her very breast and pulled the trigger! He had supposed it was not loaded. And he was right-it wasn't. So there wasn't any harm done. It is the only case of that kind that I have ever heard of. Therefore, just the same, don't meddle with old unloaded firearms; they are the most deadly and unerring things that have ever been created by man. You don't have to take any pains at all with them; you don't have to take any aim, even. No, you just pick out a relative and bang away, and you are sure to get him. A youth who can't hit a cathedral at thirty yards with a Gatling gun in three-quarters of an hour, can take up an old empty musket and bag his grandmother every time.

1907-71 YEARS OLD

Sam receives a Doctor of Literature degree from Oxford University.

London-1907: "...the heartfelt grip of the hand, and the welcome that does not descend from the pale-gray matter of the brain, but rushes up with the red blood from the heart."

Following the ceremony at Oxford, Sam would wear his robes proudly, a festive crowd gathered at Sir Gilbert Parker's for a dinner party, where Sam met Winston Churchill. Following dinner Sam and Winnie went to the top floor to have a smoke and talk. There was much conjecture as to what the result would be. Some said whichever got the floor first would hold it without a break, and Sam being the old and experienced one would get it, and that Churchill's lungs would have a half-hour's rest for the first time in five years. By and by, when they returned to the party, Winston was asked if he had a good time, and he answered eagerly, "Yes." When Sam was asked the same question, he hesitated, then said without eagerness, "I had a good smoke."

Theodore Roosevelt is one of the most impulsive men in existence. That is the reason why he has impulsive secretaries. President Roosevelt probably never thinks of the right way to do anything. That is why he has secretaries who are not able to think of the right way to do anything. We naturally gather around us people whose ways and dispositions agree with our own. Mr. Roosevelt is one of the most likeable men that I am acquainted with. I have known him, and have occasionally met him, dined in his company, lunched in his company, for certainly twenty years. I always enjoy his society, he is so hearty, so straightforward, outspoken, and, for the moment, so absolutely sincere. These qualities endear him to me when he is acting in his capacity of private citizen, they endear him to all his friends. But when he is acting under their impulse as President, they make him a sufficiently queer President. He flies from one thing to another with incredible dispatch—throws a somersault and is straightaway back again where he was last week. He will then throw some more somersaults and nobody can foretell where he is finally going to land after the series. Each act of his, and each opinion expressed, is likely to abolish or controvert some previous act or expressed opinion. This is what is happening to him all the time as President.

But every opinion that he expresses is certainly his sincere opinion at that moment, and it is as certainly not the opinion which he was carrying around in his system three or four weeks earlier, and was just as sincere and honest as the latest one. No, he can't be accused of insincerity-that is not the trouble. His trouble is that his newest interest is the one that absorbs him; absorbs the whole of him from his head to his feet, and for the time being it annihilates all previous opinions and feelings and convictions. He is the most popular human being that has ever existed in the United States, and that popularity springs from just these enthusiasms of his-these joyous ebullitions of excited sincerity. It makes him so much like the rest of the people. They see themselves reflected in him. They also see that his impulses are not often mean. They are almost always large, fine, generous. He can't stick to one of them long enough to find out what kind of chick it would hatch if it had a chance, but everybody recognizes the generosity of the intention and admires it and loves him for it.

He will be remembered as a great conservationist and a great hunter.

This morning's cables contain a verse or two from Kipling, voicing his protest against liberalizing new policy of the British government which he fears will deliver the balance of power in South Africa into the hands of the conquered Boers.

Kipling's name and Kipling's words always stir me now, stir me more than do any other living man's. But I remember a time, seventeen or eighteen years back, when the name did not suggest anything to me and only the words moved me. At that time Kipling's name was beginning to be known here and there in spots in India, but had not traveled outside of that empire. He came over and traveled about America, maintaining himself by correspondence with Indian journals. He wrote dashing, free-handed, brilliant letters but no one outside of India knew about it.

On his way through the State of New York he stopped off at Elmira and made a tedious and blistering journey up to Quarry Farm in quest of me. He ought to have telephoned the farm first; then he would have learned that I was at the Langdon homestead, hardly a quarter of a mile from his hotel. But he was only a lad of twenty-four and properly impulsive and he set out without inquiring on that dusty and roasting journey up the hill. He found Susy Crane and my little Susy there and they came as near making him comfortable as the weather and the circumstances would permit.

The group sat on the veranda and while Kipling rested and refreshed himself he refreshed the others with his talk, talk of a quality which was well above what

they were accustomed to, talk which might be likened to footprints, so strong and definite was the impression which it left behind. They often spoke wonderingly of Kipling's talk afterward and they recognized that they had been in the contact with an extraordinary man, but it is more likely that they were the only persons who had perceived that he was extraordinary. It is not likely that they perceived his full magnitude, it is most likely that they were Eric Ericsons who had discovered a continent but did not suspect the horizonless extent of it. His was an unknown name and was to remain unknown for a year yet, but Susy kept his card and treasured it as an interesting possession. Its address was Allahabad.

No doubt India had been to her an imaginary land up to this time, a fairyland, a dreamland, a land made out of poetry and moonlight for the *Arabian Nights* to do their gorgeous miracles in; and doubtless Kipling's flesh and blood and modern clothes realized it to her for the first time and solidified it. I think so because she more than once remarked upon its incredible remoteness from the world that we were living in, and computed that remoteness and pronounced the result with a sort of awe, fourteen thousand miles, or sixteen thousand, whichever it was. Kipling had written upon the card a compliment to me. This gave the card an additional value in Susy's eyes, since as a distinction it was the next thing to being recognized by a denizen of the moon.

Kipling came down that afternoon and spent a couple of hours with me, and at the end of that time I had surprised him as much as he had surprised me, and the honors were easy. I believed that he knew more than any person I had met before, and I knew that he knew I knew less than any person he had met before—though he did not say it and I was not expecting that he would. (Sometimes it is better to remain silent and appear ignorant, than to open your mouth and remove all doubt.)

When he was gone, Mrs. Langdon wanted to know about my visitor. I said, "He is a stranger to me but he is a most remarkable man—and I am the other one. Between us, we cover all knowledge; he knows all that is worth knowing and I know the rest."

He was a stranger to me and to all the world and remained so for twelve months, then he became suddenly known and universally known. From that day to this he has held this unique distinction: that of being the only living person, not head of a nation, whose voice is heard around the world the moment it drops a remark, the only such voice in existence that does not go by slow ship and rail but always travels first-class by cable.

Sam insisted that the pun was the "saddest evidence of intellectual poverty."

But he was not above using one when the occasion called: "Since England and America have been joined in Kipling, may they never be severed in Twain."

Sam once said about a man, "...He did not smoke or chew tobacco or take snuff, he did not swear or use slang or rude or coarse or indelicate language, or make puns."

Receiving honorary degrees along with Sam at Oxford in 1907 were Rodin the sculptor and Sam's friend Rudyard Kipling, who said of that occasion, "When Mark Twain advanced to receive the hood, even those dignified old Oxford dons stood up and yelled. To my mind he was the largest man of his time, both in the direct outcome of his work, and, more important still, as an indirect force in an age of iron Philistinism. Later generations don't know their debt, of course, and they would be quite surprised if they did."

But perhaps the most quoted comment on Sam's work came from Ernest Hemingway: "All American literature comes from one book by Mark Twain called Huckleberry Finn...it's the best book we've had. All American writing comes from that. There was nothing before. There has been nothing good since."

BRET HARTE

There is only one expert who is qualified to examine the souls and the life of a people and make a valuable report-the native novelist. This expert is so rare that the most populous country can never have fifteen conspicuously and confessedly competent ones in stock at one time. This native specialist is not qualified to begin work until he has been absorbing during twenty-five years. How much of his competency is derived from conscious "observation"? The amount is so slight that it counts for next to nothing in the equipment. Almost the whole capital of the novelist is the slow accumulation of unconscious observation-absorption. The native expert's intentional observation of manners, speech, character, and ways of life can have value, for the native knows what they mean without having to cipher out the meaning. But I should be astonished to see a foreigner get at the right meanings, catch the elusive shades of these subtle things. Even the native novelist becomes a foreigner, with a foreigner's limitations, when he steps from the state whose life is familiar to him into a state whose life he has not lived. Bret Harte got his California and his Californians by unconscious absorption, and put both of them into his tales alive. But when he came from the Pacific to the Atlantic and

tried to do Newport life from study-conscious observation-his failure was absolutely monumental. Newport is a disastrous place for the unacclimated observer, evidently.

Bret Harte was suddenly snatched out of obscurity by our papers and throned in the clouds-all the editors in the land stood out in the inclement weather and adored him through their telescopes and swung their hats till they wore them out and then borrowed more; and the first time his family fell sick, and in his trouble and harassment he ground out a rather flat article in place of another heathen Chineese, that hurrahing host said, "Why, this man's a fraud," and then they began to reach up there for him. And they got him, too, and fetched him down, and walked over him, and rolled him in the mud, and tarred and feathered him, and then set him up for a target and have been heaving dirt at him ever since.

"His forte is pathos, but there should be no pathos which does not come out of a man's heart. He has no heart, except his name, and I consider he has produced nothing that is genuine. He is artificial."

When the personal debt to him reached three thousand dollars, Harte offered Sam a note. "But I was not keeping a museum and didn't take it."

Some attribute the failure of Sam's stage plays to his attempt at denotative writing, when his strength lay in connotative writing, as in: "This was the Sundayist place on earth." His strength was in his power of "sardonic revelation." "The US government has spent a lot of money killing Indians. We have killed 200 Indians. What did it cost? \$2,000,000. You could have given them a college education for that."

The "literary offenses" of James Fennimore Cooper, Sam called, "...literary delirium tremens."

Every time a Cooper person is in peril and absolute silence is worth four dollars a minute, he is sure to step on a dry twig. The Leather Stocking Series ought to have been called the "Dry Twig Series."

In the matter of intellect, the difference between a Cooper Indian and the Indian that stands in front of the cigar store is not spacious.

Jane Austen's books are absent from this library. That one omission alone

would make a pretty good library out of a library that hadn't a book in.

Professor Trent said that Sir Walter Scott would outlive all his critics. I guess that's true. The fact of the business is, you've got to be one of two ages to appreciate Scott. When you're eighteen you can read *Ivanhoe*, and you want to wait until you are ninety to read some of the rest. It takes a pretty well-regulated abstemious critic to live ninety years.

In a diary which Mrs. Clemens kept for a little while, a great many years ago, I find various mentions of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who was a near neighbor of ours in Hartford, with no fences between. And in those days she made as much use of our grounds as of her own, in pleasant weather. Her mind had decayed and she was a pathetic figure. She wandered about all the day long in the care of a muscular Irishwoman. Among the colonists of our neighborhood the doors always stood open in pleasant weather. Mrs. Stowe entered them at her own free will, and as she was always softly slippered and generally full of animal spirits, she was able to deal in surprises, and she liked to do it. She would slip up behind a person who was deep in dreams and musings and fetch a war whoop that would jump that person out of his clothes. And she had other moods. Sometimes we would hear gentle music in the drawing-room and would find her there at the piano singing ancient and melancholy songs with infinitely touching effect.

In a note to Sam, George Bernard Shaw wrote: "I am persuaded that the future historian of America will find your works as indispensable to him as a French historian finds the political tracts of Voltaire.

I tell you so because I am the author of a play in which the priest says, "Telling the truth's the funniest joke in the world." A piece of wisdom which you helped to teach me.

Sam's sympathy with Frederick Douglas and the code of non-segregation indicates that he had evolved since his boyhood and service in the "Marion Rangers." In 1881 he addressed a letter to President-elect Garfield requesting that Douglas be retained as marshal of the District of Columbia, for his, "brave, long crusade for the liberties and elevation of his race.."

Helen Keller, at fourteen, wrote these precocious words: Mr. Clemens told us many entertaining stories, and made us laugh till we cried. He told us he was going back to Europe this week to bring his wife and daughter back to America

because his daughter, who is a school girl in Paris, had learned so much in three years and a half that if he did not bring her home she would soon know more than he did. I think "Mark Twain" is a very appropriate nom de plume for Mr. Clemens because it has a funny & quaint sound that goes well with his amusing writings, & its nautical significance suggests the deep & beautiful things he has written.

Many years later she would write:

My Dear Mr. Clemens,

It is a great disappointment to me not to be with you and the other friends who have joined their strength to uplift the blind. The meeting in New York will be the greatest occasion in the movement which has so long engaged my heart: and I regret keenly not to be present and feel the inspiration of living contact of such an assembly of wit, wisdom and philanthropy. I should be happy if I could have spelled into my hand the words as they fall from your lips, and receive, even as it is uttered, the eloquence of our newest Ambassador to the blind. We have not had such advocates before. My disappointment was softened by the thought that never at any meeting was the right word so sure to be spoken. But, superfluous as all other appeal must seem after you and Mr. Choate have spoken, nevertheless, as I am a woman, I cannot be silent, and I ask you to read this letter, knowing that it will be lifted to eloquence by your kindly voice.

To know what the blind needs, you who can see must imagine what it would be not to see, and you can imagine it more vividly if you remember that before your journey's end you may have to go the dark way yourself. Try to realize what blindness means to those whose joyous activity is stricken to inaction.

It is to live long, long days, and life is made up of days. It is to live immured, baffled, impotent, all God's world shut out. It is to sit helpless, defrauded, while your spirit strains and tugs at its fetters, and your shoulders ache for the burden they are denied, the rightful burden of labor.

The seeing man goes about his business confident and self-dependent. He does his share of the work of the world in mine, quarry, in factory, in counting-room, asking of others no boon, save the opportunity to do a man's part and to receive the laborer's guerdon. In an instant accident blinds him. The day is blotted out. Night envelopes all the visible world. The feet which once bore him to his task with firm and confident stride stumble and halt and fear the forward step. He is forced to a new habit of idleness, which like a canker consumes the mind and destroys its beautiful faculties. Memory confronts him with his lighted past. Amid the tranquil ruins of his life as it promised to be he gropes his pitiful way. You have

met him on your busy thoroughfares with faltering feet and outstretched hands, patiently "dredging" the universal dark, holding out for sale his petty wares, or his cap for your pennies.; and this was a Man of ambition and capabilities.

It is because we know that these ambitions and capabilities can be fulfilled, that we are working to improve the condition of the adult blind. You cannot bring back the light to the vacant eyes; but you can give a helping hand to the sightless along their dark pilgrimage. You can teach them new skills. For work they once did with the aid of their eyes you can substitute work that they can do with their hands. They ask only opportunity, and opportunity is a torch in darkness. They crave no charity, no pension, but the satisfaction that comes from lucrative toil, and this satisfaction is the right of every human being.

At your meeting New York will speak its word for the blind and when New York speaks, the world listens. The true message of New York is not the commercial ticking of busy telegraphs, but the mightier utterances of such gatherings as yours. Of late our periodicals have been filled with depressing revelations of great social evils. Querulous critics have pointed to every flaw in our civic structure. We have listened long enough to pessimists. You once told me you were a pessimist, Mr. Clemens, but great men are usually mistaken about themselves. You are an optimist. If you were not, you would not preside at the meeting. For it is an answer to pessimism. It proclaims that the heart and the wisdom of a great city are devoted to the good of mankind, that in this busiest city in the world no cry of distress goes up but receives a compassionate and generous answer. Rejoice that the cause of the blind has been heard in New York; for the day after, it shall be heard round the world.

Yours sincerely,

Helen Keller.

Kindness is a language which the deaf can hear and the blind can see.

Life does not consist mainly or even largely of facts and happenings. It consists mainly of the storm of thoughts that is forever blowing through one's head.

We all do no end of feeling, and mistake it for thinking.

A man can be fifty and be an ass without being an optimist, but he cannot be fifty and be an optimist without being an ass.

THE DARK SIDE

I have not read Nietzsche or Ibsen, nor any other philosopher, and have not needed to do it, and have not desired to do it; I have gone to the fountain-head for information—that is to say, to the human race. Every man is in his own person the whole human race without a detail lacking. I am the whole human race without a detail lacking; I have studied the human race with diligence and strong interest all these years in my own person; in myself I find in big or little proportion every quality and every defect that is findable in the mass of the race. I knew I should not find in any philosophy a single thought which had not passed through my own head, nor a single thought which had not passed through the heads of millions of men before I was born; I knew I should not find a single original thought in any philosophy, and I knew I could not furnish one to the world myself, if I had five centuries to invent it in. Nietzsche published his book, and was at once pronounced crazy by the world—by a world which included tens of thousands of bright, sane men who believed exactly as Nietzsche believed, but concealed the fact, and scoffed at Nietzsche. What a coward every man is! And how surely he will find it out if he will just let other people alone and sit down and examine himself. The human race is race of cowards; and I am not only marching in that procession but carrying a banner.

The creation of man was a fine and original idea, but to add the sheep was tautology.

It is agreed in this country, that if a man can arrange his religion so that it perfectly satisfies his conscience, it is not incumbent upon him to care whether the arrangement is satisfactory to any one else or not.

In Austria and some other countries this is not the case. There the State arranges a man's religion for him, he has no voice in it himself.

Patriotism is merely a religion—love of country, worship of country, devotion to the country's flag and honor and welfare.

In absolute monarchies it is furnished from the Throne, cut and dried, to the subject; in England and America it is furnished, cut and dried, to the citizen by the politician and the newspaper.

The newspaper-and-politician manufactured Patriot often gags in private over his dose; but he takes it, and keeps it on his stomach the best he can. Blessed

are the meek. Sometimes, in the beginning of an insane and shabby political upheaval, he is strongly moved to revolt, but he doesn't do it-he knows better. He knows that his maker would find it out-the maker of his Patriotism, the windy and incoherent six-dollar sub-editor of his village newspaper-and would bray out in print and call him a Traitor. And how dreadful that would be. It makes him tuck his tail between his legs and shiver. We all know-the reader knows it quite well-that two or three years ago nine-tenths of the human tails in England and America performed just that act. Which is to say, nine-tenths of the Patriots in England and America turned Traitor to keep from being called Traitor. Isn't it true? You know it to be true. Isn't it curious?

Yet it was not a thing to be very seriously ashamed of. A man can seldom-very, very seldom-fight a winning fight against his training; the odds are too heavy. For many a year-perhaps always-the training of the two nations had been dead against independence in political thought, persistently inhospitable toward Patriotism manufactured on a man's own premises, Patriotism reasoned out in the man's own head and fire-assayed and tested and proved in his own conscience. The resulting Patriotism was a shop-worn product procured at second hand. The Patriot did not know just how or when or where he got his opinions, neither did he care, so long as he was with what seemed the majority-which was the main thing, the safe thing, the comfortable thing. Does the reader believe he knows three men who have actual reasons for their pattern of Patriotism-and can furnish them? Let him not examine, unless he wants to be disappointed. He will be likely to find that his men got their Patriotism at the public trough, and had no hand in their preparation themselves.

Word it as softly as you like, the spirit of patriotism is the spirit of the dog and the wolf, for the moment there is a misunderstanding about a boundry line or a hamper of fish, or some other squalid matter, see patriotism rise, and hear him split the universe with his war whoop.

The modern patriotism, the true patriotism, the only rational patriotism is loyalty to the nation all the time, loyalty to the government when it deserves it.

...what would a man be-what would any man be-without his clothes? As soon as one stops and thinks over that proposition, one realizes that without his clothes a man would be nothing at all; that the clothes do not merely make the man, the clothes *are* the man; that without them he is a cipher, a vacancy, a nobody, a nothing.

Titles...artificially-are a part of his clothing. They and the dry-goods conceal the wearer's inferiority and make him seem great and a wonder, when at bottom there is nothing remarkable about him. They can move a nation to fall on its knees and sincerely worship an Emperor who, without the clothes and the title, would drop to the rank of the cobbler and be swallowed up and lost sight of in the massed multitude of the inconsequentials...

A policeman in plain clothes is one man; in his uniform he is ten. Clothes and title are the most potent thing, the most formidable influence, in the earth. They move the human race to willing and spontaneous respect for the judge, the general, the admiral, the bishop, the ambassador, the frivolous earl, the idiot duke, the sultan, the king, the emperor. No great title is efficient without clothes to support it.

...Is the human race a joke? Was it devised and patched together in a dull time when there was nothing important to do? Has it no respect for itself?...I think my respect for it is drooping, sinking-and my respect for myself along with it...There is but one restorative-*clothes!* respect reviving, spirit uplifting clothes! heaven's kindest gift to man, his only protection against finding himself out: they deceive him, they confer dignity upon him; without them he has none. How charitable are clothes, how beneficent, how puissant, how inestimably precious! Mine are able to expand a human cipher into a globe-shadowing portent; they can command the respect of the whole world-including my own, which is fading. I will put them on.

Huck on kings: "All I say is, kings is kings, and you got to make allowances. Take them all around, they're a mighty ornery lot. It's the way they're raised."

If I had a yaller dog that didn't know more than a person's conscience does, I would poison him.

Special providence! That phrase nauseates me-with its implied importance of mankind and triviality of God. In my opinion these myriads of globes are merely the blood corpuscles ebbing and flowing through the arteries of God and we but the animalculae that infest them, disease them, pollute them, and God does not know we are there and would not care if He did.

Letters from the Earth was not published until 1962. Sam said it would never be published, for to do so, "would be a felony."

The Creator sat upon the throne, thinking. Behind him stretched the illimitable

continent of heaven, steeped in a glory of light and color; before him rose the back night of space, like a wall. His mighty bulk towered rugged and mountain-like into the zenith, and His devine head blazed there like a distant sun. At his feet stood three colossal figures, diminished to extinction, almost, by contrast-archangels-their heads level with His ankle-bone.

When the Creator had finished thinking, He said, "I have thought. Behold!"

He lifted his hand, and from it burst a fountain-spray of fire, a million stupendous suns, which clove the blackness and soared, away and away and away, diminishing in magnitude and intensity as they pierced the far frontiers of Space, until at last they were but as diamond nailheads sparkling under the domed vast roof of the universe.

At the end of an hour the Grand Council was dismissed. They left the Presence impressed and thoughtful, and retired to a private place, where they might talk with freedom. None of the three seemed to want to begin, though all wanted somebody to do it. Each was burning to discuss the great event, but would prefer not to commit himself till he should know how the others regarded it. So there was some aimless and halting conversation about matters of no consequence, and this dragged tediously along, arriving nowhere, until at last the archangel Satan gathered his courage together-of which he had a very good supply-and broke ground. He said: "We know what we are here to talk about, my lords, and we may as well put pretense aside, and begin. If this is the opinion of the council"

"It is, it is!" said Gabriel and Michael, gratefully interrupting.

"Very well, then, let us proceed. We have witnessed a wonderful thing; as to that, we are necessarily agreed. As to the value of it-if it has any that is a matter which does not personally concern us. We can have as many opinions about it as we like, and that is our limit. We have no vote. I think Space was well enough, just as it was, and useful, too. Cold and dark-a restful place, now and then, after a season of the overdilicate climate and trying splendors of heaven. But these are details of no considerable moment; the new feature, the immense feature, is-what gentlemen?"

"The invention and introduction of automatic, unsupervised, self-regulating law for the government of those myriads of whirling and racing suns and worlds!"

"That is it!" said Satan. "You perceive that it is a stupendous idea. Nothing approaching it has been evolved from the Master Intellect before. Law-automatic law-exact and unvarying Law-requiring no watching, no correcting, no readjusting while the eternities endure! He said those countless vast bodies would plunge through the wastes of Space ages and ages, at unimaginable speed, around stupendous orbits, yet never collide, and never lengthen or shorten their orbital

periods by so much as the hundredth of a second in two thousand years! That is the new miracle, and the greatest of all-Automatic Law! And He gave it a name-the Law of Nature-and said Natural Law is the LAW OF GOD-interchangeable names for one and the same thing."

"Yes," said Michael, "and He said He would establish Natural Law-the Law of God-throughout His dominions, and its authority should be supreme and inviolable."

"Also," said Gabriel, "He said He would by and by create animals, and place them, likewise, under the authority of that Law."

"Yes," said Satan, "I heard Him, but did not understand. What *is* animals, Gabriel?"

"Ah, how should I know? How should any of us know? It is a new word."

(Interval of three centuries, celestial time-the equivalent of a hundred million years, earthly time. Enter a Messenger Angel).

"My lords, He is making animals. Will it please you to come and see?"

They went, they saw, and were perplexed. Deeply perplexed-and the Creator noticed it, and said, "Ask, I will answer."

"Divine One," said Satan, making obeisance, "what are they for?"

"They are an experiment in Morals and Conduct. Observe them, and be instructed."

There were thousands of them. They were full of activities. Busy, all busily-mainly in persecuting each other. Satan remarked-after examining one of them through a powerful microscope: "This large beast is killing weaker animals, Divine One."

"The tiger-yes. The law of his nature is ferocity. The law of his nature is the Law of God. He cannot disobey it"

"Then in obeying it he commits no offense, Divine One?"

"No, he is blameless."

"This other creature, here, is timid, Divine One, and suffers death without resisting."

"The rabbit-yes. He is without courage. It is the law of his nature-the Law of God. He must obey it."

"Then he cannot be honorably required to go counter to his nature and resist, Divine One?"

"No. No creature can be honorably required to go counter to the law of his nature-the Law of God."

After a long time and many questions, Satan said, "The spider kills the fly, and eats it; the bird kills the spider and eats it; the wildcat kills the goose; the-well, they

all kill each other. It is murder all along the line. Here are countless multitudes of creatures, and they all kill, kill, kill, they are murderers. And they are not to blame, Divine One?"

"They are not to blame. It is the law of their nature. And always the law of nature is the Law of God.

Now-observe-behold! A new creature-and the masterpiece-man!" Men, women, children, they came swarming in flocks, in droves, in millions.

"What shall you do with them, Divine One?"

"Put into each individual, in different shades and degrees, all the various Moral Qualities, in mass, that have been distributed, a single distinguishing characteristic at a time, among the nonspeaking animal world-courage, cowardice, ferocity, gentleness, fairness, justice, cunning, treachery, magnanimity, cruelty, malice, malignity, lust, mercy, pity, purity, selfishness, sweetness, honor, love, hate, baseness, nobility, loyalty, falsity, veracity untruthfulness-each human being shall have all of these in him, and they will constitute his nature. In some, there will be high and fine characteristics which will submerge the evil ones, and those will be called good men; in others the evil characteristics will have dominion, and those will be called bad men. Observe-behold-they vanish!"

"Whither are they gone, Divine One?"

"To the earth-they and all their fellow animals."

"What is the earth?"

"A small globe I made, a time, two times and a half ago. You saw it, but did not notice it in the explosion of worlds and suns that sprayed from my hand. Man is an experiment, the other animals are another experiment. Time will show whether they are worth the trouble. The exhibition is over; you may take your leave, my lords."

Several days passed by.

This stands for a long stretch of (our) time, since in heaven a day is as a thousand years.

Satan had been making admiring remarks about certain of the Creator's sparkling industries-remarks which, being read between the lines, were sarcasms. He had made them confidentially to his safe friends the other archangels, but they had been overheard by some ordinary angels and reported at Headquarters.

He was ordered into banishment for a day-the celestial day. It was a punishment he was used to, on account of his too flexible tongue. Formerly he had been deported into Space, there being nowhither else to send him, and had flapped tediously around there in the eternal night and the Artic chill; but now it occurred to him to push on and hunt up the earth and see how the Human-Race experiment

was coming along. By and by he wrote home-very privately-to St. Michael and St. Gabriel about it.

This is a strange place, an extraordinary place, and interesting. There is nothing resembling it at home. The people are all insane, the earth is insane, Nature itself is insane. Man is a marvelous curiosity. When he is at his very very best he is a sort of low grade nickel-plated angel; at his worst he is unspeakable, unimaginable; and first and last and all the time he is a sarcasm. Yet he blandly and in all sincerity calls himself the "noblest work of God." This is the truth I am telling you. And this is not a new idea with him, he has talked it through all the ages, and believed it. believed it, and found nobody among all his race to laugh at it.

Moreover-if I may put another strain upon you-he thinks he is the Creator's pet. He believes the Creator is proud of him; he even believes the Creator loves him; has a passion for him; sits up nights to admire him, yes, and watch over him and keep him out of trouble. He prays to Him, and thinks He listens. Isn't it a quaint idea? Fills his prayers with crude and bald and florid flatteries of Him, and thinks He sits and purrs over these extravagancies and enjoys them. He prays for help, and favor, and protection, every day; and does so with hopefulness and confidence, too, although no prayer of his has ever been answered. The daily affront, the daily defeat, do not discourage him, he goes on praying just the same. There is something almost fine about this perseverance. I must put one more strain upon you: he thinks he is going to heaven!

He has salaried teachers who tell him that. They also tell him there is a hell, of everlasting fire, and that he will go to it if he doesn't keep the Commandments. What are the Commandments? They are a curiosity. I will tell you about them by and by.

There is nothing about man that is not strange to an immortal. He looks at nothing as we look at it, his sense of proportion is quite different from ours, and his sense of values is so widely divergent from ours, that with all our large intellectual powers it is not likely that even the most gifted among us would ever be quite able to understand it.

For instance, take this sample; He has imagined a heaven, and has left entirely out of it the supremest of all his delights, the one ecstasy that stands first and foremost in the heart of every individual of his race-and of ours-sexual intercourse!

The human being, like we immortals, places sexual intercourse far and away above all other joys-yet he has left it out of his heaven! The very thought of it

excites him; opportunity sets him wild; in this state he will risk life, reputation, everything-even his queer heaven itself-to make good that opportunity and ride it to its overwhelming end. And yet in their heaven, prayer takes its place. In man's heaven, everybody sings! The man who could not sing on earth is able to do it there. This universal singing is not casual, not occasional, not relieved by intervals of quiet; it goes on all day long, and every day, during a stretch of twelve hours. And everybody stays! Whereas in the earth the place would be empty in two hours.

In his book, God created man and the other animals. He made man and a woman and placed them in a pleasant garden, along with the other creatures. They all lived together there in harmony and contentment and blooming youth for some time; then came trouble.

Presently a serpent sought them out privately, and came to them walking upright, which was the way of serpents in those days. The serpent said the forbidden fruit would store their vacant minds with knowledge. So they ate it, and at once a great light streamed into their dim heads. They had acquired knowledge. What knowledge-useful knowledge? no-merely knowledge that there was such a thing as good, and such a thing as evil, and how to do evil.

They knew how to do various kinds of wrong things, and among them one principal one-the one God had his mind on principally. That one was the art and mystery of sexual intercourse. To them it was a magnificent discovery, and they stopped idling around and turned their entire attention to it, poor exultant young things!

So the first pair went forth from the Garden under a curse-a permanent one. They had lost every pleasure they had possessed before "the fall;" and yet they were rich, for they had gained one worth all the rest: they knew the Supreme Art.

They practiced it diligently and were filled with contentment. The Diety ordered them to practice it. They obeyed. But it was just as well it was not forbidden, for they would have practiced it anyhow, if a thousand Dieties had forbidden it. Results followed. By the name of Cain and Abel.

The pleasant labor of populating the world went on from age to age, and with prime efficiency; for in those happy days the sexes were still competent for the Supreme Art when by rights they ought to have been dead eight hundred years. The sweeter sex, the dearer sex, the lovelier sex was manifestly at her very best, then, for she was even able to attract gods. Real gods. They came down out of heaven and had wonderful times with those hot young blossoms. The bible tells about it.

By help of those visiting foreigners the population grew and grew until it numbered several millions. But it was a disappointment to the Diety. He was

dissatisfied with its morals; which in some respects were not any better than his own. Indeed, they were an unflatteringly close imitation of his own. They were a very bad people, and as he knew of no way to reform them, he wisely concluded to abolish them. So he decided to save a sample of him and drown the rest. He saved out Noah and his family, and arranged to exterminate the rest. He planned an Ark, and Noah built it. Noah was a farmer, and had never built an Ark before, and so something out of the common was to be expected.

He built it as best he could, but left out most of the essentials. It had no rudder. And as for the cargo room-which was the main thing-the less said about that the better. For not only was a sample of man to be saved, but business samples of the other animals too. You must understand that when Adam ate the apple and learned how to multiply and replenish, the other animals learned the Art, too, by watching Adam. It was cunning of them, for they got all that was worth having out of the apple without tasting it and afflicting themselves with the disastrous Moral Sense, the parent of all immoralities.

Noah began to collect animals. It took three years to collect them, and the cost of the animals and transportation and the men's wages footed up to \$4,500,000. He gathered as many creatures as he had room for, and then stopped. In the last days, an excited stranger arrived with some most alarming news. He said he had been camping among some mountains about six hundred miles away and he had seen a wonderful thing there: he stood upon a precipice overlooking a wide valley, and up in the valley he saw a billowy black sea of strange animal life coming.

Presently the creatures passed by, struggling, fighting, scrambling, screeching and snorting-horrible vast masses of tumultuous flesh! Sloths as big as an elephant; frogs as big as a cow; a megatherium and his harem huge beyond belief; saurians and saurians and saurians, group after group, family after family, species after species-one of them hit a perfectly blameless Durham bull with a thump with its tail and sent it whizzing three hundred feet into the air and it fell at the man's feet with a sigh and was no more. The man said that these prodigious animals had heard about the Ark and were coming. Coming to get saved from the flood. And not coming in pairs, they were *all* coming: they did not know the passengers were restricted to pairs, and wouldn't care a rap for the regulations anyway-they would sail in that Ark or know the reason why.

Noah saw that he must get away before the masses arrived, and would have sailed at once, but a day was lost in getting the flies aboard, there being sixty-eight billions of them, and the Diety still afraid there might not be enough. Another day was lost in stowing forty tons of selected filth for the flies sustenance. At last Noah sailed, and none to soon.

On the third day, about noon, it was found that a fly had been left behind. The return voyage turned out to be long and difficult, on account of the lack of chart and compass, and because of the changed aspects of all coasts, the steadily rising water having submerged some of the lower landmarks and given to higher ones an unfamiliar look; but after sixteen days of earnest faithful seeking, the fly was found at last, and received on board with hymns of praise and gratitude. But the fly had not been left behind by accident. No, the hand of providence was in it. Without that particular fly, typhoid fever would have been left behind-typhoid fever; a malady which, when the circumstances are especially favorable, is able to utterly wreck a patient without killing him- for it can restore him to his feet with a long life in him, and yet deaf, dumb, blind, crippled and idiotic.

Well, Noah and his family were saved-if that can be called an advantage. But they were not comfortable, for they were full of microbes. Full to the eyebrows. It was a disagreeable condition, but it could not be helped, because enough microbes had to be saved to supply the future races of men with desolating diseases, and there were but eight persons on board to serve as hotels for them.

There were typhoid germs, and cholera germs, and hydrophobia germs, and lockjaw germs and consumption germs, and black-plague germs...all located in the choicest places in the interiors of the survivors; in the lungs, in the heart, in the brain, in the kidneys, in the blood, and in the gut. In the gut particularly. The great intestine was the favorite resort. The large intestine was in fact their heaven. They stuffed it solid; they made it as rigid as a coil of gaspipe.

Shem was full of hookworms. It is wonderful, the thorough and comprehensive study which the creator devoted to the great work of making man miserable. He devised a special affliction-agent for each and every detail of man's structure, overlooking not a single one. Many poor people have to go barefooted. The creator saw his opportunity. Nine-tenths of his disease inventions were intended for the poor. The well-to-do get only what is left over.

...consider Noah's flood-I wish I knew the real reason for playing that cataclysm on the public; like enough, somebody that liked dry weather wanted to take a walk. That is probably the whole thing-and nothing more to it.

Everybody talks about the weather and nobody does anything about it.

In other matters of strangeness, the bible does not allow adultery at all, whether a person can help it or not. It allows no distinction between goat and tortois-the excitable goat, the emotional goat, that has to have some adultery every

day; and the tortois, that cold calm puritan, that takes a treat only once in two years and then goes to sleep in the midst of it and doesn't wake up for sixty days.

No lady goat is safe from adultery, even on the sabbath, when there is a gentleman goat within three miles to leeward and nothing in the way but a fourteen foot fence, whereas neither the gentleman tortoise nor the lady tortoise is ever hungry enough for the solemn joys of fornication to be willing to break the sabbath to get them.

Now according to man's curious reasoning, the goat has earned punishment, and the tortoise praise.

With comic imbecility, this judgement is continued throughout a man's years. Poor old wrecks, they couldn't disobey if they tried, get *praise* for it!

Man is only briefly competent, from the age of sixteen or seventeen thenceforward for thirty-five years, whereas his great grandmother is as good as new! His candle is increasingly weakened by the weather of age, until at last it can no longer stand, and is mournfully laid to rest in the hope of a blessed resurrection which is never to come. His procreative competence is limited to an average of a hundred exercises per year for fifty years, hers is good for three thousand a year for that whole time-and as many years longer as she may live. Thus, his life interest in the matter is five thousand refreshments, while hers is a hundred and fifty thousand; yet instead of fairly and honorably leaving the making of the law to a person who has an overwhelming interest at stake, this immeasurable hog, who has nothing at stake in it worth considering, makes it himself!

Solomon, who was one of the Diety's favorites, had a copulation cabinet composed of seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines. To save his life, he could not have kept two of those young creatures satisfactorily refreshed, even if he had fifteen experts to help him. Necessarily almost the entire thousand had to go hungry years and years on a stretch. Conceive of a man hardhearted enough to look daily upon all that suffering and not be moved to mitigate it. You have heretofore found out, by my teachings, that man is a fool; and you are now aware that woman is a damned fool.

...Well Satan does deserve a little respect. We may not pay him reverence, for that would be indiscreet, but we can at least respect his talents. A person who has for untold centuries maintained the imposing position of spiritual head of four-fifths of the human-race, and political head of the whole of it, must be granted the possession of executive abilities of the loftiest order.

In The Mysterious Stranger, which was not published until 1916, Satan's nephew, Philip Traum, (Traum being German for "dream"), explains how mortal life is but a dream, and a bad one at that. In his visits to earth, Philip trusts anything that hasn't the moral sense, that one crying defect of man's character that degrades him to the bottom layer of animated beings.

In Austria, Eseldorf translates to "Ass-Village."

You perceive, that man has made continual progress. Cain did his murder with a club; the Hebrews did their murders with javelins and swords; the Greeks and Romans added protective armor and the fine arts of military organization and generalship; the Christian has added guns and gunpowder; two centuries from now he will have so greatly improved the deadly effectiveness of his weapons of slaughter that all men will confess that without the Christian Civilization war must have remained a poor and trifling thing to the end of time.

We saw Caesar invade Britian-not that those barbarians had done him any harm, but because he wanted their land, and desired to confer the blessings of civilization upon their widows and orphans.

About the Treaty of Portsmouth, Sam wrote:

Russia was on the high road to emancipation from an insane and intolerable slavery; I was hoping there would be no peace until Russian liberty was safe. I think that this was a holy war in the best and noblest sense of that abused term, and that no war was ever charged with a higher mission; I think there can be no doubt that that mission is now defeated and Russia's chains re-riveted, this time to stay. I think the Czar will now withdraw the small humanities that have been forced from him and resume his medieval barbarisms with a relieved spirit and an immeasurable joy. I think Russian liberty has had its last chance, and has lost it. I think nothing has been gained by the peace that is remotely comparable to what has been sacrificed by it. One more battle would have abolished the waiting chains of billions upon billions of unborn Russians, and I wish it could have been fought. I hope I am mistaken, yet in all sincerity I believe that this peace is entitled to rank as the most conspicuous disaster in political history.

War? There has never been a just one, never an honorable one-on the part of the instigator of war. I can see a million years ahead, and this rule will never change in so many as half a dozen instances. The loud little handful-as usual-will

shout for the war. The pulpit will-warily and cautiously-object-at first; the great big dull bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war, and will say, earnestly and indignantly, "It is unjust and dishonorable and there is no necessity for it." Then the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen, and at first will have a hearing and be applauded; but it will not last long; those others will out-shout them, and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity. Before long you will see this curious thing: the speakers stoned from the platform and free speech strangled, by hordes of furious men who in their secret hearts are still at one with those stoned speakers,-as earlier,-but do not dare say so! And now the whole nation-pulpit and all-will take up the war cry, and shout itself horse, and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth; and presently such mouths will cease to open. Next, the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities, and will diligently study them, and refuse to examine any refutations of them; and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception.

The moral sense allows man to choose right over wrong every time. It is in his consistent failure to do so that man falls from grace and degrades himself to the bottom layer of animated beings. He is the only animal capable of inflicting pain for pleasure, and yet he blandly calls the other animals brutes. "No sane man can be happy, for to him life is real, and he sees what a fearful thing it is."

The War Prayer

I asked that this not be published until after my death. Only dead men can tell the truth in this world.

"The War Prayer" is a story that takes place on a Sunday in church at a time when the nation is preparing for war. The preacher has just finished praying that God will guide the nation's young soldiers safely to victory, when a mysterious stranger enters the church and declares, "I come from the throne-bearing a message from Almighty God!...If you beseech a blessing upon yourself, beware! lest without intent you invoke a curse upon a neighbor at the same time... when you have prayed for victory you have prayed for many unmentioned results which follow victory...For it is like unto many of the prayers of men, in that it asks for more than he who utters it is aware of-except he pause and think."

The stranger then reveals why he has come. "Upon the listening spirit of God the Father also fell the unspoken part of the prayer. He commandeth me to put it into words. Listen!

O Lord our God, help us tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead: help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the shrieks of their wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended the wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst, sports of the sun flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it-For our sakes who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask it in the spirit of love, of him who is the Source of Love, and who is the everfaithful refuge and friend of all who are sore beset and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Amen."

It was believed afterwards, that the man was a lunatic, because there was no sense in what he said.

There are three kinds of people: Commonplace people, remarkable people and lunatics.

The way it is now, the asylums can hold sane people, but if we tried to shut up the insane we should run out of building materials.

If Christ were here now, there is one thing that he would not be...a Christian.

There never was a nation that put its whole trust in God. I think it would better read, "Within certain judicious limitations we trust in God," And if there isn't enough room on the coin, why, enlarge the coin.

I notice that God is on both sides in this war; (*the Boer War*), thus history repeats itself. But I am the only person who had noticed this; everybody here thinks He is playing the game for this side, and for this side only.

Perpetual peace we cannot have on any terms, I suppose; but I hope we can gradually reduce the war strength of Europe till we get it down to where it ought

to be-20,000 men, properly armed. Then we can have all the peace that is worth while, and when we want a war anybody can afford it.

Damn these human beings, if I had invented them I would hide my head in a bag.

1908-72 YEARS OLD

This autobiography of mine is a mirror, and I am looking at myself in it all the time. Incidentally I notice the people that pass along at my back-I get glimpses of them in the mirror-and whenever they say or do anything that can help advertise me and flatter me in my own estimation, I set these things down in my autobiography. I rejoice when a king or a duke comes my way and makes himself useful to this autobiography, but they are rare customers, with wide intervals between. I can use them with good effect as lighthouses and monuments along my way, but for the real business I depend upon the common herd.

The critic assumes every time that if a book doesn't meet the cultivated-class standard it isn't valuable...The critic has actually imposed upon the world the superstition that a painting by Raphael is more valuable to the civilizations of the earth than is a chromo; and the august opera more than the hurdy-gurdy and the villagers' singing society; and the Latin classics than Kipling's far-reaching bugle-note; and Jonathan Edwards than the Salvation Army...

If a critic should start a religion it would not have any object but to convert angels, and they wouldn't need it. It is not that little minority who are already saved that are best worth lifting up, I should think, but the mighty mass of the uncultivated who are underneath. That mass will never see the old masters-that sight is for the few; but the chromo-maker can lift them all one step upward toward appreciation of art; they cannot have the opera, but the hurdy-gurdy and the singing-class lift them a little way toward that far height; they will never know Homer, but the passing rhymester of their day leaves them higher than he found them; they may never even hear of the Latin classics, but they will strike step with Kipling's drum-beat and they will march; for all Jonathan Edward's help they would die in their slums, but the Salvation Army will beguile some of them to a purer air and cleaner life.

About twenty-five years ago-along there somewhere-I wrote and suggested to Orion that he write an autobiography. I asked him to try to tell the straight truth in it; to refrain from exhibiting himself in creditable attitudes exclusively, and to honorably set down all the incidents of his life which he had found interesting to him, including those which were burned into his memory because he was ashamed of them. I said that this had never been done, and that if he could do it

his autobiography would be a most valuable piece of literature. I said I was offering him a job which I could not duplicate in my own case, but I would cherish the hope that he might succeed with it.

I recognize now that I was trying to saddle upon him an impossibility. I have been dictating this autobiography of mine daily for three months; I have thought of fifteen hundred or two thousand incidents in my life which I am ashamed of, but I have not gotten one of them to consent to go on paper yet. I think that that stock will still be complete and unimpaired when I finish this autobiography, if ever I finish it. I believe that if I should put in all those incidents I would be sure to strike them out when I came to revise this book.

It is perilous to revise a book while it is underway. All of us have injured our books in that foolish way. ...when you recollect something which belonged in an earlier chapter, do not go back, but jam it in where you are. Discursiveness does not hurt an autobiography in the least.

Yesterday Mr. Hall wrote that the printer's proofreader was improving my punctuation for me, and I telegraphed orders to have him shot without giving him time to pray.

...all our phrasings are spiritualized shadows cast multitudinously from our readings; no happy phrase of ours is ever quite original with us; there is nothing of our own in it except some slight change born of our temperament, character, environment, teachings and associations; that this slight change differentiates it from another man's manner of saying it, stamps it with our special style and makes it our own for the time being; all the rest of it being old, moldy antique and smelling of the breath of a thousand generations of them that have passed it over their teeth before!

The perfect wisdom, and the end of true philosophy is to proportion our wants to our possessions, our ambitions to our capacities; we will then be a happy and a virtuous people.

Diligently train your ideals upward and upward still toward a summit where you will find your chiefest pleasure in conduct, which while contenting you, will be sure to confer benefits upon your neighbor and the community.

If the primary objective of our every act, including acts of sacrifice, is to

please ourselves, and the pursuit of pleasure is indicted as a selfish vice, then we are indeed, "the damned human race."

Thomas Brackett Reed

He wore no shell. His ways were frank and open, and the road to his large sympathies was straight and unobstructed. His was a nature which invited affection-compelled it, in fact-and met it halfway. Hence he was "Tom" to the most of his friends, and to half of the nation. The abbreviating of such a man's name is a patent of nobility, and is conferred from the heart. Mr. Reed had a very strong and decided character, and he may have had enemies; I do not know; if he had them-outside of politics-they did not know the man. He was transparently honest and honorable, there were no furtivenesses about him, and whoever came to know him trusted him and was not disappointed. He was wise, he was shrewd and alert, he was a clear and capable thinker, a logical reasoner, and a strong and convincing speaker. His manner was easy and engaging, his speeches sparkled with felicities of phrasing thrown off without apparent effort, and when he needed the happy help of humor he had a mine of it as deep and rich as Kimberly to draw from. His services to his country were great, and they were gratefully acknowledged.

I cannot remember back to a time when he was not "Tom" Reed to me, not to a time when he would have been offended at being so addressed by me. I cannot remember back to a time when I could let him alone in an after-dinner speech if he was present, nor to a time when he did not take my extravagances concerning him and misstatements about him in good part, nor yet to a time when he did not pay them back with usury when his turn came. The last speech he made was at my birthday dinner at the end of November, when naturally I was his text; my last word to him was in a letter the next day; a day later I was illustrating a fantastic article on Art with his portrait among others-a portrait now to be laid reverently away among the jests that begin in humor and end in pathos. These things happened only eight days ago, and now he is gone from us, and the nation is speaking of him as one who *was*. It seems incredible, impossible. Such a man, such a friend, seems to us a permanent possession; his vanishing from our midst is unthinkable; as unthinkable as was the vanishing of the Campanile that had stood for a thousand years, and was turned to dust in a moment.

I have no wish, at this time to enter upon light and humorous reminiscences connected with yachting voyages with Mr. Reed in northern and southern seas, nor with other recreations in his company in other places-they do not belong in

this paper, they do not invite me, they would jar upon me. I have only wished to say how fine and beautiful was his life and character, and to take him by the hand and say good-bye, as to a fortunate friend who has done well his work and goes a pleasant journey.

1909-TO THE COMET

I lost Susy thirteen years ago; I lost her mother-her incomparable mother!-five and a half years ago! Clara has gone away to live in Europe; and now I have lost Jean. How poor I am, who was once so rich! Seven months ago Mr. Rogers died-one of the best friends I ever had and the nearest perfect, as man and gentleman, I have yet met among my race; within the last six weeks Gilder has passed away, and Laffan-old, old friends of mine. Jean lies yonder, I sit here; we are strangers under our own roof; we kissed hands good-by at this door last night-and it was forever, we never suspecting it. She lies there, and I sit here-writing, busying myself, to keep my heart from breaking. How dazzlingly the sunshine is flooding the hills around! It is like a mockery.

Seventy-four years old, twenty-four days ago. Seventy-four years old yesterday. Who can estimate my age today? I have looked upon her again. I wonder I can bear it. She looks just as her mother looked when she lay dead in that Florentine villa so long ago. The sweet placidity of death! It is more beautiful than sleep.

I saw her mother buried. I said I would never endure that horror again; that I would never again look into the grave of any one dear to me. I have kept to that. They will take Jean from this house tomorrow and bear her to Elmira, New York, where lie those of us that have been released, but I shall not follow.

Jean was on the dock when the ship came in only four days ago. She was at the door, beaming a welcome, when I reached this house the next evening. We played cards and she tried to teach me a new game called "Mark Twain." We sat chatting cheerily in the library last night and she wouldn't let me look into the loggia, where she was making Christmas preparations. She said she would finish them in the morning and then her little French friend would arrive from New York-the surprise would follow; the surprise she had been working over for days. While she was out for a moment I disloyally stole a look. The loggia floor was clothed with rugs and furnished with chairs and sofas; and the uncompleted surprise was there: in the form of a Christmas tree that was drenched with silver film in a most wonderful way; and on a table was a prodigal profusion of bright things which she was going to hang upon it today. What desecrating hand will ever banish that eloquent unfinished surprise from that place? Not mine, surely. All these little matters have happened in the last four days. "Little." Yes-*then*. But not now. Nothing she said or thought or did is little now. And all the lavish humor!-what is become of it? It is pathos, now. Pathos, and the thought of it brings tears.

All these little things happened such a few hours ago-and now she lies yonder. Lies yonder, and cares for nothing any more. Strange-marvelous-incredible! I have had this experience before; but it would still be incredible if I had had it a thousand times. "Miss Jean is dead!"

HOMeward BOUND

Many and many a year ago I read an anecdote in Dana's *Two Years Before The Mast*. A frivolous little self-important captain of a coasting sloop in the dried apple and kitchen furniture trade was always hailing every cargo vessel that came in sight, just to hear himself talk, and air his small grandeurs. One day a majestic Indiaman came plowing by, with course on course of canvas towering into the sky, her decks and yards swarming with sailors; with macaws and monkeys and all manner of strange and romantic creatures populating her rigging; and thereto her freightage of precious spices lading the breeze with gracious and mysterious odors of the Orient. Of course the little coaster captain hopped into the shrouds and squeaked out a hail: "Ship ahoy! What ship is that, and whence and whither?" In a deep and thunderous bass came the answer back through a speaking trumpet: "The Begum of Bengal, a hundred and twenty-three days out from Canton-homeward bound! What ship is that?" The little captain's vanity was all crushed out of him, and most humbly he squeaked back: "Only the Mary Ann-fourteen hours out from Boston, bound for Kittery Point with-with nothing to speak of!" The eloquent word "only" expressed the deeps of his stricken humbleness.

And what is my own case? During perhaps one hour in the twenty-four-not more than that-I stop and reflect. Then I am humble, then I am properly meek, and for that little time I am "only the Mary Ann," fourteen hours out, and cargoed with vegetables and tinware; but all the other twenty-three my vain self-satisfaction rides high and I am the stately Indiaman, plowing the great seas under a cloud of sail, and laden with a rich freightage of the kindest words that were ever spoken to a wandering alien. Then I am the Begum of Bengal, a hundred and twenty-three days out from Canton-homeward bound!

The country home I need is a cemetery.

Sam was playing golf with Woodrow Wilson in Burmuda when he had an attack of Angina. "Golf is a good walk, spoiled." And two weeks later, some say, he died. Woodrow turned to Sam at one point and said, "Mark, good sportsman-ship is in not picking up lost golf balls...while they are still rolling."

I came in with Haley's Comet in 1835. It is coming again next year and I expect to go out with it. It will be the greatest disappointment in my life if I do not

go out with Haley's Comet. The Almighty has said, no doubt: "Now here are these two unaccountable freaks; they came in together, they must go out together."

Remember, so long as providence has its eye on you, you are not likely to go before your time comes...you don't have to fear drownin' when you know you're going to die by hangin'.

Let us endeavor to live so that when we do come to die, even the undertaker is sorry.

"I shant retire from the gratis platform until I am dead and courtesy requires me to keep still and not disturb the others." *Sam gave up public appearances ten months before his death, his last lecture being the commencement speech at St. Timothy's on June 10th, 1909.*

A distinguished man should be as particular about his last words as he is about his last breath...There is hardly a case on record where a man came to his last moment unprepared and said a good thing-hardly a case where a man trusted to that last moment and did not make a solemn botch of it and go out of the world feeling absurd.

In a "death watch" dispatch datelined Redding, April 20, 1910, to the San Francisco Call a special correspondent said, "Mark Twain is dying tonight at Stormfield, his mansion back in the Tamarack Hills. Noting that Sam was suffering from the "excruciatingly painful" angina pectoris, the reporter added, "his mind, however, is as clear as a bell. He laughs and jokes with his physician and nurses and his spirit is brave and undaunted; but apparently the grizzled old warrior of fun and philosophy does not care to get well."

Samuel Langhorne Clemens died the next day, April 21, one day after the perihelion passage of Haley's Comet. His last words were to his physician, Dr. Edward Quintard, ..."If we meet..."

On April 22 in Paris, former president Theodore Roosevelt echoed the sentiments of the world when he cabled to the United Press, "His writings form one of the chief assets of the world's achievements, of which we have a right, as a nation, to be genuinely proud."

But I have long ago lost my belief in immortality-also my interest in it. I can say now what I could not say while alive-things which it would shock people to hear; things which I could not say when alive because I should be aware of that shock and would certainly spare myself the personal pain of inflicting it. When we believe in immortality we have a reason for it. Not a reason founded upon information, or even plausibilities, for we haven't any. Our reason for choosing to believe in this dream is that we desire immortality, for some reason or other, I don't know what. But I have no such desire. I have sampled this life and it is sufficient. Another one would be another experiment. It would proceed from the same source as this one. I should have no large expectations concerning it, and if I may be excused from assisting in the experiment I shall be properly grateful. Annihilation has no terrors for me, because I have already tried it before I was born-a hundred million years-and I have suffered more in an hour, in this life, than I remember to have suffered in the whole hundred million years put together. There was a peace, a serenity, an absence of all sense of responsibility, an absence of worry, an absence of care, grief, perplexity; and the presence of a deep content and unbroken satisfaction in that hundred million years of holiday which I look back upon with a tender longing and with a grateful desire to resume, when the opportunity comes.

Livy of Sam: "How sweet and fine you are! How much of immortality you have in your dear blessed self."

Sam of Livy: "I am notorious, but you are great-that is the difference between us."

Of the hundreds of touching letters Sam wrote to Livy, perhaps the most moving, was the one he wrote during her final days, when he was allowed but one visit to her bedroom a day.

Livy: Good morning, dear heart, & thank you for your dear greeting. I think of you all the time, & it was for you that I was awake til after midnight arranging for this snow-storm & trying to get it at fair & honest rates-which I couldn't, but if you will take a handful of snow & examine it you will realize that you have never seen any that could approach this for fineness and quality, & particular delicacy of make & finish, and unqualified whiteness, except in the Emperor's back-yard in Vienna. I love you most dearly and continuously & constantly, Livy dearest.

I owe them a debt which would beggar my vocabulary in the expression and still leave the debt nine tenths unpaid.

I never did a thing in my life, virtuous or otherwise, that I didn't repent of in twenty four-hours.

Faith is believin' what you know ain't so.

Heaven for climate, hell for company.

My description is as follows: Bom 1835; 5 ft. 8 inches tall; weight about 145 pounds, sometimes a bit under, sometimes a bit over; dark brown hair and red moustache, full face with very high ears and light gray beautiful beaming eyes and a damned good moral character.

I have always been able to paralyse the public interest in any topic that I chose to take hold of and elucidate with all my strength.

Sam Clemens was of a tragic temperament; Mark Twain was of a mordant temperament.

The writing of books was always play, not work. It was merely billiards to me.

...I have never tried, in even one single little instance, to help cultivate the cultivated classes. I was not equipped for it either by native gifts or training. And I never had any ambition in that direction, but always hunted for bigger game-the masses. I have seldom deliberately tried to instruct them, but I have done my best to entertain them, for they can get instruction elsewhere.

Truth is the most valuable thing we have, and so I try to conserve it.

Be careful about reading health books. You may die of a misprint.

AND THAT'S THE
UNVARNISHED TRUTH.

POSTSCRIPT:
THE REPORTS OF MY DEATH
ARE GREATLY EXAGGERATED.

APPENDIX

This personal account was recorded in the Elmira Star-Gazette, December 5, 1935.

At about 4:30 on a summer afternoon in 1883, I was standing on the south side of the Washington Avenue Bridge. In my small hand was an apple which I intended to land within the stack of the engine drawing westbound Erie Number One.

The apple, true to its mark, shot downward. Out of the billows of vapor and smoke my shrill voice proclaimed: "Jumpin' Christmas, I hit it!"

As the ponderous train thundered under the bridge, I turned to dash across the roadway to the other side, and collided with something.

"Jumpin' Christmas, you hit me!" Echoed a voice. The smoke swirled aside, revealing a man in rumpled white clothes with a big cigar in his mouth.

"Gimme one," he demanded. With the apple I supplied, he strode to the other side and let fly. It hit the roof of the last car and bounded off.

"Hit it, by gum!" he announced and slapped me on the back.

"Anybody kin do that," I yelled; you'd ought to pop one down the smokestack the way I did."

"All right," he said, "Where's your smokestack?"

All day long a switch engine plied back and forth beneath the bridge. With each puff of the exhaust, at least a peck of roasted apples popped merrily on the spark arrester within the bowl-shaped stack.

"Look at 'em jump!" he chuckled and squeezed my hand. I liked him.

It was hot. The crew lolled sleepily on their seats in the cab. It was a good time to practice. My acquaintance proved an apt pupil. The pockets and lining of my jacket were soon emptied of fruit. I held out the last apple.

"You keep it," he said.

"No, you," I demurred.

He produced a nickel. "Heads I win; tails you lose," he decreed.

The engine chugged toward the bridge. Too late I saw the engineer peering up at us. I caught at the man's arm, but only deflected his aim. The apple bounced from the boiler casing into the cab where the fireman was sitting. The engine, which was moving slowly, stopped. Simultaneously the

crew jumped down, one crossing the tracks toward the west approach to the bridge and the other toward the east.

Appalled, the man and I looked at each other. My heart pounded.

"We're in for it," he said.

"They can't catch me," I said, "but I ain't sure about you." I crawled up the sloping iron truss to its level center member and lay flat. The man held his ground.

Hot and angry, the engine men arrived at about the same time. Missing me, they asked the man if "the young devil" who was always shooting apples was his son."

"Gentlemen," I heard him say, "do I correctly observe that you have left your engine unattended? Unless you return at once, I shall feel it my duty to report your violation of rule to President Jewett."

From the way those two hurried back to their work, I realized that my unknown friend must be some one pretty high up. When I came down, his eyes were twinkling but he said: "Now you run, he admonished, or you won't get any supper!"

I watched him until the white suit blurred into the gloom of Railroad Avenue.

At supper my mother was visibly worried by my excited recital. My father reprimanded:

"Don't ever let me hear of you talking to a strange man again."

"But he wasn't strange, Papa," I remonstrated; "he told me his name."

"Who did he say he was?"

"Mark Twain."

My parents exchanged startled glances; then Father sniffed: "It couldn't be him."

"But it could be," Mother differed. "How did he look, Eddie?"

"His eyebrows were kind of bushy," I answered, "and he had a droopy kind of mustache and when he took off his hat his hair wasn't combed. He talked kinda slow like and I wasn't afraid of him."

"It was Mark, all right," Father conceded, then said to me: "Get that book on the parlor table."

I knew which one he meant. I had looked at the pictures a hundred times. Father read "Innocents Abroad" frequently. I gave him the book. He lifted me to his lap, then said impressively:

"The man who threw away our apples is the one who wrote this book!"

TERMS & COINAGES

"NOSE PAINT"-LIQUOR-

WE REPAIRED TO THE GROCERY FOR A RESTORATIVE-
I'VE BEEN LOSING ENOUGH SLEEP TO SUPPLY A WORN
OUT ARMY.-

PUSHED FROM PILLAR TO POST-

SET A WHITE STONE ON THIS DAY...BECAUSE I CAN'T
FIND ANY CHALK.-

"CAKE WALK"-A SUNDAY SOCIAL COMPETITION WHEREBY
BLACKS WOULD PUT ON THEIR BEST DRESS AND AIRS IN A
MARCH DOWN THE AISLE, WHERE ELDER JUDGES WOULD
AWARD A FIRST PRIZE CAKE-

"HOG WASH"-THE WATER DISCARDED AFTER WASHING THE
HOGS THAT WERE BROUGHT ONBOARD STEAMSHIPS FOR
SLAUGHTER-

HE WAS CONSTIPATED AS TO LANGUAGE-

IF I COULD SEND HIM A FAN I WOULD-

IT TOOK MY WITS CLEAR AWAY FOR AN INSTANT-

IT GAVE ME THE FANTODS AND THE JIM-JAMS-

TREE TOAD WHITE-FISH BELLY WHITE-

LOOKIN' TOLERABLE CHEAP-

YOU'LL MAKE A CAPITAL BARN DOOR, AND I SHALL DRILL
THE KEY HOLE MYSELF-

THEY GAVE ME A THUMP THAT DENTED THE TOP OF MY
HEAD 'TIL IT WOULD HOLD COFFEE LIKE A SAUCER-

...AND NEARLY CLOSED ME OUT-

HORSE BILLIARDS!-

SEVERAL TIMES I CAME WITHIN AN ACE OF IT-

LEATHER HEADED-

CHUCKLE HEADED-

KNOCKED US ALL STUPID-

KNOCKED HIM ALL TO RAGS-

CAKED-UP WHAT BRAINS I HAD AND TURNED THEM
SOLID-

NOT WORTH A BRASS FARTHING-
NOT WORTH A TALLOW-DIP-
NOT WORTH AN ARSE FULL OF ASHES-
THE IDEA HIT THE BOY IN A BLANK PLACE-
AIG-SUCKIN' SHEEP-STEALIN' ONE EYED SON OF A
STUFFED MONKEY-

THEN HE BUSTED OUT AND HAD ANOTHER OF THEM
FORTY-ROD LAUGHS OF HIS'N-

IT WAS A GOOD TIGHT ARGUMENT, WITHOUT A LEAK IN IT
ANYWHERE-

IT FAILS OF EFFECT-

I'D RATHER TRANSLATE THE TALMUD FROM ORIGINAL
HEBREW

HE WAS A SINGULARLY IRASCIBLE MAN-

MAKE YOURSELF SYMMETRICALLY COMFORTABLE-

HE WAS HERMETICALLY SEALED-UP IN THAT UNIFORM OF
THAT IGNORANT DAY-

HE INSTITUTED NO QUARRELS HIMSELF, BUT WHENEVER
A QUARREL WAS PUT UPON HIM HE WAS ON DECK AND
READY-

HIS MOUTH STOOD SO WIDE OPEN YOU COULDA LAID A
HAM IN IT WITHOUT HIM NOTICIN'-

THE AIR WOULD HAVE BEEN VERY BAD ONLY THERE
WASN'T ANY-

YOU WANT TO PUT A WET RAG AROUND YOUR HEAD TO
GUARD AGAINST OVER-EXCITEMENT-

BLATHERSKITE-

HE BUNCHED HIS THICK LIPS TOGETHER LIKE THE STEM
OF A TOMATOE AND SHOT A BUMBLEBEE DEAD THAT HAD LIT
ON A WEED SEVEN FEET AWAY-

SHE EATS 'TIL HER EYES BUG OUT LIKE THE BOLT-HEADS
ON A JAIL DOOR-

I COULD NOT LIKE HER AGAIN UNLESS AT SEA, WITH NO
OTHER PROVISIONS IN SIGHT-

THEY COULD HAVE BEEN PROFITABLY EMPLOYED
IN HUNTING SMALLER GAME-

HE DUG FOR HIS CANNON-

HE COULD PERSUADE A FISH TO COME OUT AND TAKE A
WALK WITH HIM-

THEY PUT WORDS INTO MY MOUTH...I'D RATHER THEY
HAD PUT STREET SWEEPINGS-

TAHOE THREW COME IN THE SHADE-

PLENTY OF GOOD FOOD FURNISHED BY THE DIETY AND
COOKED BY THE DEVIL-

EVOLUTIONARY PROMOTION-

A DRINK THAT WILL THROW A MAN A DOUBLE
SOMMERSET AND LIMBER HIM UP LIKE A BOILED MACARONI
BEFORE HE CAN SET HIS GLASS DOWN, THEN KNOCK HIM
FORTY RODS.-

A RARE BRICK-

TROT THEM OUT-

AS DUMB AS AN OYSTER-

A SIMON-PURE LABRICK-

DOESN'T HAVE BRAINS ENOUGH TO BAIT A FISH HOOK
WITH-

BLIND STAGGERS-

THERE WAS A HEAVY SILENCE, WEIGHING MANY TONS TO
THE SQUARE INCH-

SHERBURN SORT OF LAUGHED: NOT THE PLEASANT KIND,
BUT THE KIND THAT MAKES YOU LIKE WHEN YOU ARE
EATING BREAD THAT'S GOT SAND IN IT-

A SOLEMN, UNSMILING, SANCTIMONIOUS OLD ICEBERG
THAT LOOKED LIKE HE WAS WAITING FOR A VACANCY ON
THE TRINITY.-

IF YOU HAD MADE THE ACQUIRING OF IGNORANCE THE
STUDY OF YOUR LIFE, YOU COULD NOT HAVE GRADUATED
WITH HIGHER HONOR THAN YOU COULD TODAY-

WHEN HE USED A BIG WORD, ITS MEANING WAS A
SECRET BETWEEN HIMSELF AND HIS MAKER.-

UNLETTERED AS THE BACK SIDE OF A TOMBSTONE-
BLOCKHEADS & POLTROONS-

IGNORANT AS AN UNBORN BABE...NO, IGNORANT AS
UNBORN TWINS-

SHE WAS SO UGLY THAT SHE COULD NOT SMILE PAST
TEN O'CLOCK ON SATURDAY NIGHT WITHOUT BREAKIN' THE
SABBATH-

HE IS USELESS ABOVE THE GROUND. HE OUGHT TO BE
UNDER IT, INSPIRING THE CABBAGES.-

IT APPEARS THERE ARE MORE HORSES ASSES IN THE
WORLD THAN THERE ARE HORSES.-

SPECIAL THANKS TO

The Mark Twain Project,
Bancroft Library, University of
California

Henry Sweets, Curator-Mark
Twain Museum, Hannibal

Nigey Lennon, The Sagebrush
Bohemian, Paragon House

The Unabridged Mark Twain,
Running Press

The Mark Twain Society, Mark
Twain in Elmira

Joan of Arc, Ignatius Press

The Love Letters of Mark Twain,
Greenwood Press

Lynn Ossolinski
Mark Pilarski
Sue Greene

There are books of Twain quotes; there are books of Twain essays; there are books of Twain stories; and now here's an anecdotal biography of Mark Twain.

Sam had no love nor trust for the photographic instrument, "It has portrayed me as a Solomon and an abject idiot, and I am neither." As an impressionist of the Lincoln of our literature, I share that mistrust. Much of what has been written about Samuel Clemens is like a photo, so I have tried to present his most enduring material more as a mosaic which tells his gigantic story almost without annotation.

I think Sam would like this "art show" of his. The brush strokes, mostly his own, are displayed in a fashion that might render his complex genius almost understandable and abundantly fun to peruse.

Please let me hear what you think of it.

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